THE AVIARY:

OR,

Magazine *of* British Melody

Consisting of

A COLLECTION of One Thousand Four Hundred and Forty-Three

SONGS,

With Titles of the principal TUNES prefixed.

To which is added, An INDEX disposed in an Alphabetical Manner, for the more ready finding out each SONG.

The 3*d. Edition*, containing a great Number of new Songs, that were not in the Two other.

LONDON:

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W.N.H.
HARDING

THE

PREFACE.

WE have had within these few Years so many Collections of *English* and *Scotch* Songs, that to attempt a new one would have been almost inexcusable, if the Collector had not indeed been able to execute his Task with several Advantages. To evince that he has done so, he only desired that the following Particulars may be impartially considered.

First, the *great Number* of Songs he has put together, all within the Compass of a portable Pocket Volume. In this Edition they are Fourteen Hundred and Forty-Three, among which all that are valuable in the *Lark*, *Nightingale*, *Syren* and *Merry Companion*, and all the Books that have been publish'd since our Second Edition, are comprized. And tho' he has omitted a few that were in these, it was because they were grown quite into disuse, and far from being equally good with those he has chosen. He has besides sufficiently attoned for such Omission by the new Songs he has added, several of which were never before in any Collection.

If the Melody it contained made the Title of *Lark*, *Nightingale*, or other favourite singing Birds, proper to former Books of this Nature; that of AVIARY, *or general Receptacle of whatever is most Melodious*, is certainly here exceedingly pertinent. Upon this Title therefore he was advised to fix.

He is not the first, indeed, that has undertaken to improve upon the Collections formerly published. The Collector of the *Merry Companion*, containing 508 Songs only, pretends to have done a great deal by raging his Choice under four distinct heads; whereas in the *Lark*, *Syren*, and *Nightingale* there is no

Method. But thoſe who have look'd into that Collection, muſt allow with me, that among the *Scots* Songs are ſeveral purely *Engliſh*; and that thoſe of *Love*, and for the *Bottle*, are often ſo blended together, that he might as well have called them all by the name he has laſt choſen, *Miſcellaneous Songs*.

The Reader of the AVIARY will ſeldom meet with *Titles* to the reſpective Songs, except when a few Words of ſome other Song are requiſite, to ſhew what Tune that before him ſhould be ſung to: For to what purpoſe is it gravely to declare, that the firſt Line of the Song you are going to read is ſo and ſo (*Would you taſte the Noontide Air?* for Inſtance) when the firſt Line is immediately under the Eye? And yet of this Kind are moſt of the Titles in all the Collections before publiſhed.

But the greateſt Service the Collector of the AVIARY pretends to have done, is in the almoſt innumerable *Corrections* he has made throughout this Volume. To give Examples is entirely needleſs, when the judicious Reader, who ſhall pleaſe to compare this with any other Collection, will find in almoſt every Page the *Senſe*, the *Rhime*, or the *Numbers* reſtored, and ſometimes *whole Lines* ſupply'd, after the Error had been blindly tranſcribed by one Copier from another, and continued thro' repeated Editions.

As to the *Method* he has taken, he cannon but think it the beſt: one of his principal Views having been to bring as much as poſſible into as little Compaſs. By contriving his *Page* ſo as to contain *two Columns*, he has brought the Quantity of *two* ordinary Pages into *one*; and he has now an INDEX to find out each Song.

With regard to the *Cheapneſs* of this Book, a main Conſideration with moſt Purchaſers, as he is ſure that nothing *before* was ever like it, ſo he is as confident that nothing can come *after* to ſupplant it on that Account.

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THE

AVIARY.

SONG I.

The Laſs of the Hill.

AT the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdeſs dwelt,
Who the Pangs of Ambition, or Love ne'er had felt:
A few ſober Maxims, ſtill ran in her Head,
That 'twas better to earn, e'er ſhe eat her brown Bread:
That to riſe with the Lark, was conducive to Health;
And to Folks in a Cottage, Contentment was Wealth.

Young Roger, that liv'd in the Valley below,
Who at Church, and at Market was reckon'd a Beau,
Would oftentimes try o'er her Heart to prevail,
And would reſt on his Pitchfork, to tell her his Tale;
With his winning Behaviour, he ſo wrought on her Heart,
That quite artleſs herſelf, ſhe ſuſpected no Art.
He flatter'd, proteſted, he kneel'd and implor'd,
And would lie with the Grandeur, and Air of a Lord;
Her Eyes he commended, with Language well dreſt,
And enlarg'd on the Tortures he felt in his Breaſt:
With his Sighs and his Tears, he ſo ſoften'd her Mind,
That in downright Compaſſion, to Love ſhe inclin'd.

But as ſoon as he'd melted the Ice of her Breaſt,
The Heat of his Paſſion, in a Moment decreas'd.
And now he goes flaunting all o'er the Vale,
And boaſts of his Conqueſts to Suſan and Nell;
Tho' he ſees her but ſeldom, he's always in haſte
And whenever he mentions her, makes her his Jeſt.

Take Heed, ye young Virgins of Briton's gay Isle,
How you venture your Hearts for a Look or a Smile;
For young Cupid is artful, and Virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every Vale;
Who to court you and tempt you, will try all their Skill;
But remember the Lass at the Brow of the Hill.

SONG 2.

ATTEND ye ever tuneful Swains,
That in melodious, lulling Strains,
Of Cloe sing or Phillis;
Tho' weak my Skill, tho' rude my Verse,
Upbraid me not whilst I rehearse
The Charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid I, and poor in Thought,
No Simile shall here be bought,
From Roses, Pinks or Lillies;
Some meaner Beauties they may hit,
But sure no Simile can fit,
The Charms of Polly Willis.

A Simile to match her Hair,
Her lovely Forehead high and fair,
Beyond my greatest Skill is:
How then ye Gods! shall be expresst,
The Eyes, the Lips, the heaving Breast,
Of charming Polly Willis.

She's not like Venus on the Flood,
Nor as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal Amarillis,
Frame all that's lovely, bright and fair,
Of pleasing Shape, and killing Air,
And that is Polly Willis.

Tho' Time her Charms may wear away,
All Beauty must in Time decay;
Yet in her Power there still is
A Charm! which shall for Life endure,
I mean the spotless Mind, and pure,
Of charming Polly Willis.

SONG 3.

AT Upton on the Hill,
There lives a happy Pair;
The Swain whose Name is Will,
And Nancy is the fair.
Ten Years was gone and o'er,
Since Hymen join those two;
There Hearts was one before,
The sacred Rites they knew.

Since each auspicious Day,
Sweet Harmony did reign;
Both lov'd, and both agree,
Hear this each Nymph and Swain.
If happly Cares invade,
Since who is free from Care;
The Impression's lighter made,
By taking each a Share.

Pleas'd with a calm Retreat,
They have no ambitious Views;
In Plenty live, not Great,
Nor envy those that do.

Sure Pomp is empty Noiſe,
And Cares increaſe with Wealth;
They aim at truer Joys,
Tranquillity and Health.
With Safety, and with Eaſe,
Their preſent Life does flow;
They fear no raging Seas,
Nor Rocks that lurk below.
May ſtill a ſteady Gale,
There little Bark attend,
And gently fill each Sail,
'Till Life itſelf ſhall end.

SONG 4.

AMBITION is a dreadful Foe,
To e'ry Mortal here below,
How Baneful are it's Stings;
'Tis that which ſets the World at Jars,
Creating cruel bloody Wars,
And ſure Deſtruction brings,
'Tis Lewis, thus puſt up with Pride,
Of late his Force in Arms has try'd,
Whilſt Thouſands have been ſlain;
No Thought or juſt Reflection e'er,
Could e'er cauſe him to forbear,
Nor once his Hand reſtrain.
The helpleſs tender Orphans Cries,
Nor Widows with their weeping Eyes,
His Heart could ne'er aſſwage;
Regardleſs both of Foe or Friend,
So he can but his Power extend.
So deſperate is his Rage,
But think O. P. whilſt thus you ſoar,
That Briton's have it in their Power,
Your Projects to deſpiſe;
Whilſt he that often graſps at all,
By his own Scheme at laſt may fall,
And prove a Sacrifice.

SONG. 5.

ASK me not, how calmly I,
All the Cares of Life defy;
How I baffle human Woes;
Woman, Woman, Woman knows.
You may live, and laugh as I;
You like me, may Cares defy;
All the Pangs the Heart endures,
Woman, Woman, Woman cures.
Ask me not of empty Toys,
Feats of Arms, and drunken Joys;
I have Pleaſure more Divine,
Woman, Woman, Woman's mine.
Raptures more than Folly knows,
More than Fortune can beſtow;
Flowing Bowls, and conquer'd Fields,
Woman, Woman, Woman yields.
Ask me not of Woman's Arts,
Broken Vows and faithleſs Hearts,
Tell me Wretch, who pines and grieves,
Woman, Woman, Woman lives.
All Delights the Heart can know,
More than Folly can beſtow;
Wealth of Worlds, and Crowns of Kings,
Woman, Woman, Woman brings.

SONG 6. *The Answer.*

ASK thou silly doating Man,
Whence our Ruin first began;
How our Grief, and deadly Woe,
Did from Woman, Woman flow.

We might live, and happy be,
Cou'd we shun this Enemy;
All the Pangs the Heart e'er knew,
From vain Woman, Woman grew.

Ask what calm Felicity,
Man was subject unto Death;
Nought could his Repose invade,
Till false Woman she was made,

Soon as she receiv'd her Breath,
Man was subject unto Death;
Other Evils to their Shame,
From deceitful Woman came.

Ask what Ills befell old Troy,
Which false Hellen did destroy;
Or the tender Bridegrooms, who
Were by Woman, Women slew.

How the brave Mark Anthony
Lost the World by faithless She,
Ruin'd States, lost Crowns and Kings,
From vain Woman, Woman springs.

SONG 7.

ARISE sweet Messenger of the Morn,
With thy mild Beams this Isle adorn;
For long as Shepherds sport and play,
'Tis this shall be a Holiday.

Each Nymph be like the blushing Morn,
That gaily Lightens o'er the Lawn;
Each Shepherd like the Sun be gay,
And frolic out this Holiday.

The Morn appears a Rosy Hue,
Peeps over yonder Eastern blue;
Come let us dance in trim Array,
And grateful keep this Holiday.

Come all ye honest British Souls,
Let Love and Honour crown your Bowls,
Rejoice, rejoice, and sport and play,
This Source of many a Holiday.

SONG 8.

AS Cloe on Flowers reclin'd o'er the Stream,
She sigh'd to the Breeze and made Colin her Theme.
Tho' pleasant the Stream, and tho' cooling the Breeze;
And the Flowers tho' fragrant, she panted for Ease,
And the Flowers tho' fragrant, she panted for Ease.

The Stream it was fickle, and hasted away,
It kiss'd the sweet Banks, but no longer could stay,
Tho' beauteous Inconstant, and faithless tho' fair,
Ah! Colin look in, and behold thyself there,
The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,
Now rose to a Tempest, and darken'd the Day.

As ſoft as the Breeze, and as loud as the Wind,
Such Colin when angry, and Colin when kind.

The Flowers when gather'd ſo beauteous and ſweet,
Now fade on her Boſom, and dy'd at her Feet,
As fair in their Bloom, and as foul in Decay,
Such Colin when preſent, and Colin away.

In Rage and Deſpair from the Ground ſhe aroſe,
And from her the Flowers ſo faded ſhe throws.
She weeps in the Stream, and ſhe ſighs to the Wind,
And reſolves to drive Colin quite out of her Mind.

But what her Reſolves when her Colin appear'd,
The Streams it ſtood ſtill, and no Tempeſt was heard.
The Flowers recover'd their beautiful Hue,
She found ſhe was kind, and believ'd he was true.

SONG 9.

AS going one Darkee to dorſe in my Pad,
Young Molly the Fro-file I touted;
She nail'd a queer Cull of his Tiller and Nab,
But in filing his Tatler was routed.
As ſhe hik'd along, I grapl'd her Shell,
She ſtagg'd a young Bowman that knew me full well;
But the Hermons hik'd after, L--d--D--n 'em to Hell,
I plumpt 'em, and ſav'd her from Limbo.

The Buznappers catching my rum Mort did ſeize,
But ſoon my right and left Hand I tipt 'em.
I darken'd their Day-lights, and ſew'd up their Sees,
And up with my Dew-beaters trip'd, 'em,
Whilſt I mill'd his Mazard, ſhe ſnavel'd his Pol;
She lop'd away laughing, I hik'd after Moll,
So we mill'd a rum Codger, and nail'd a queer Cull,
And away we hik'd to the Caſe boozy,

As ſnug in our Ken we ſat ſluicing our Gob,
She tipt me the Gum very cleanly;
L--d D--n me, 'twill never be out of my Nob,
The Brimſtone ſhe widdled ſo briſkly.
Round my Scrag her dear Daddles ſhe lovingly fold,
She tipt me the Velvet, her Day-lights ſhe roll'd;
Said ſhe I muſt love you, you're quiddiſh and bold,
Shall I dorſe with you Jemmy till Jamming.

Dear Molly I cry'd, I'll dorſe in your Ken,
I'm a Bowman that ne'er will deceive you;
I'll cut a Benwade for to keep you in Scran,
And rumly I'll pad to relieve you.
The Darbies I dread not, Death's common to all,
Thoſe that rumble in Ratlers or pad in the Mall,
Whilſt I ſhake my Trotters at fam'd Bilby's Ball,
And hike off like a Bowman that's quiddiſh.

SONG 10.

AS in the blooming Spring,
When Birds was heard to ſing,
And Philomel began her tuneful Lay,
Flora appear'd new dreſs'd and gay;
To taſte the Sweets of her own May;
She bid each ſpringing Flow'r,
It's ev'ry Charm diſcloſe,
And all its wanton Power,
And thus addreſs'd the bluſhing Roſe.
Sweet Flow'r! ſo like to pleaſing Love,
How bleſt to Mortals muſt you prove!
How bleſt, &c.
The Maid ſhall wear your beauteous Hue,
The Youth ſhall learn to love from you.
Sweet Flow'r! ſo like to pleaſing Love,
How bleſt to Mortals muſt you prove!
The Maid ſhall wear your beauteous Hue,
The Youth ſhall learn to love from you
So fair, and full of Flora's Charms,
The Roſe ſhall grace the Lovers Arms,
Shall gra---ce the Lovers Arms, &c.
She then the Lilly ſpy'd,
The Violet in all its Pride,
But ſigh'd ſhe could not laſting Beauty give;
Then ſmil'd and bid them bloom again,
And ev'ry Year in Youth Celeſtial live;
And in theſe Strains the Goddeſs fair began:
Flora ſhall lead the happy Year,
And you in all your Robes appear;
And every Maid and every Swain,
In painted Vale, and flow'ry Plain,
Shall revel, dance, and ſport and play,
And wanton in the Sweets of May.
And every Maid, and every Swain,
In painted Vale and flow'ry Plain,
Shall revel, dance, and ſport and play,
And wanton in the Sweets of May,
Shall revel, dance, and ſport and play,
And wanton in the Sweets of May,
And wanton in the Sweets of May,
Shall revel, dance, and ſport and play,
And wanton in the Sweets of May,
And wanton in the Sweets of May.

SONG 11.

AS Damon on a Summer's Day,
Beneath a Shade began his Lay,
The Waters murmuring paſt along,
Well Pleas'd to hear their Damon's Song.
His Theme was love for Delia's Charms,
Had won the Shepherd to her Arms.
Had won the Shepherd, &c.
How bleſt am I who only know
The Joys of Love that ever flow;
Dear Scenes of Pleaſure now appear,
And Love is all a Damons Care.
Hear then ye Warbling Birds and Groves,
That Delia's kind, and Damon loves.
That Delia's kind, &c.
Delia as Morn is true and fair,
Sweet as the Roſe and Violet are.
Our Hearts in mutual Bliſs ſhall live,
No more can bounteous Nature give.

And every Tree our Paſſion tell,
That Shepherds liv'd, and lov'd ſo well.
That Shepherds liv'd, &c,

SONG 12. *A Cobler there was.*

ALL you that have heard of the Sign of the F--x, [queer Bucks,
In Great Br--w--r's Street, there's a Lodge of
Who're rul'd by a Grand of exceeding fine Parts
Who chatters ſweet Nothings, yet wins all their Hearts.
Derry, Down, Down, &c.

At mighty Expence, as himſelf hath declar'd,
(For neither Expences, nor Pains has he ſpar'd)
He has brought this good Lodge to almoſt Perfection.
For which they have made him their Grand by Election.
Derry, Down, &c. [they]

Like an Idol, he's plac'd, while his Proſelites,
Muſt grin their Applauſe unto all he can ſay;
Like theCub in the Fable, when he e'er means a Joke,
His Audience applaud it, before he has ſpoke.
Derry, Down, &c.

As Miniſters, bent upon Schemes that are vile,
Who're reſolv'd to have nothing but Fools in the while, [about,
Or Knaves, who will eaſy, by Bribes come
So he was reſolved to keep all the reſt out.
Derry down, &c.

In all his Diſcourſe, he is Wiſe to a Fault,
And laviſhes ſtill all the Wit he has got;
That, 'tis to be fear'd, when his Wiſdom's all ſpent, [has lent.
He'll get none from thoſe, where ſo much he
Derry, Down, &c.

Triumphant he ſits, in a very fine Chair,
In midſt of a Council, who're all mighty clear;
With Trinkets of Tin, that hang under their Throats,
As low as the Beards of ſo many old Goats.
Derry, Down, &c.

Could you ſee this gay Scene, in its full Decoration, [Oration,
And hear the fine Grand, make a learned
With his Council all gaping, to catch the ſweet Sound, [round.
Like Wax-work in Toy-Shops, ſo plainly ſet
Derry, Down, &c.

Two Years had he reign'd, in this Mock-Show of State,
When the Gulls a Repentance began to create;
They ſaw through his Hipperboles, Tricks, and his Cant, [want.
That to trick 'em of Money, was all he did
Derry, Down, &c. [depoſe;]

With that, they reſolv'd that they wou'd him
And, at their Election, another they choſe:
Which gave his good Worſhip the Hip, and the Spleen, [the Scene.
It had kill'd him, but that---they have ſhifted
Derry down, &c.

For here they proceeded, with mighty great Pother,
To pull down his Honour, and put up another;
But, O, their Condition! they ſoon found (alas!)
No Beaſt in their Books was ſo proper an Aſs.
Derry down, &c,
Then all, with wry Faces, that ſhew'd their Concern,
To their former Obedience, did preſently turn;
And humbly (in Form) did his Worſhip implore,
To Rule, and Aſs-ride them, as he did before.
Derry down, &c.
To this, the good Creature ſoon gave his Aſſent,
But bray'd a Reproof, for their late Diſcontent;
Then, aſcended the Throne, which himſelf had erected;
Where you may bow down---As above is directed.
Derry down, &c.

SONG 13.

ALEXIS ſhun'd his fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports, and jocund Strains;
Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's Bow!
He loſt his Crook, he left his Flocks,
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,
His Grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal Cauſe all kindly ſeek;
He mingl'd his Concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly Tears,
He ſigh'd, but could not ſpeak.

Clorinda came among the reſt,
And ſhe too kind Concern expreſt,
And ask'd the Reaſon of his Woe;
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein,
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel Truth reveal;
Which nothing from my Breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your Ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the Plain,
You are the Cauſe of all my Care;
Your Eyes ten Thouſand Dangers dart,
Ten thouſand Torments vex my Heart,
I love, and I deſpair!

Too much, Alexis, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd;
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breathe your Vows, or ſpeak your Pain;
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd,

SONG 14. *Black-ey'd Suſan.*

ALL in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
The Streamers waving in the Wind,

When black-ey'd Sufan came on board,
O where ſhall I my true Love find!
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among the Crew?

William, who high upon the Yard;
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known Voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his Eyes below:
The Cord flies ſwiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
And quick as Lightning on the Deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,
Shuts cloſe his Pinions to his Breaſt,
(If chance his Mate's ſhrill Voice he hear)
And drops at once into her Neſt:
The nobleſt Captain in the Britiſh Fleet
Might envy William's Lips thoſe Kiſſes ſweet.

O Sufan, Sufan, lovely Dear!
My Vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me wipe off that falling Tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye lift, ye Winds, my Heart ſhall be
The faithful Compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen ſay,
Who tempt with Doubts thy conſtant Mind:
They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,
In ev'ry Port a Miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent where ſoe'er I go.

If to fair India's Coaſt we ſail,
Thine Eyes are ſeen in Di'monds bright;
Thy Breath is Afric's ſpicy Gale,
Thy Skin is Ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view
Wakes in my Soul ſome Charm of lovely Sue,

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn;
Tho Cannons roar, yet ſafe from Harms
William ſhall to his Dear return.
Love turns aſide the Balls that round me fly,
Leſt preciousTears ſhould fall from Sufan's Eye.

The Boatſwain gave the dreadful Word,
The Sails their ſwelling Boſoms ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his Head,
Her leſs'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land,
Adieu ſhe cry'd, and wav'd her Lilly Hand.

SONG 15. *Power of Love.*

AT Dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep
The peaceful Cottage lay;
Paſtora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and uſeleſs Scrip;
Love led the Nymph aſtray.
Looſe and undreſt, ſhe takes her Flight,
To a near Myrtle Shade;
The conſcious Moon gave all her Light,
To bleſs her raviſh'd Lover's Sight,
And guide the lovely Maid,

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And to aſſuage his Pain,
His reſtleſs Paſſion he obeys:

At ſuch an Hour, in ſuch a Place,
What Lover could contain?

In vain ſhe call'd the conſcious Moon,
The Moon no Succour gave;
The cruel Stars, unmov'd, look on,
And ſeem'd to ſmile at what was done,
Nor would her Honour ſave.

Vanquiſh'd at laſt by pow'rful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay;
No more ſhe ſigh'd, no more ſhe ſtrove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She bluſh'd, and dy'd away.

Yet bleſt the Grove, her conſcious Flight,
And Youth that did betray;
And panting, dying, with Delight,
She bleſt the kind tranſporting Night,
And curs'd approaching Day.

SONG 16.

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to diſarm your bright
And lay by thoſe terrible Glances; [Eyes,
We live in an Age that's more civil and wiſe,
Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

When once your round Bubies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you no long Time of Courting;
And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out;
For all Maidens are Mortal at Fourteen.

SONG. 17. *Of all the Girls.*

AS Damon late with Chloe ſat,
They talk'd of am'rous Bliſſes;
Kind Things he ſaid, which ſhe repaid
In pleaſing Smiles and Kiſſes.

With tuneful Tongue, of Love he ſung;
She thank'd him for his Ditty:
But ſaid, one Day ſhe heard him ſay,
The Flute was mighty pretty.

Young Damon, who her Meaning knew,
Took out his Pipe to charm her;
And while he ſtrove in wanton Love,
And ſprightly Aim, to warm her:

She begg'd the Swain, to play one Strain
In all the ſofteſt Meaſure,
Whoſe killing Sound will ſweetly wound,
And make her die with Pleaſure.

Eager to do't, he takes the Flute,
And ev'ry Accent traces;
Love trickling thro' his Fingers flew,
And whiſper'd melting Graces:

He play'd his Part with wond'rous Art,
Expecting Praiſes after;
But ſhe inſtead of falling dead,
Burſt out into a Laughter.

Taking the Hint, as Chloe meant,
Said he, My Dear, be eaſy;
I have a Flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,
May play a Tune to pleaſe ye.

Then down he laid the charming Maid,
He found her kind and willing:
He play'd again, and tho' each Strain
Was ſilent, yet 'twas killing.

Fair Chloe ſoon approv'd the Tune,
And vow'd he play'd divinely;
Let's have it o'er, ſaid ſhe, once more,
It goes exceeding finely:
The Flute is good that's made of Wood,
And is, I own, the neateſt;
Yet ne'ertheleſs I muſt confeſs,
The ſilent Flute's the ſweeteſt.

SONG 18.

AH! ſtay ye wanton Gales, and lend
A friendly Moment to my Tale;
To the dear Nymph my Sorrows ſend,
In tend'reſt Sighs that can prevail.

In ſecret Murmurs, Oh! convey
What Love ſuggeſts in ſad Diſtreſs,
And let her know, that ev'ry Way
She ſlights the Swain ſhe ought to bleſs.

Or, if the Winds refuſe to bear
The Voice of Love to the dear Maid;
Some pitying God then lend an Ear,
And guard my Heart from be'ng betray'd.

Propitious Heav'n direct my Steps
To the bleſt Manſion where my Dear
Each Day ſhe wakes, each Night ſhe ſleeps,
With Pity may my Paſſion hear.

Within her down Arms embrac'd,
I'd glut with Joys beyond compare;
My Lips ſeal'd to her fragrant Breaſt,
O'erflowing Bleſſings let me ſhare.

Or ſhou'd the Deities refuſe
Immediate Aid to my Requeſt,
Her let me not for ever loſe,
But ſoon or late let me be bleſt.

In pleaſing Dreams, let tender Love
Invade her Sleep, and let her know,
O Cupid, and Almighty Jove!
How much for her I undergo.

On her lov'd Boſom, Night and Day,
Where Interruption knows no Reſt;
There let me breathe my Soul away,
And bid adieu to human Race.

SONG 19. *'Twas when the,*

A Swain of Love deſpairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel Fate;
His Grief the Shepherds ſharing,
In Circles round him ſat.

The Nymphs in kind Compaſſion,
The luckleſs Lover mourn'd;
All who had felt the Paſſion,
A Sigh for Sigh return'd.

O Friends your Plaints give over,
Your kind Concern forbear;
Shou'd Chloe but diſcover,
For me you'd ſhed a Tear.

Her Eyes ſhe'd arm with Vengeance,
Your Friendſhip ſoon ſubdue;
Too late you'd ask Forgiveneſs,
And for her Mercy ſue.

Her Charms ſuch Force diſcover,
Reſiſtance is in vain;
Spite of yourſelf, you'll love her,
And hug the galling Chain.

Her Wit the Flame increaſes,
And rivets faſt the Dart;
She has ten thouſand Graces,
And each could gain a Heart.

But oh! one more deſerving
Has thaw'd her frozen Breaſt,
Her Heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the reſt.

Their Love with Joy abounding,
The Thought diſtracts my Brain;
O cruel Maid! Then ſwooning,
He fell upon the Plain.

SONG 20.

AH! bright Belinda, hither fly,
And ſuch a Light diſcover,
As may the abſent Sun ſupply,
And cheer, the drooping Lover.

Ariſe, my Day, with Speed ariſe,
And all my Sorrows baniſh;
Before the Sun of thy bright Eyes
All gloomy Terrors vaniſh.

No longer let me ſigh in vain,
And curſe the hoarded Treaſure:
Why ſhould you love to give us Pain,
When you were made for Pleaſure,
The petty Pow'rs of Hell deſtroy.
To ſave's the Pride of Heaven;
To you the firſt, if you prove coy,
If kind, the laſt is given.

The Choice then ſure's not hard to make
Betwixt the Good and Evil;
Which Title had you rather take,
My Goddeſs, or my Devil?

SONG 21.

A Maxim this, amongſt the Wiſe,
That Abſence cures a Love-ſick Mind
And others who philoſophize.
Gravely pronounce, That Love is blind,
Alas! too well do Lovers ſee,
And ſeparated beſt agree.

Baniſh me from Belinda's Sight,
Or the fond Maid far hence remove:
Our Bodies part, our Souls unite,
The more we grieve, the more we love:
Believe the Youth you wrongly blame;
Abſence adds Fuel to the Flame.

Between us burning Deſarts place,
Or trackleſs Mountains hid in Snow:
Or let the wide unfathom'd Space
Of roaring Seas between us flow:
Place or not place them, 'tis all one,
Empires have Bounds, but Love has none.

Secure us, if you can ſecure,
On diſtant Rocks, in Tow'rs of Braſs;
When faithful Lovers moſt endure,

Still moſt improv'd their Minutes paſs:
priſon her, impriſon me,
ſpite of Priſons, Thought is free.
aſe then your idle cruel Arts,
Recal your harſh Command:
Deſtiny rules over Hearts,
And who can Deſtiny withſtand?
vain, alas! is human Skill:
ve will be Love, do what you will.

Bally Spelling. SONG 22.

LL you that wou'd refine your Blood,
As pure as fam'd Lewellin;
Waters clear, come ev'ry Year,
And drink at Bally Spelling.

Spots or Itch, the Skin enrich,
With Rubies paſt the telling;
will clear the Skin, before you've been.
Month at Bally Spelling.

Lady's Cheek be green as Leek,
When ſhe comes from her Dwelling;
e kindling Roſe within it glows,
When ſhe's at Bally Spelling.

e footy Brown, who comes to Town,
Grows here as fair as Helen,
en back ſhe goes, to kill the Beaux,
By Dint of Bally Spelling.

r Ladies are as freſh and fair,
As Roſe or bright Dunkelling;
d Mars might make a fair Miſtake,
Were he at Bally Spelling.

We Men ſubmit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling;
The Reaſon's plain, the Ladies reign,
They're Queens at Bally Spelling.

By matchleſs Charms, unconquer'd Arms,
They have the Gift of quelling;
Such deſp'rate Foes as dare oppoſe
Their Pow'r at Bally Spelling.

Cold Water turns to Fire and burns,
I know, becauſe I fell in
A Stream that came from one bright Dame,
Who drank at Bally Spelling.

Fine Beaux advance, equipt for Dance,
And bring their Ann or Nell in
With ſo much Grace, I'm ſure no Place
Can vye with Bally Spelling.

No Politicks, no ſubtle Tricks,
No Man his Country ſelling:
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of theſe at Bally Spelling.

The troubled Mind, the puft with Wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are ſure to work their Cure,
By drinking Bally Spelling.

If Dropſy fills you to the Gills,
From Chin to Toe tho' ſwelling;
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt,
A Cure at Bally Spelling.

Death throws no Darts thro' all theſe Parts,
No Sexton's here a Knelling:

Come judge and try, you'll never die,
And live at Bally Spelling.

Except you feel Darts tipt with Steel,
Which here are every Belle in,
When from their Eyes ſweet Ruin flies,
We die at Bally Spelling.

Good Cheer, ſweet Air, much Joy, no Care,
Your Sight, your Taſte, your Smelling,
Your Ears, your Touch, tranſporteth much,
Each Day at Bally Spelling.

Within this Ground we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy Dogs a yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's Sake,
All Night at Bally Spelling.

Here all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No Lady keeps her Cell in:
But all partake the Mirth we make,
Who drink at Bally Spelling.

My Rhymes are gone, I think I've none,
Unleſs I ſhould bring Hell in;
But ſince I'm here, to Heav'n ſo near,
I can't at Bally Spelling.

SONG. 23.

AT St Oſythe by the Mill
There lives a lovely Laſs;
Oh! had I her Good-will,
How gaily Life wou'd paſs
No bold intruding Care
My Bliſs ſhou'd e'er deſtroy,
Her Smiles wou'd gild Deſpair,
And brighten ev'ry Joy.
Like Nature's rural Scene,
Her artleſs Beauties charm:
Like them with Joy ſerene,
Our wiſhing Hearts they warm;
Her Wit, with Sweetneſs crown'd,
Steals ev'ry Senſe away;
The liſt'ning Swains around
Forget the ſhort'ning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth, and Eaſe,
Without her taſteleſs are;
She gives them Pow'r to pleaſe,
And makes them worth our Care;
Is there, ye Fates, a Bliſs
Reſerv'd, my future Share,
Indulgent hear my Wiſh,
And grant it all in her.

SONG 24.

AUrelia now one Moment loſt,
A Thouſand Sighs may after coſt:
Deſires may oft return in vain,
But Youth will ne'er return again.
The fragrant Sweets which do adorn
The glowing Bluſhes of the Morn,
By Noon are vaniſh'd all away:
Then let's, Aurelia, live to Day.

SONG 25.

AT Wincheſter there was a Wedding,
The like was never ſeen,
'Twixt luſty Ralph of Reading,
And bonny black Beſs of the Green:
The Fiddlers were crowding before,
Each Laſs was as fine as a Queen:
There was a Hundred and more,
For all the whole Country came in;
Briſk Robin led Roſe ſo fair,
She look'd like a Lilly o'th' Vale,
And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary,
And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came ſmiling Katy;
He help'd her over the Stile,
And ſwore there none ſo pretty,
In forty and forty long Mile:
Kit gave a green Gown to Betty,
And lent her his Hand to riſe;
But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,
For looking blue under the Eyes:
Thus merrily chatting all,
They paſs to the Bride-houſe along,
With Johnny and pretty fac'd Nancy,
The faireſt of all the Throng.

The Bridegrom came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was ſpoil'd,
And uſher'd 'em into treat 'em,
With bak'd, and roaſted, and boil'd.
The Lads were ſo briſk and Jolly,
For each had his Love by his Side;
But Willy was melancholly,
For he had a Mind to the Bride:
Then Philip begins her Health,
And turns a Beer-glaſs to his Thumb,
But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking,
The beſt in Chriſtendom.

And now they had din'd, advancing
Into the midſt of the Hall,
The Fiddlers ſtruck up for Dancing,
And Jeremy led up the Ball:
But Margaret kept a Quarrel,
A Laſs that was proud of her Pelf,
'Cauſe Arthur had ſtolen her Garter,
And ſwore he wou'd tie it himſelf:
She ſtruggl'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd,
And ready with Anger to cry;
'Cauſe Arthur in tying her Garter,
Had ſlipt his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking;
The Bride away was led;
The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
For Candles to light 'em to Bed:
But Robin finding him ſilly,
Moſt friendly took him aſide,
The while that his Wife was with Willy,
A playing at Hooper's-hide:
And now the warm Game begins,
The critical Minute was come,

And Chatting, and Billing, and Kiſſing,
Went merrily round the Room.

Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,
And blithe as a Bird in the Spring;
And Tommy was ſo to Katy,
And wedded her with a Ruſh-Ring:
Sukie that danc'd with the Cuſhion,
An Hour from the Room had been gone,
And Barnaby knew by her Bluſhing,
That ſome other Dance had been done:
And thus of fifty fair Maidens,
That came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,
That ſo did return again.

SONG 26.

AND in each Tract of Glory ſince,
For their lov'd Country or their Prince,
Princes that hate, that hate Rome's Tyranny,
And join the Nation's Right with their own Royalty,

None were more ready,
None were more ready,
In Diſtreſs to ſave;
No none were more loyal,
No none were more loyal,
No none were more loyal,
None more brave.

SONG 27.

AMongſt the pure Ones all,
Who Conſcience do profeſs;
And in that Sort of Conſcience
Do practice nothing leſs:
I mean the Sect of thoſe Elect,
That loath to live by Merit,
That lead their Lives with other Mens Wives,
According unto the Spirit.

One met with a holy Siſter of ours,
A Saint who dearly lov'd him,
And fain he would have kiſs'd her,
Becauſe the Spirit mov'd him:
But ſhe deny'd, and he reply'd,
You're damn'd unleſs you do it;
Therefore conſent, do not repent,
For the Spirit doth move me to it.

She, not willing to offend,
Yielded unto his Motion;
And what theſe two did intend
Was out of pure Devotion.
To lie with a Friend and a Brother,
She thought ſhe ſhould die no Sinner;
But ere five Months were paſt and gone,
The Spirit was quick within her.

But what will the Wicked ſay,
When they ſhall hear this Rumour?
They 'll laugh at us ev'ry Day,
And ſcoff us in ev'ry Corner:

Let 'em do ſo ſtill, if that they will,
We mean not to follow their Faſhion;
They're none of our Sect, nor of the Elect,
Nor none of our Congregation.

But when the Time was come,
That ſhe was to be laid,
It was no very great Crime,
Committed by her, they ſaid;
'Cauſe they did know, and ſhe did ſhew,
'Twas done by a Friend and a Brother;
But a very great Sin, they ſaid, it had been,
If it had been done by another

SONG 28.

A Wife I do hate,
For either ſhe's falſe or ſhe's jealous;
But give me a Mate,
Who nothing will aſk us, or tell us:
She ſtands at no Terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture:
Or loves for the Farms,
But takes the kind Man at a Venture.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Proceſs, or Warning,
From a Wife for a Night,
You may be divorc'd the next Morning,
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats can't be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother

SONG 29.

AS I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,
A Laſs was deploring her hapleſs Eſtate;
In a languiſhing Poſture, poor Maid ſhe appears,
All ſwell'd with her Sighs, and blubber'd with Tears:
She cry'd and ſhe ſobb'd, and I found it was all
For a little of that which Harry gave Doll.

At laſt ſhe broke out, O wretched, ſhe ſaid,
Will no Youth come ſuccour a languiſhing Maid?
With what he with Eaſe and Pleaſure may give,
Without which, alas! poor I cannot live!
Shall I never leave ſighing, and crying, and [call]
For a little of that, &c.

At firſt when I ſaw a young Man in the Place,
My Colour would fade, and then fluſh in my Face;
My Breath it grew ſhort, and I ſhiver'd all o'er,
My Breaſt never popp'd up and down ſo before,
I ſcarce knew for what, but now find 'twas all
For a little of that, &c.

SONG 30.

ALexis how artleſs a Lover,
How baſhful and ſilly you grow!
In my Eyes can you never diſcover,
I mean Yes, when I often ſay No.

When you pine and you whine out your Paſ-
And only entreat for a Kiſs; [ſion,]
To be coy and deny is the Faſhion,
Alexis ſhou'd raviſh the Bliſs.

In Love, as in War, 'tis but Reaſon
To make ſome Defence for the Town;
To ſurrender without it were Treaſon,
Before that the Out-Works were won.

If I frown 'tis my Bluſhes to cover,
'Tis for Honour and Modeſty Sake;
He is but a pitiful Lover,
Who is foil'd by a ſingle Attack.

But when we by Force are o'erpower'd,
The beſt and the braveſt muſt yield;
I am not to be won by a Coward,
Who hardly dares enter the Field.

SONG 31. *A Soldier and a Sailor.*

A Dean and Prebendary
Had late a new Vagary,
And were at doubtful Strife, Sir,
Who led the better Life, Sir,
And was the better Man.

The Dean he ſaid that truly,
Since Bluff was ſo unruly,
He'd prove it to his Face, Sir.
That he had the moſt Grace, Sir,
And ſo the Fight began, &c.

Then Preb reply'd like Thunder,
And roar'd out, 'twas no Wonder,
Since Gods the Dean had three, Sir,
And more by two than he, Sir,
For he had got but one, &c.

Now whilſt theſe two were raging,
And in Diſputes engaging,
The Maſter of the Charter
Said both had caught a Tartar,
For Gods, Sir, there were none, &c.

That all the Books of Moſes
Were nothing but Suppoſes;
That he deſerv'd Rebuke, Sir,
Who wrote the Pentateuch, Sir,
'Twas nothing but a Sham, &c.

That as for Father Adam,
And Mrs Eve his Madam,
And what the Serpent ſpoke, Sir,
'Twas nothing but a Joke, Sir,
And well invented Flam, &c.

Thus in this Battle-royal,
As none would take Denial,
The Dame for which they ſtrove, Sir,
Could neither of them love, Sir,
Nor neither could convince, &c.

She therefore ſlily waiting,
Left all three Fools a-prating;
And being in a Fright, Sir,
Religion took her Flight, Sir,
And ne'er was heard of ſince, &c.

SONG 32.

A Pox on the Times,
Let 'em go as they will,
Tho' the Taxes are grown ſo heavy,
Our Hearts are our own,
And ſhall be ſo ſtill,
Drink about my Boys, and be merry.
Let no Man deſpair
But drive away Care,
And drown all our Sorrow with Claret:
We'll never repine,
So they give us good Wine,
Let 'em take all our Droſs, we can ſpare it.
We value not Chink,
Unleſs to buy Drink,
Or purchaſe us innocent Pleaſure;
When 'tis gone we ne'er fret,
So we Liquor can get,
For Mirth of itſelf is a Treaſure.
No Miſer can be,
So happy as we,
Tho' compaſs'd with Riches he wallow;
Day and Night he is in Fear,
And never without Care,
While nothing diſturbs the good Fellow.
Come fill up the Glaſs,
And round let it paſs,
For Nature doth Vacuums decline;
Drown the ſpruce formal Aſs,
That's afraid of his Face,
We'll drink till our Noſes do ſhine.
While we've plenty of this,
We can ne'er do amiſs,
Tis an Antidote againſt our Ruin;
And the Lad that drinks moſt,
With Honour may boaſt,
He fears neither Death nor Undoing.

SONG 33.

ARCH Cupid gathering a Roſe,
Awak'd a Bee from her Repoſe;
The Bee provok'd, his Finger gor'd,
He ran, and to his Mother roar'd:
"Undone; ah, Mother! I'm undone,
"By a ſmall Serpent rudely ſtung:
"A Thing with Wings they call a Bee,
"A naughty Bee has ſlain your Son;
"See, ſee the Wound, O Mother, ſee.
The Goddeſs then embrac'd the Lad,
She ſooth'd his Pain, and ſmiling ſaid;
"The Anguiſh from ſo ſmall a Dart
"Is not like that which Lovers feel;
"Each Lover feels thy pointed Steel,
"Not in his Finger, but his Heart.

SONG 34.

AS I ſat at my Spinning-wheel,
A bonny Lad there paſſed by;
I kenn'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
Geud Faith he had a bonny Eye:
My Heart new Panting gan to feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

Moſt graciouſly he did appear,
As he my Preſence did draw near,
And round about my ſlender Waiſt
He claſp'd his Arms and me embrac'd:
To kiſs my Hand he down did kneel,
As I ſat at my Spinning-wheel.

My Milk-white Hand he did extol,
And prais'd my Fingers long and ſmall;
And ſaid there was no Lady fair,
That ever cou'd with me compare.
Theſe pleaſing Words my Heart did feel;
But ſtill I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

Altho I ſeemingly did chide,
Yet he wou'd never be deny'd;
But did declare his Love the more,
Until my Heart was wounded ſore,
That I my Love cou'd ſcarce conceal;
But yet I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock and Reel,
And after that, my Spinning-wheel,
He bid me leave them all with Speed,
And gang with him to yonder Mead.
My panting Heart ſtrange Flames did feel;
Yet ſtill I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He ſtopp'd and gaz'd, and blithly ſaid,
Now ſpeed thee well my bonny Maid;
But if thou'ſt to the Hay-cock go,
I'll learn thee better Work I trow.
Good Faith I lik'd him paſſing-weel;
But ſtill I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He lovely veil'd his Bonnet oft,
And ſweetly kiſs'd my Lips ſo ſoft;
Yet ſtill, between each honey Kiſs
He urg'd to gang to further Bliſs;
Till I reſiſtleſs Fire did feel,
Then let alone my Spinning-wheel:

Among the pleaſing Cocks of Hay,
Then with my bonny Lad I lay;
What Damſel ever could deny
A Youth with ſuch a charming Eye?
The Pleaſure I cannot reveal,
It far ſurpaſs'd the Spinning-wheel.

SONG 35.

ALL you that muſt needs take a Leap in t
Dark,
Pity the Fate of young Lawſon and Clark:
Cheated with Hope, by Mercy amus'd,
Betray'd by the ſinful Ways we have us'd;
Cropt in our Prime of Strength and Youth;
Who can but weep at ſo ſad a Truth?

Once we thought 'twould never be Night;
But now, alas! 'twill never be Light.
Heav'nly Mercy ſhine on our Souls,
Death it draws near, hark, St 'Pulchre's B
tolls!
Nature is ſtronger in Youth than in Age,
Grant us thy Spirit, Lord, Grief to aſſuag

Courſes of Evil have brought us to this,
Sinful Pleaſure, deceitful Bliſs;
We ne'er ſhould have Cauſe ſo much to repent,
Could we with our Callings have been content;
The Snares of Wine and Women fair,
Firſt were the Cauſe we now deſpair.

You that now view our fatal End,
Warn'd by our Caſe, your Carriage mend;
Soon or late grime Death will come;
Who'd not prepare for ſo certain a Doom?
Span long Life, with lifeleſs Joys,
What's in this World but Care and Noiſe?

Youth, tho' bleſt by being ſo,
As vaſt thy Joy, ſo great thy Woe;
Ev'ry Sin that gives Delight,
Will in the End, thy Soul affright:
'Tis not thy Youth, thy Wealth, nor Strength,
Can add to Life one Moment's Length.
God is as merciful as juſt;
Cleanſe our Hearts, ſince die we muſt;
Sweet Temptations of worldly Joy,
Make for our Grief, and Peace deſtroy:
Think then, when Man his Race has run,
Death is the Prize which he has won.
Sure there are none ſo abſurd and odd,
So think, with the Fool, there is no God!
What is't we fear, when Death we meet,
Were it not to account at the Judgment-Seat?
That Providence, we find each Hour,
Proves him a ſupernat'ral Pow'r:
In Mercy open thy bright Abode,
Receive our Souls, tremendous God!

SONG 36.

A Damſel, I'm told,
Of delicate Mold,
Whoſe Father was dead, to enrich her,
Of all her fine Things,
Lace, Ribbons, and Rings, [Girl,]
Priz'd nothing ſo much as her Twitcher, poor
Priz'd nothing ſo much as her Twitcher.
The Youths all around,
With Courtſhip profound,
Try'd every Art to bewitch her:
But ſhe was ſo chaſte,
She'd not be embrac'd
By any Thing elſe but her Twitcher, poor Girl,
By any Thing, &c.
Each offer'd his Pelf,
In Exchange for herſelf,
If to him the Parſon might ſtitch her;
But ſtill ſhe reply'd,
She'd never be ty'd
To any Thing elſe but her Twitcher, poor Girl,
To any Thing, &c.
But Cupid, grown wild,
To ſee himſelf foil'd,
Reſolv'd to find Ways to bewitch her,
And humble her Pride,
Whatever betide, [Girl,]
He ſcorn'd to give way to the Twitcher, poor
He ſcorn'd, &c

Briſk Strephon, the Young,
Whoſe amorous Tongue
Was baited with Words to bewitch her,
The God did prepare,
To combat the Fair,
And try'd to out-rival her Twitcher, poor Girl,
And try'd, &c.

Young Strephon drew nigh her,
And fluſh'd with Deſire,
Try'd Kiſſes and Oaths to bewitch her,
He prattl'd and toy'd,
But ſtill ſhe reply'd,
Piſh, let go the Hold of my Twitcher, poor Girl,
Piſh, let go, &c.

But this cunning Spark,
So well took his Mark,
He found out the Way to o'er-reach her;
He gave her a Trip,
Which happen'd to ſlip
The myſtical Knot of her Twitcher, poor Girl,
The myſtical, &c.

And thus having ended
The Thing he intended,
Who knows what he did to bewitch her,
She cry'd, No, no, no;
But yet I can't go:
Now do what you will with my Twitcher, dear Boy,
Now do, &c.

SONG 37.

ALaſs that was laden with Care
Sat heavily under a Thorn;
I liſten'd a while for to hear,
And thus ſhe began for to mourn.

So merry as we twa have been:
So happy as we twa have been!
O my Heart is like to deſpair,
When I think of the Days we have ſeen!

When you, my dear Shepherd, was there,
The Birds did melodiouſly ſing;
And the cold nipping Winter did wear
A face that reſembled the Spring:

Our Flocks feeding cloſe by his Side,
As he gently preſſed my Hand,
I had the wide World in my Pride,
And cou'd all its Glory withſtand.

At the Eve, when the reſt of the Folk
where merrily ſeated to ſpin,
I ſat myſelf under his Oak,
And I heavily ſighed for him.

My Dear, he wou'd oft to me ſay,
What makes you hard-hearted to me?
Or why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee?

But now he is far from my Sight,
Perhaps new Advice may approve;
Which makes me lament Day and Night,
That ever I granted him Love.

SONG 38.

AS Celadon once from his Cottage did ſtray,
To court his dear Jug on a Hillock of Hay,
What aukward Confuſion oppreſs'd the poor Swain,
When thus he deliver'd his Paſſion in Pain.

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,
Sweet Jug, 'tis for thee faithful Celadon dies:
My Pipe I've forſaken, tho' reckon'd ſo ſweet,
And ſleeping or waking thy Name I repeat.

When Swains to an Alehouſe by Force do me
Inſtead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jug; [lug,
And ſure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does the ſame.

Sweet Jug he a hundred Times o'er does repeat,
which make People ſay, that his Voice is ſo ſweet.
Ah! why doſt thou laugh at my ſorrowful Tale?
Too well I'm aſſur'd that my Words won't pervail:

For Roger, the Thatcher, poſſeſſes thy Breaſt,
As he at our laſt Harveſt Supper confeſt.
I own it, ſays Jug, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair looks ſo pretty and ſmart,
His Eyes are ſo black, and his Cheeks are ſo red,
They prevail more with me, than all you have ſaid;
Tho' you court me, and kiſs me, and do what you can,
'Twill ſignify nothing, for Roger's the Man.

SONG 39.

AS Chloe o'er the Meadow paſs'd,
I view'd the lovely Maid!
She turn'd and bluſh'd, renew'd her Haſte,
And fear'd by me to be embrac'd:
My Eyes my Wiſh betray'd.

I trembling felt the riſing Flame,
The charming Nymph purſu'd;
Daphne was not ſo bright a Game,
Tho' great Apollo's darling Dame,
Nor with ſuch Charms endu'd.

I follow'd cloſe, the Fair ſtill flew
Along the graſſy Plain;
The Graſs at length my Rival grew,
And catch'd my Chloe by the Shoe,
Her Speed was then in vain.

But oh! as tott'ring down ſhe fell,
What did the Fall reveal!
Such Limbs Deſcription cannot tell,
Such Charms were never in the Mall,
Nor Smock did e'er conceal.

She ſhriek'd I turn'd my raviſh'd Eyes,
And burning with Deſire,
I help'd the Queen of Love to riſe:
She check'd her Anger and Surprize,
And ſaid, raſh Youth, retire.

Be gone, and boaſt what you have ſeen,
It ſhan't avail you much;
I know you like my Form and Mein;
Yet ſince ſo inſolent you've been,
Thoſe Parts you ne'er ſhall touch.

Too lovely fair one, I confeſs,
The Swain whom you will deign to bleſs,
Might ſigh an Age away,
In Expectation of the Joy,
When you no longer cold or coy,
Shall all his Pains allay.

Indulgent Heav'n has made thy Form
So ſoft, ſo perfect, and ſo warm,
Who gazes muſt adore:
But I ſo long in vain have try'd,
To move thy Heart, that Seat of Pride,
That here I give it o'er.

But now, proud Fair, a Cure I've found,
I'll be no longer tamely bound,
In hopeleſs Flames to burn.
Vain Maid, I've ſhaken off my Chain,
By Wine a Conqueſt I obtain,
And triumph in my Turn.

SONG 40.

As Cælia near a Fountain lay.

AS Cælia in her Garden ſtray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,
A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And reſted on her Arm.

The curious Inſect thither flew,
To taſte the tempting Bloom;
But, with a thouſand Sweets in View,
It found a ſudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd
The Darling little Thing;
But firſt the ſnowy Arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting ſurprize,
Once be injurious found:
Not ſo the Darts of Cælia's Eyes,
They never ceaſe to wound.

Oh! wou'd the ſhort-liv'd burning Smart
The Nymph to Pity move,
And teach her to regard the Heart,
She fires with endleſs Love!

SONG 41.

AMongſt the Willows on the Graſs,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds lie,
Young Willy courted bonny Beſs,
And Nell ſtood liſt'ning by:

Says Will, we will not tarry
Two Months before we marry
No, no, fie no, never, never tell me ſo,
For a Maid I'll live and die.
Says Nell, So ſhall not I, Says Nell, &c.

Long Time betwixt Hope and Deſpair,
And Kiſſes mixt between,
He with a Song did charm her Ear,
Thinking ſhe chang'd had been;
Says Will, I want a Bleſſing,
Subſtantialler than Kiſſing.
No, no, fie no, never never tell me ſo,
For I'll never change my Mind:
Says Nell, She'll prove more kind,
Says Nell, &c.

Smart Pain the tender Virgin finds,
Altho' by Nature taught,
When ſhe at firſt to Man inclines:
Quoth Nell, I'll venture that,
Oh! who wou'd loſe a Treaſure,
For ſuch a puny Pleaſure?
Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,
And to my Vow prove true:
Quoth Nell, The more Fool you, &c.

Unto my Cloſet I'll repair,
And read in godly Books,
Forget vain Love and worldly Care,
Quoth Nell, that likely looks!

You Men are all perfidious,
But I will be religious,
Try all, fly all, and while I breathe, defy all,
Your Sex I now deſpiſe:
Says Nell, by Jove, ſhe lies,
Says Nell, &c.

SONG 42.

A Very pretty Fancy, a brave gallanta Showe
A very pretty Fancy a brave gallanta Showe
E juſte come from France, a very pretty Fancy
E juſte come from France, toute noveau.

De firſt Ting be de true Picture of de great magnificent City of Londre,
Dat fill every Part of de Vorld vid Surprize, Pleaſure, and Vonder,
Here de cunning French, de vife Italian and Spaniard runne,
And vere can dey go elſe, morbleau, to get quarter of de Money.

And for de Diverſions, dat make a de Pleaſure for this great Tewn,
Dey be ſo many, ſo fine, ſo pleaſant, ſo cheap as never was known;
Here be de Hay-Market, vere de Italian Opera do ſweetly ſound,
Dat coſt a de brave Gentry no more as two hundred touſand Pound.

Here be de famous Comediens of de Vorld, de troupe Italien,
Dat make a de poor Engliſh veep, becauſe dey vil troupe home agen;

De toder Place be Medamoiſelle Violante ſhew a touſand Trick,
She jump upon de rope ten Storie high and never break her Neck.

Here be de viſe Managers ſhew all de Viſdom of deir Brain,
Dat make a de fine ting of Vagnar and Abericock in Drury Lane,
See how dey turn about, for deir own Diverſion, in de Flying Chair:
So prodigious Entertainment vil never be dis touſand Year.

SONG 43.

APollo once finding fair Daphne alone,
Diſcover'd his Flame in a paſſionate Tone;
He told her, and bound it with many a Curſe,
He was ready to take her for better for worſe;
Then talk'd of the Smart,
And the Hole in his Heart,
So large, one might drive thro' the Paſſage a Cart.
But the ſilly coy Maid, to the God's great Amazement,
Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Caſement.

He following, cry'd out, My Life, and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear;
You think me perhaps, ſome Scoundrel, or Whoreſon;
Alas! I've no wicked Deſign on your Perſon.
I'm a God by my Trade,
Young, plump, and well made;
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.

But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came on panting behind.
I'm the Chief of Phyſicians, and none of the College
Muſt be mention'd with me, for Experience and Knowledge;
Each Herb, Flow'r, and Plant, by its Name I can call,
And do more than the beſt ſeventh Son of them all.
With my Powder and Pills,
I cure all the Ills
That ſweep off ſuch Numbers each Week in the Bills;
But ſtill ſhe kept running and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came on panting behind.

Beſides I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
And top all the Writers of fam'd Covent Garden;
I'm the Prop of the Stage and the Pattern of Wit;
I ſet my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit:
I'm at Will's all the Day,
And each Night at the Play,
And Verſes I make faſt as Hops, as they ſay.

When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled her Speed,
And flew like a Whore from a Conſtable freed.

Now, had our wiſe Lover, (but Lovers are blind) [his Mind;
In the Language of Lombard-ſtreet told her
Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money:
Odſbubs, I muſt ſwinge thee, my Joy, and my Honey.
I ſit next the Chair,
And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor,
Neither Clayton nor Duncomb with me can compare,
Tho' as wrinkled as Prim, as deform'd as the Devil,
The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been civil.

SONG 44. Thomas, *I cannot*.

A Fig for the dainty civil Spouſe,
Who's bred at the Court, or France;
He treats his Wife with Smiles and Bows,
And minds not the good main Chance;
Be Gregory
The Man for me,
Tho' giv'n to many a Maggot;
For he would work
Like any Turk,
None like him e'er handled a Faggot, a Faggot,
None like him e'er handled a Faggot.

SONG 45. *O!* Beſſy Bell.

A Curſe attend that Woman's Love,
Who always wou'd be pleaſing;
The Pertneſs of the billing Dove,
Like tickling, is but teaſing.
What then in Love can Woman do?
If we grow fond they ſhun us;
And when we fly them, they purſue,
But leave us when they've won us.

SONG 46. *For haughty*, &c.

ARtiſt, who underneath the Table
Thy curious Texture haſt diſplay'd,
Who, if we may believe the Fable,
Waſt once a blooming lovely Maid.
Inſidious, reſtleſs, watchful Spider,
Fear no officious Damſel's Broom;
Extend thy artful Building wider,
And ſpread thy Banners round my Room.
While I thy wond'rous Fabrick ſtare at,
And think on hapleſs Poet's Fate,
Like thee confin'd to lonely Garret,
And proudly baniſh'd Rooms of State.
And as from out thy tortur'd Body,
Thou draw'ſt thy ſlender Wit with Pain;
So does he labour, like a Noddy,
To ſpout Materials from his Brain.

He for ſome gaudy flutt'ring Creature,
That ſpreads her Charms before his Eye;
And that's a Conqueſt little better,
Than thine o'er captiye Butterfly.

Thus far, 'tis plain you both agree;
Your Death, perhaps, may better ſhow it:
'Tis ten to one but Penury
Ends both the Spider and the Poet.

SONG 47.

MITHER.

AUld Rob Moris that wins in yon Glen,
He's the King of good Fellows, and of auld Men,
Has Fourſcore black Sheep, and Fourſcore too;
Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your Tongue, Mither, and let that abee,
For his Eild and my Eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen!
For he is Fourſcore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER,

Ha'd your Tongue, Doughter, and lay by your Pride,
For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride;
He ſhall lie by your Side, and kiſs ye too;
Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Moris I ken him fou weel,
His A-- it ſticks out like ony Peet creel,
He's out-ſhinn'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;
Auld Rob Moris is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Tho' auld Rob Moris be an elderly Man,
Yet his auld Braſs it will buy a new Pan;
Then, Doughter, ye ſhoudna be ſae ill to ſhoo,
For auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld Rob Moris I never will hae,
His Back is ſae ſtiff, and his Beard is grown grey;
I had titter die than live wi' him a Year;
Sae mair of Rob Moris I never will hear.

SONG. 48.

ANdrew and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,
Margaret and Thomas, Jockey and Mary,
Kate o'the Kitchen, and Kit of the Mill.
Dick the Plow-man, and Joan of the Dairy,
To ſolace their Lives and to ſweeten their Labour,
All met on a Time with a Pipe and a Tabor.

Andrew was cloathed in Shepherd's Grey,
And Will had put on his Holiday Jacket;
Beck had a Coat of Popin-jay,
And Madge had a Ribbon hung dawn to her Placket;
Meg and Moll in Frize, Tom and Jockey in Leather,
And ſo they began all to foot it together.

Their Heads and their Arms about them they flung,
With all the Might and Force they had ;
TheirLegs went likeFlails,and as loofely hung:
They cudgel'd their Arfes as if they were mad :
Their Faces did fhine and their Fires did kindle;
While the Maids they did trip and turn like a Spindle.
Andrew chuck'd Maudlin under the Chin,
Simper fhe did like a Furmety Kettle :
The Twang of whofe Blubber Lips made fuch a Din,
As if her Chaps had been made of Bell-metal :
Kate laugh'd heartily at the fame Smack,
And loud fhe did anfwer with a Bum-crack.
At no Whitfon-Ale there e'er yet had been
Such Frayfters and Friſkers as theſe Lads and Laſſes ;
From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be ſeen,
But ſure I am much more came from their Arſes ;
For had you but ſeen't, you then would have ſworn,
You never beheld the like ſince you were born.
Here they did fling, and there they did hoiſt ;
Here a hot Breath, and there went a Savour ;
Here they did glance, and there they did gloiſt;
Here they did ſimper, and there they did ſlaver ;
Here was a Hand, and there was a Plecket,
Whilſt, hey ! their Sleeves went flicket a flacket.
The Dance being ended, they ſweat and they ſtunk.
The Maidens did ſmirk it ; the Youngſters they kiſt 'em ;
Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd Hands and drunk,
They laugh'd and they giggl'd untill they bepiſt'd 'em ;
They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green Mantle,
While their Breaſts and their Bellies went pintle a pantle.

SONG 49.

AS Amoret and Thyrſis lay,
As Amoret and Thyrſis lay,
Melting, melting, melting, melting the Hours in gentle Play, (Kiſſes,
Joining, joining, joining Faces, mingling
Mingling Kiſſes, mingling Kiſſes, and exchanging harmleſs Bliſſes ;
He trembling cry'd with eager, eager Haſte,
Let me, let me, let me feed, oh ! oh ! oh ! let me, let me,
Let me, let me feed, oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! let me, let me feed as well as taſte.
I dye, dye, dye, dye, dye, I dye,
I dye, if I'm not wholly bleſt.

The fearful Nymph reply'd forbear,
I cannot, dare not, muſt not hear;
Deareſt Thirſis, do not move me,
Do not, do not, if you love me: Do not, &c.
O let me ſtill, the Shepherd ſaid;---
But while ſhe fond Reſiſtance made,
The haſty Joy in ſtruggling fled.

Vex'd at the Pleaſure ſhe had miſs'd, [kiſs'd;
She frown'd and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd and
And ſeem'd to moan, in ſullen Cooing,
The ſad Miſcarriage of their Wooing:
But vain alas! were all her Charms,
For Thyrſis, deaf to Love's Alarms,
Baffled and ſenſeleſs, tir'd her Arms.

SONG 50.

AS on a Sun-ſhine Summer's Day,
I to the green Wood bent my Way;
That lonely Path my Fancy took
Was guided by a ſilver Brook:
And truſt me, truſt me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd and innocent:
Upon its flow'ry Banks I ſat,
Regardleſs or of Love or Hate,
So took my Pipe and 'gan to play
The jolly Shepherds Roundelay.
And truſt me, truſt me, &c.
All in the ſelf-ſame ſhady Grove,
Youthful Silvia chanc'd to rove,
And, by its Echo led, drew near,
My rural oaten Reed to hear;
But ſurely, ſurely, all ſhe meant, &c.
I held her by the glowing Hand,
She ſomething ſeem'd to underſtand;
Her ſwelling Sighs, her melting Look,
That ſomething too, too plainly ſpoke:
But truſt me, truſt me, &c.

SONG 51. *Chevy Chace.*

A Certain Preſbyterian Pair
Were wedded t'other Day,
And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,
Their Paſtar came to pray.

But firſt, he bad each Gueſt depart,
Nor ſacred Rites profane;
For carnal Eyes ſuch Myſteries
Can never entertain.

Then with a Puritanick Air,
Unto the Lord he pray'd:
That he would pleaſe to grant Increaſe
To that ſame Man and Maid:

And that the Huſbandman might dreſs
Full well the Vine, his Wife;
And like a Vine, ſhe ſtill might twine
About him all her Life.

Sack-poſſet then he gave them both,
And ſaid, with lifted Eyes,
Bleſt of the Lord! with one Accord,
Begin your Enterprize.

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouſe,
T' apply prolifick Balm;
And while they ſtrove in mutual Love,
The Parſon ſung a Pſalm.

SONG. 52.

AH ſtay! ah turn! ah! whither would you flie,
Too charming, too relentleſs Maid!
I follow not to conquer, but to die;
You of the fearful are afraid.

In vain I call; for ſhe like fleeting Air,
When preſt by ſome tempeſtuous Wind,
Flies ſwifter from the Voice of my Deſpair,
Nor caſts one pitying Look behind.

SONG 53. *Lucky Minute.*

AS Chloris, full of harmleſs Thought,
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To paſs the Time away.

She bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

Ah! Gods, ſaid ſhe, what Charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
Oh! let me,------for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no Pow'r to riſe.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For Fear ſhe ſhould comply;
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And give her Tongue the Lie.

A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
In ſpite of her Diſdain;
She found a Pulſe in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Thus ſhe who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.

SONG 54.

AT Noon on ſultry Summer's Day.
The brighteſt Lady of the May,
Young Chloris innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a Shade.

Each ſlender Finger plaid its Part
With ſuch Activity and Art,
As would inflame a youthful Heart,
And warm the moſt decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain by chance came by,
He ſaw no Anger in her Eye;
Yet when the baſhful Boy drew nigh,
She would have ſeem'd afraid.

She let her Ivory Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twiſted Ball:
But ſtrait gave Strephon ſuch a Call,
As wou'd have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free:
By ſo much Truth and Modeſty,
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy Head upon my Lap,
While thy ſmooth Cheeks I ſtroke and clap,
Thou may'ſt ſecurely take a Nap:
Which he, poor Fool! obey'd,

She ſaw him yawn, and heard him ſnore,
And found him faſt aſleep all o'er:
She ſigh'd, and could endure no more,
But ſtarting up, ſhe ſaid,

Such Virtue ſhall rewarded be;
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I'll truſt thee with my Flocks, not me:
Purſue thy grazing Trade.

Go, milk thy Goats, and ſheer thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep;
Thou ſhalt no more be lull'd aſleep
By me, miſtaken Maid.

SONG 55.

AND I'll o'er the Moor to Maggie,
Her Wit and Sweetneſs call me,
Then to my Fair I'll ſhew my Mind,
Whatever may befall me.

If ſhe love Mirth I'll learn to ſing,
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my Lugs in Pindus's Spring,
And invocate Apollo.

If ſhe admire a martial Mind,
I'll ſheathe my Limbs in Armour;
If to the ſofter Dance inclin'd,
With gayeſt Airs I'll charm her:

If ſhe love Grandeur Day and Night,
I'll plot my Nations Glory,
Find Favour in my Prince's Sight,
And ſhine in future Story.

Beauty can Wonders work with Eaſe,
Where Wit is correſponding;
And braveſt Men know beſt to pleaſe,
With Complaiſance abounding.

My bonny Maggie's Love can turn
Me to what Shape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her Breaſt that Flame ſhall burn,
Which in my Boſom blazes.

SONG 56.

AT Polwart on the Green,
If you'll meet me in the Morn,
Where Loſſes do convene
To dance about the Thorn;
A kindly Welcome you ſhall meet
Fra her wha likes to view
A Lover and a Lad compleat,
The Lad and Lover you.

Let dorty Dames ſay na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the Sna'
While inwardly they bleez:
But I will frankly ſhaw my Mind,
And yield my Heart to thee;
Be ever to the Captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the Green,
Amang the new-mawn Hay,
With Sangs and Dancing keen;
We'll paſs the heartſome Day.

At Night, if Beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twinn'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine.

SONG 57.

AWay you Rover,
For Shame give over,
You play the Lover
So like an Aſs;
You are for ſtorming,
You think you're charming,
Your faint performing
We read in your Face.

SONG 58.

ADieu to the Pleaſures and Follies of Love,
For a Paſſion more noble my Fancy does move;
My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
In ſorrowful Notes my Amyntas his Name:
The Wood-nymphs reply when they hear me complain,
Thou never ſhall ſee thy Amyntas again;
For Death has befriended him,
Fate has defended him,
None, none alive is ſo happy a Swain.
You Shepherds and Nymphs that have danc'd to his Lays.
Come help me to ſing forth Amyntas his Praiſe
No Swain for the Garland durſt with him diſpute,
So ſweet were his Notes, while he ſung to his Lute:
Then come to his Grave, and your Kindneſs purſue,
To weave him a Garland, with Cypreſs and Yew;
For Life hath forſaken him,
Death hath o'ertaken him,
No Swain again will be ever ſo true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched Eſtate,
I loſt him too ſoon, and I lov'd him too late;
You Echo's, and Fountains, my Witneſſes prove
How deeply I ſigh for the Loſs of my Love:
And now of our Pan, whom we chiefly adore,
This Favour I never will ceaſe to implore;
That now I may go above,
And there enjoy my Love.
Then, then I never will part with him more.

SONG 59.

AS May in all her youthful Dreſs,
My Love ſo gay did once appear;
A Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face,
And Roſes did inhabit there.
Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young,
Each Night new Pleaſures did create;
Harmonious Words dropt from her Tongue,
And Cupid on her forehead ſat,

But as the Sun to Weſt declines.
The Eaſtern Sky does colder grow;
And all its bluſhing Looks reſigns,
To th' pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
While Love was eager, brisk and warm,
My Chloe then was kind and gay;
But when by Time I loſt the Charm,
Her Smiles like Autumn dropt away.

SONG 60.

A Wig that's full,
An empty Skull,
A Box of Bargamot;
A Hat ne'er made
To fit his Head,
No more than that to plot.
A Hand that's white,
A Ring that's right,
A Sword, Knot, Patch, and Feather:
A gracious Smile,
And Grounds and Oil,
Do very well together.
A Smatch of French,
And none of Senſe,
All-conquering Airs and Graces;
A Tune that thrills,
A Leer that kills,
Stoln Flights and borrow'd Phraſes.
A Chariot gilt,
To wait on Jilt,
An awkward Pace and Carriage;
A foreign Tour,
Domeſtic Whore,
And mercenary Marriage.
A Limberham,
G------ D---- ye M'am,
A Smock-face, tho' a mann'd one;
A peaceful Sword,
Not one wiſe Word,
But ſtate and prat at random.
Duns, Baſtards, Claps,
And am'rous Scraps
Of Cælia and Amandis;
Toſs up a Beau,
That grand Ragou,
That Hodge-podge for the Ladies.

SONG 61.

AS Tippling John was jogging on
Upon a Riot Night;
With tott'ring Pace, and fiery Face,
Suſpicious of high Flight:
The Guards who took him by his Look,
For ſome chief Firebrand,
Ask'd whence he came, what was his Name,
Who are you? ſtand, Friend, ſtand!
I'm going home, from Meeting come!
Ay, ſays one, that's the Caſe,
Some Meeting he has burnt, you ſee,
The Flame's ſtill in his Face.
John thought 'twas Time to purge his Crime,

And ſaid, my chief Intent
Was to aſſwage my thirſty Rage
I' th' Meeting that I meant.
Come, Friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
Says one, pray let us know,
That we may find how you're inclin'd,
Are you High Church or Low:
John ſaid to that, I'll tell you what,
To end Debates and Strife,
All I can ſay, this is the Way,
I ſteer my Courſe of Life.
I ne'er to Bow nor Burgeſs go,
To Steeple-Houſe nor Hall;
The brisk Bar-bell beſt ſuits my Zeal,
With Gentlemen, dy'e call?
Gueſs then am I, Low Church or High,
From that Tow'r with no Steeple,
Whoſe merry Toll exalts the Soul,
And muſt make high-flown People.
The Guards came on, and look'd at John,
With, Countenance moſt pleaſant:
By Whiſper round, they all ſoon found,
He was no dang'rous Peaſant:
Thus while John ſtood, the beſt he cou'd,
Expecting their Deciſion,
Damn him, ſays one, let him begone,
He's of our own Religion.

SONG 62.

A Quire of bright Beauties in Spring did appear,
To chuſe a May Lady to govern the Year;
All the Nymphs were in white, and the Shepherds in green,
The Garland was giv'n and Phillis was Queen
But Phillis refus'd it, and ſighing did ſay,
I'll not wear a Garland while Pan is away.
While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from the Shore,
The Graces are baniſh'd, and Love is no more:
The ſoft God of Pleaſure that warm'd our Deſires
Has broken his Bow and extinguiſh'd his Fires
And vows that himſelf and his Mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in Triumph return.
Forbear your Addreſſes, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity ſwore:
But if you dare think of deſerving our Charms.
Away with your Sheep-hooks, and take to your Arms:
Then Laurels and Myrtles your Brows ſhall adorn,
When Pan and fair Syrinx in Triumph return,

SONG 63. *Nonſenſical Folks.*

A Trifling Song you ſhall hear,
Begun with a Trifle, and ended:
All trifling People draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.
Were it not for Trifles a few,
That lately have come into Play,

The Men would want ſomething to do,
And the Women ſomething to ſay,
What makes Men trifle in dreſſing?
Becauſe the Ladies, they know,
Admire, by often poſſeſſing,
That eminent Trifle a Beaux.

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain,
No ſooner the Virgin is rifled,
But a Trifle ſhall part them again.

What Mortal Man would be able
At White's half an Hour to ſit?
Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table,
Without taking Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles ſecure,
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we ſee;
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm ſure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place,
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will ſhew you his Grace
Makes Promiſes Trifles indeed.

A Coach with ſix Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifles nor Sin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find,
A ſcandalous Trifle within?

A Flaſk of Champagne, People think it
A Trifle, or ſomething as bad:
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle, by Gad,

A Parſon's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow:
A Peace is a Trifle to Day,
Who knows what may happen to Morrow?

A Black Coat a Trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it a Red may endeavour;
But if once the Army is broke,
We ſhall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle they ſay,
The Reaſon pray carry along,
Becauſe that at every new Play,
The Houſe they with Trifles do throng.

But with People's Malice to trifle,
And to ſet us all on a Foot,
The Author of this is a Trifle,
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

SONG 64.

AS the Snow in Vallies lying,
Phœbus his warm Beams applying,
Soon diſſolves and runs away;
So the Beauties, ſo the Graces
Of the moſt bewitching Faces,
At approaching Age decay;

As a Tyrant when degraded,
Is deſpis'd, and is upbraided,
By the Slaves he once controul'd;
So the Nymph, if none can move her,
Is contemn'd by every Lover,
When her Charms are growing old,

Melancholic Looks and Whining,
Grieving, Quarrelling and Pining.
Are th' Effects your Rigours move;
Soft Careſſes, am'rous Glances,
Melting Sighs, tranſporting Trances,
Are the bleſt Effects of Love.

Fair ones! while your Beauty's blooming,
Employ Time, leſt Age reſuming
What your Youth profuſely lends;
You are robb'd of all your Glories,
And condemn'd to tell old Stories
To your unbelieving Friends.

SONG 65.

AS Cupid many Ages paſt,
Went out to take the Air,
And on the roſy Morning feaſt,
He met Ophelia there.

A while he gaz'd, a while ſurvey'd
Her Shape and ev'ry Part;
But as his Eyes run o'er the Maid,
Hers reach'd his little Heart,

His Quiver ſtrait and Bow he took,
And bent it for a Flight;
But then by Chance ſhe caſt a Look,
Which ſpoil'd his Purpoſe quite.

Diſarm'd, he knew not what to do,
Nor how to crown his Love;
At laſt reſolv'd, away he flew,
Another Shape to prove.

A luſtful Satyr ſtrait return'd,
In Hopes his Form would take;
For many Nymphs for them have burn'd,
Burn'd 'cauſe they cou'd not ſpeak.

Ophelia had no ſooner ſpy'd
His Godſhip, Goat and Man;
But loudly for Aſſiſtance cry'd,
And fleetly homeward ran.

Perplex'd at her Affright, but more
At's own Defeat, he ſhook
The Monſter off, then fled before,
And ſtrait Man's Aſpect took.

He ſmil'd, entreated, ly'd, and vow'd,
Nay, offer'd her a Sum;
And grew importunate and rude,
As ſhe drew nearer home.

At laſt, when tears, nor ought cou'd move,
He thus beſpoke the Fair;
Know, cruel Maid, I'm God of Love,
And can command Deſpair.

Yet Dame to ſue, oh! bleſs me then,
As you regard your Eaſe;
For I am King of Gods and Men,
I give and baniſh peace.

Or be thou Love, or be thou Hate,
Enrag'd Ophelia ſwore;
I'll never change my Virgin State,
Nor ever ſee thee more.

Exploded Love reſiſted ſo,
In Pity to Mankind,
His Arrows broke, and burnt his Bow,
And left his Name behind.

SONG 66.

ASK me, why I ſend you here
This Firſtling of the Infant Year?
Aſk me, Why I ſend to you
This Primroſe all be-pearl'd with Dew?
I muſt whiſper to your Ears,
The Sweets of Love are waſh'd with Tears.

Aſk me, Why this Roſe doth ſhow
All yellow, green, and ſickly too?
Aſk me, Why the Stalk is weak?
And yielding each Way, yet not break?
I muſt tell you, theſe diſcover
What Doubts and Fears are in a Lover.

SONG 67.

AS fair Olinda ſitting was
Beneath a ſhady Tree;
Much Love I did profeſs to her,
And ſhe the like to me:
But when I kiſs'd her lovely Lips,
And preſt her to be kind:
She cry'd, Oh, No. But I remember,
Women's Words are Wind.

I hugg'd her till her Breath grew ſhort,
Then farther did intrude;
She ſcratch'd and ſtruggl'd modeſtly
And told me I was rude:
I begg'd her Pardon twenty Times,
And ſome Concern did feign;
But like a bold preſumptuous Sinner,
I did the like again.

At laſt I did by Dalliance raiſe,
The pretty Nymph's Deſire;
Our Inclinations equal were,
And mutual was our Fire:
Then, in the Height of Joy, ſhe cry'd,
Oh! I'm undone, I fear;
Oh! kill me, ſtick me, ſtick me,
Kill me, kill me quite my Dear.

SONG 68.

ALL my paſt Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone,
Like tranſitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
Whoſe Images are kept in Store,
By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come is not,
How can it then be mine?
The preſent Moment's all my Lot,
And that as faſt as it is got,
Phillis is only thine.

Then talk not of Inconſtancy,
Falſe Hearts and broken Vows:
If I by Miracle can be
This long-liv'd Minute true to thee,
It's all that Heav'n allows.

SONG 69.

AS unconcern'd and free as Air,
I did retain my Liberty;
Laugh'd at the Fetters of the Fair,
And ſcorn'd a beauteous Slave to be:

'Till your bright Eyes ſurpriz'd my Heart,
And firſt inform'd me how to Love;
Then Pleaſure did invade each Part;
Yet to conceal my Flame I ſtrove.

As Indians at a Diſtance pay
Their awful Rev'rence to the Sun;
And dare not 'till he'll bleſs the Day,
Seem to have any Thing begun:

Thus reſt, I 'till your Smiles invite,
My Looks and Thoughts I do conſtrain;
And tremble to expreſs Delight,
Unleſs you pleaſe to eaſe my Pain.

SONG 70.

ASK not the Cauſe why ſudden Spring,
So long delays her Flow'rs to bear?
Why warbling Birds forget to ſing,
And Winter Storms invert the Year?
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides,
To make it Spring where ſhe reſides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel Fair;
She caſts not back a pitying Eye;
But left her Lover in Deſpair,
To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die.
Ah! How can thoſe fair Eyes endure
To give the Wound they will not cure!

Great God of Love, why haſt thou made
A Face that can all Hearts command,
That all Religions can invade,
And change the Laws of ev'ry Land?
Where thou hadſt plac'd ſuch Pow'r before,
Thou ſhou'ldſt have made her Mercy more.

When Chloris to the Temple comes,
Adoring Crowds before her Fall;
She can reſtore the Dead from Tombs,
And ev'ry Life but mine recal:
I only am by Love deſign'd
To be the Victim for Mankind.

SONG 71.

A Preſbyterian Cat ſat watching of her Prey,
And in the Houſe
She caught a Mouſe
Upon a Sabbath-Day.

The Miniſter offended at ſuch a Cat prophane,
Threw by his Book,
The Cat he took,
And bound her in a Chain.

Thou damn'd confounded Creature, and Blood-
shedder, said he,
Think'st thou to throw,
To Hell below,
My holy Wife and me.

Thou well may'st be assur'd, thou Blood for
Blood shall pay,
For taking of the Mouse's Life
Upon the Sabbath-Day.

Then up he took the Bible, and heartily he pray'd
That the great Sin
The Cat was in,
Might not on them be laid:

Then strait to Execution poor Boderam was
drawn,
There hang'd was she,
Upon a Tree,
While Presb. John sung a Psalm.

SONG 72.

A Pedlar proud, as I heard tell,
He came into a Town;
With certain Wares he had to sell,
Which he cry'd up and down:
And first of all he did begin
With Ribbands, Laces, Points, or Pins,
Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filleting,
Maids any Coney-skins.

I have of your fine perfum'd Gloves,
And made of the best Doe-skin;
Such as young Men do give their Loves,
When they their Favour win:
Besides, he had many a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, &c.

I have of your fine Necklaces,
As ever you did behold;
And of your silk Handkerchiefs,
That are lac'd round with Gold:
Besides, he had many a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, &c.

Good Fellow, says one, and smiling sate,
Your Measure does somewhat pinch;
Beside, you measure at that Rate,
It wants above an Inch:
And then he shew'd her a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, &c.

The Lady was pleas'd with what she had seen,
And vow'd, and did protest;
Unless he'd shew it her once again,
She ne'er should be at rest:
With that he shew'd her a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, &c.

With that the Pedlar began to huff,
And said his Measure was good,
If that she pleas'd to try his Stuff,
And take it whilst it stood:
And then he gave her a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, &c.

Good Fellow, ſaid ſhe, when you come again
Pray bring good ſtore of your Ware;
And for new Cuſtomers do not ſing,
For I'll take all and to ſpare:
With that ſhe hugg'd his prettier Thing,
Than Ribbands, or Laces, Points, or, &c.

SONG 73.

A Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Taylor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whoſe Name was Buxom Joan;
Whoſe Name was Buxom Joan,
For now the Time was ended
When ſhe no more intended
To lick her lips at Man, Sir,
Nor gnaw the Sheets in vain,
And lie a-nights alone.

The Soldier ſwore like Thunder
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And ſhew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
In fighting for her Sake.
The Taylor thought to pleaſe her,
By off'ring her his Meaſure;
The Tinker too, with Metal,
Said he wou'd mend her Kettel,
And ſtop up ev'ry Leak.

But while theſe three were prating,
The Sailor ſlily waiting,
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they ſhould all fall out, Sir,
He then might play his Part:
And juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maid's Heart.

SONG 74.

AH! How ſweet it is to love!
Ah! how gay is young Deſire!
And what pleaſing Pains we prove,
When firſt we feel a Lover's Fire;
Pains of Love are ſweeter far,
Than all other Pleaſures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the Heart:
Ev'n the Tears they ſhed alone,
Cure, like trickling Balm, their Smart.
Lovers, when they loſe their Breath,
Bleed away, an eaſy Death.

Love and Time with Rev'rence uſe,
Treat 'em like a parting Friend;
Nor the golden Gifts refuſe,
Which in Youth ſincere they ſend,
For each Year their Price is more,
And they leſs ſimple than before.
Love, like Spring-Tides, full and high,
Swells in ev'ry youthful Vein;

But each Tide does leſs ſupply.
Till they quite ſhrink in again;
If a Flow in Age appear,
'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

SONG 75.

AS the Delian God
To fam'd Helicon,
From Heav'ns High Court deſcended down,
There the tuneful Muſes playing, he found
A Sonata divinely rare;
When Thalia touch'd the charming Flute,
Erato ſtruck the warbling Lute;
And Clio's Treble joining to't,
Made the Harmony beyond Compare,
Then Euterpe's full Baſs
The ſweet Conſert did raiſe,
And with Pleaſure each Senſe was alarm'd;
Ev'ry Note was enjoy'd,
Ev'ry Hand was employ'd,
With Sounds of Joy the flow'ry Vallies rung;
Apollo gaz'd, and ſilent was his Tongue;
But, when his dear Calliope ſung,
Ah! then the God was charm'd.

SONG 76.

He. AWake, thou faireſt Thing in Nature,
How can you ſleep when Day does break?
How can you ſleep my charming Creature,
When all the World you keep awake?
She. What Swain is this that ſings ſo early
Under my Window, by the Dawn?
He. 'Tis one, my Dear, that loves you dearly;
Therefore in Pity eaſe my Pain.
She. Softly, elſe you'll wake my Mother,
No Tales of Love ſhe lets me hear,
Go tell your Paſſion to ſome other,
Or whiſper ſoftly in my Ear.
He. How can you bid me love another,
Or rob you of your beauteous Charms?
'Tis time you were wean'd from your Mother,
You're fitter for your Lover's Arms.

SONG 77.

ATory, a Whig, and a moderate Man,
O'er a Tub of ſtrong Ale
Met in Ayleſbury Vale,
Where liv'd a plump Laſs, they call'd Buxom (Nan:
The Tory a Londoner, proud and high,
The Whig was a Tradeſman plaguy ſly,
The Trimmer a Farmer, but merry and dry;
And thus they their Suit began;
Pretty Nancy, we're come to put in our Claim,
Reſolv'd upon Wedlock's pleaſing Game;
Here's Jacob the Big,
And William the Whig,
And Roger the Grigg,
Jolly Lads as e'er were buckl'd in Girdle faſt:

Say which will you chuſe,
To tye with a Nooſe ;
For a Wife we muſt carry, whate'er comes on't;
Then think upon't,
You'll ne'er be ſorry when you have don't ;
Nor like us the worſe for our wooing ſo blunt;
Then tell us who pleaſes beſt.

The Laſs who was not of the Motion ſhy,
The ripe Years of her Life
Being twenty and five,
To the Words of her Lovers ſtrait made reply ;
I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,
And I know too you like my Copyhold ;
And ſince Fortune favours the Briſk and the Bold,
One of ye I mean to try,
But I'm not for you, nor Sacheverel's Cauſe,
Nor you with your Hoadly's Hums and Haws ;
No Jacob the Big,
No William the Whig,
But Roger the Grigg,
With his Mirth and Mildneſs happily pleaſe me (can ;
'Tis him I will chuſe
For the conjugal Nooſe :
So that you, the Church Bully, may rave and (rant,
And you may cant,
Till both are impeach'd in Parliament ;
'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does want;
So I'm for a moderate Man.

SONG 78.

AS Cælia near a Fountain lay,
Her Eye-lids clos'd with Sleep,
The Shepherd Damon chanc'd that Way
To drive his Flock of Sheep.
To drive, &c.

With awful Step h' approach'd the Fair,
To view her charming Face,
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry Part a Grace,
And ev'ry, &c.

His Heart inflam'd with amorous Pain,
He wiſh'd the Nymph would wake,
Tho' ne'er before was any Swain
So unprepar'd to ſpeak,
So unprepar'd, &c.

Whilſt ſlumb'ring thus fair Cælia lay,
Soft Wiſhes fill'd her Mind,
She cry'd, come, Thyrſis, come away,
For now I will be kind,
For now, &c.

Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,
And flew into her Arms,
He took her in the yielding Fit,
And rifled all her Charms,
And rifled, &c.

SONG 79.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall,
Which ſerv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen and Hall,
No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,
No Ambition had he, nor Duns at his Gate:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy,
If at Night he could purchaſe a Jug of brown Nappy; (moſt ſweet,
How he'd laugh then, and whiſtle, and ſing too
Saying juſt to a Hair I made both Ends meet:
Derry down, &c.

But Love, the Diſturber of High and of Low,
That ſhoots at the Peaſant as well as the Beau;
He ſhot the poor Cobler quite thorough the Heart,
I wiſh he had hit ſome more ignoble Part:
Derry down, &c.

It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,
Where a buxom young Damſel continually lay;
Her Eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe e'ry Day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor Cobler quite over the way.
Derry down, &c.

He ſung her Love-Songs as he ſat at his Work,
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew or a Turk: (fleer,
Wenever he ſpake, ſhe would flounce and would
Which put the poor Cobler quite into Deſpair:
Derry down, &c.

He took up his Awl that he had in the World,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd;
He pierc'd thro' his Body inſtead of the Sole,
So the Cobler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll:
Derry down, &c.

And now in good Will I adviſe, as a Friend,
All Coblers take Warning by this Cobler's End:
Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by what's paſt,
That Love brings us all to an End at the Laſt,
Derry down, &c.

SONG 80.

A Graſhopper and a Fly,
In Summer hot and dry,
In eager Argument were met
About, about Priority.

Says the Fly to the Graſhopper,
From mighty Race I ſpring,
Bright Phœbus was my Dad, 'tis known,
And I eat and drink with a King.

Says the Graſhopper to the Fly,
Such Rogues are ſtill preferr'd;
Your Father might be of high Degree,
But your Mother was but a Turd, a Turd.

CHORUS.

So Rebel Jemmy Scot,
So Rebel Jemmy Scot,
That did to Empire ſoar;

His Father might be the Lord knows what,
His Father might be the Lord knows what,
But his Mother we knew a Whore, a Whore,
a Whore, a Whore, a Whore, a Whore,
a Whore, a Whore:
His Father might be the Lord knows what,
But his Mother we knew a Whore, a Whore,
a Whore, a Whore.

SONG 81.

AWay, away ye brave Fox-hunting Race,
Away, away to a Bourn Chaſe;
Let Aſhton Park alone To day,
For here will be the royal Play:
See yonder's the Covert, to Horſe let's be going,
Throw, throw off the Finders then, honeſt
Will Owen.

Away you brave, &c. [Bugles ſound.
Unkennel quick, yon blaky Ground,
They'll have a Touch for fifty Pound;
Hark, hark to Soundwell, that's a noble Dog,
Croſs him, my jolly Lads, heux, heux the Drag:
The Fox has broke Covert, let none lag behind,
We've had an Entappeſſe, ſhe runs up the Wind,
Off with the Chaſe Hounds hoa,
Now, now the Sportſmen ſhew:
Let Lilly, Whore and Cæſar run;
Toſſpot and Ruler,
Capper and Cooler,
Pompey and Gallant, low 'em on,
Spur, Switch, and then away, o'er Hedges and
Ditches,
Without fear of Necks, or gauling your Breeches.
Blow a Retreat; blow, blow, tantivee, tivee,
tivee, tivee.
If ſhe run down the Wind ſhe may chance to
deceive ye:
A Recheat, a Recheat, tivee, tivee, tivee,
Pox on't we're baulk'd; for by my Soul
The Vixen's juſt now earth'd, ſee here's the Hole;
Put in the Tarriers. Faith 'tis ſo,
She's crept at leaſt five Yards below:
They're working: Hark! and lay at her ſo well,
They'll make her bolt, tho' twere as deep as Hell.
'Tis done, 'tis done; ſhe's ſnapt, ſhe's kill'd:
Hallow, brave Boys, then from the Field,
And jolly Huntſmen blow poor Reynard's Knell.

SONG 82.

AReſtleſs Lover I eſpy'd,
That went from Place to Place,
Lay down and turn'd from Side to Side,
And ſometimes on his Face.
But when thoſe Med'cines were apply'd,
In Hopes of Intermiſſion,
Like one that found no Eaſe, he cry'd,
Has Cupid no Phyſician?
What do thoſe Ladies with their Looks,
Their Kiſſes, and their Smiles?

Can no Receipt in thoſe fair Books
Repair their former Spoils?
But they complain as well as we,
Their Pains have no Remiſſion,
And when both Sexes wounded be,
Hath Cupid, &c.

Have we ſuch Palſies and ſuch Pains,
Such Fevers and ſuch Fits,
No quick eſſential chemick grains,
No Æſculapian Wits?
No Creature can beneath the Sun,
Prevail in Oppoſition,
And when ſuch Wonders may be done,
Hath, &c.

Into what Poiſon do they dip
Their Arrows and their Darts,
By touching of our Fingers Ends,
The Pain doth prick our Hearts;
Now I perceive, before I get
Into the Inquiſition,
Death never had a Surgeon yet,
Nor Cupid a Phyſician.

SONG 83.

A Shepherd kept Sheep on a Hill ſo high,
fa, la, la, &c.
And there came a pretty Maid paſſing by, fa, la.
Shepherd, quoth ſhe, doſt thou want e'er a Wife,
No by my Troth I'm not weary of my Life,
fa, la, la, &c.

Shepherd for thee I care not a Fly,
For thou'ſt not the Face with a fair Maid to lie.
How now my Damſel, ſay'ſt thou me ſo,
Thou ſhalt taſte of my Bottle before thou doſt go.

Then he took her and laid her upon the Ground,
And made her believe that the World went round
Look yonder my Shepherd, look yonder I ſpy
There are fine pretty Babies that dance i'th' Sky.

And now they are vaniſht, and now they appear,
Sure they will tell Stories of what we do here.
Lie ſtill, my dear Chloris, enjoy thy Conceit,
For the Babies are too young, and too little to prate.

See how the Heavens fly ſwifter than Day,
Riſe quickly, or they will all run away:
Riſe quickly my Shepherd, quickly I tell ye,
For the Sun, Moon, and Stars, are got all in my Belly.

O! dear, where am I, pray ſhew me the Way,
Unto my Father's Houſe hard by;
If he chance to chide me for ſtaying ſo long,
I'll tell him the Fumes of your Bottle was ſtrong.

And now thou haſt brought my Body to ſhame,
I prithee now tell me what is thy Name.
Why Robin in the Ruſhes my Name is, quoth he,
But I think I told her quite contrary.

Then for Robin in the Ruſhes, ſhe did enquire,
But he hung down his Head, and he would not come nigh her;

He wink'd with one Eye, as if he had been blind,
And he drew one Leg after a great way behind.

SONG 84. *Tune Peggy I muſt love.*

AS from a Rock paſt all Relief,
The ſhipwreckt Colin ſpying
His native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
Half ſunk in Waves, and dying:
With the next Morning Sun he ſpies
A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprize:
New Life ſprings up, he lifts his Eyes
With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus dropt I, till diviner Grace
I found in Peggy's Mind and Face;
In Gratitude appear'd then baſe,
Virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:
I'll haſte dull Courtſhip to a Cloſe,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppoſe;
Why ſhould we happy Minutes loſe,
Since, Peggy, I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a Lover's Duty,
To ſigh and ſacrifice their Eaſe,
Doating on a proud Beauty;
Such was my Caſe for many a Year,
Till Hope ſucceeding to my Fear,
Falſe Betty's Charms now diſappear,
Since Peggy's far outſhin'd them.

SONG 85.

AS I beneath the Myrtle Shade lay muſing,
Sylvia the fair, in mournful Sounds,
Venting her Grief, the Air thus wounds;
Oh! God of Love, ceaſe to torment me:
Send to my Aid ſome gentle Swain,
Whoſe Balm apply'd, may eaſe my Pain.

Aloud I cry'd, and all the Groves reſounded,
Heavenly Nymph complain no more,
Love does thy wiſh'd-for Peace reſtore,
And ſends a gentle Swain to eaſe thee;
In whom a longing Maid may find
A Balm to cure a love-ſick Mind.

She bluſh'd and ſigh'd, and puſh'd the Med'cine from her,
Which ſtill the more encreas'd her Pain,
Finding at length ſhe ſtrove in vain,
O! Love, ſhe cry'd, I muſt obey thee;
Who can the raging Smart endure?
She ſuck'd the Balm, and found the Cure.

SONG 86. *To its own Tune.*

A Cuckold it is thought
A moſt reproachful Name;
Since Wives commit the Fault,
Whilſt Huſbands bear the Blame,

'Tis natural for Women
Such little Slips to make;
And if they were not common,
How many Heads would ake?

I'll give my Wife her Humour,
If ſhe'll but give me mine;
And tho' I hear bad Rumour,
I never will repine.

If ſhe a Cuckold makes me,
I'll ſerve her in her Coin,
And may the Devil take me,
If e'er I lag behind.

SONG 87.

AS I ſaw fair Chloe walk alone,
The feather'd Snow come ſoftly down.
Like Jove deſcending from his Tower,
To court in a ſilver Shower.
The wanton Snow flew to her Breaſts,
Like little Birds into their Neſts;
But, being o'ercome with Whiteneſs there,
For Grief diſſolv'd into a Tear;
Then flowing down her Garment's Hem,
To deck her, froze into a Gem.

SONG 88. *Tune, Pinky Houſe.*

AS Sylvia in a Foreſt lay,
To vent her Woes alone,
Her Swain Philander paſs'd that way,
And heard her dying Moan.

Ah! is my Love, ſaid ſhe to you,
So worthleſs, and ſo vain?
Why is your uſual Fondneſs now,
Converted to Diſdain?

You vow'd, the Day ſhould Darkneſs turn,
E're you'd forſake your Love;
In Shades now may Creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.

Was it for this I Credit gave
To ev'ry Oath you ſwore?
But ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our Charms adore.

'Tis plain your Aim was all Deceit,
The Practice of Mankind:
Alas! I ſee it,----but too late,
My Love before was blind.

What Crime, Philander, have I done,
For Cruelty ſo great,
Yes,-------- for your ſake neglected one,
And hugg'd you into Hate.

For you, delighted I could die,
But oh! with Grief I'm fill'd.

To think that fooliſh, conſtant I,
Should by yourſelf be kill'd.
But what avail my ſad Complaints,
While you my Cauſe neglect?
My wailing inward Sorrows vents,
Without the wiſh'd Effect.
This ſaid, ---- all breathleſs, ſick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
And Senſes at a Stand.
Philander now begins to melt!
But ere the Word was ſpoke,
The heavy Hand of Death ſhe felt,
And her poor Heart was broke.

SONG. 89.

AS Damon who had had hardly ſped
In Wedlock's heavy Chains,
His tender Flock with Thyrſis fed
Upon the ſmiling Plains;
Thus to the Youth the Sage exclaim'd,
And the curſt Hour in which he marry'd damn'd
Woud'ſt thou, my Friend, in pleaſure live,
Nor thy Repoſe deſtroy?
Woud'ſt thou the Bliſs that Youth can give,
Without Remorſe enjoy?
Oh! ſhun that fatal Rock a Wife,
That galls thy Days with endleſs Plague and Strife.

For when at laſt you have attain'd
The great myſterious Bliſs;
When you have that great Something gain'd,
And find how fleeting 'tis,
You'll curſe the fond and am'rous Heat.
And find out quickly who's the greateſt Cheat.

SONG 90.

ARiſe, ariſe, great Dead, for Arms renown'd,
Riſe from your Urns, and ſave your dying Story;
Your Deeds will be in dark Oblivion drown'd,
For mighty William ſeizes all your Glory.
Again the Britiſh Trumpet ſounds
Again Britannia bleeds;
To glorious Death, or comely Wounds,
Her godlike monarch leads.
Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you owe,
Celeſtial Minds from Clay untie;
Let Coward Spirits dwell below,
And only give the Brave to die.

SONG 91.

AS Death alone the Marriage Knot unties,
So Vows that Lovers make
Laſt 'till Sleep, Death's Image, cloſe their Eyes,
Diſſolve when they awake:
And that fond Love which was To-day the rage,
Is thought To-morrow but an idle Dream.

SONG 92.

ARM, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Trumpets ſounding, Banners flying,
Braving Tyrants, Chains defying:
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Liberty! Liberty!
Liberty! Liberty!

SONG 93.

AMoret, the Milky Way,
Fram'd of many nameleſs Stars!
The ſmooth Stream, where none can ſay,
He this Drop to that prefers!
Amoret, my lovely Foe!
Tell me where thy Strength does lie?
Where the Pow'r that charms us ſo?
In thy Soul, or in thy Eye?
By that ſnowy Neck alone;
Or thy Grace in Motion ſeen;
No ſuch Wonders could be done:
Yet thy Waiſt is ſtrait, and clean,
As Cupid's Shaft; or Hermes' Rod;
And pow'rful too, as either God.

SONG 94.

AS vainly wiſhing, gazing, dying,
The fond Narciſſus lay;
Kind Eccho, to his Sighs replying,
Theſe Words was heard to ſay:
Ah! wretched Swain, by Pride betray'd,
That Pois'ner of the Mind:
That Vice by none but Fools obey'd,
That Teſt of Souls deſign'd;
That dangerous Ill which ne'er is found
In ſuch as with Minerva's Gifts are crown'd.

What will you do when Time decaying
That lovely beauteous Face,
And you the Laws of Fate obeying,
Muſt to old Age give place?
Old Age, which comes with Swiftneſs on;
Your haſty Minutes fly:
Some Part of what you were is gone;
Deforming Death is nigh:
When Time and Pain your Charms abate,
How will you then this Chriſtal Mirror hate?

The God of Love you're now offending,
He looks with Anger down;
And while you're on yourſelf attending,
Regardleſs of his Frown,
He'll make you curſe that fatal Hour
In which you hither came:
When he makes known his wond'rous Pow'r
You'll your Indiff'rence blame;
And wiſh to me you'd kinder prov'd,
And leſs, much leſs, your own Perfections lov'd.

Be gone, be gone, he ſtill replying,
Felt an inward Anguiſh;

And ſtill the wat'ry Image eying,
For himſelf did languiſh.
The pitying Nymph ſtood grieving by,
To ſee his vain Deſire;
With out-ſtretch'd Arms ſhe heard him cry,
O why doſt thou retire?
Why does this dear attracting Shape
From my Embrace with ſo much Haſte eſcape?
While thus he was himſelf admiring,
The cruel ſportive Pow'r,
Who ſaw his Reaſon was expiring,
Transform'd him to a Flow'r:
The Nymph amaz'd the Wonder view'd,
And would not thence remove;
At length ſhe by her Grief ſubdu'd,
An empty Voice did prove:
Both were to Folly Victims made,
She by her Fondneſs, he by Pride betray'd.

SONG 95.

AUguſtus crown'd with Majeſty,
His weighty Cares removing,
Beheld this World, but nought could ſpy,
Worth Royal Thought, but Loving:
A Synod of the Gods appear,
And vote their ſacred Senſe:
That none but the divineſt Fair
Should bleſs the greateſt Prince.
Sophronia their Command obeys,
Sophronia their chief Bleſſing;
With Dove-like Innocence, her Face
Was ſweet beyond expreſſing.
A Time commanding Beauty muſt,
While the World laſts, be fine;
And when the World is ſhook to Duſt,
The Sun will ceaſe to ſhine.

I cannot blame thee: Were I Lord
Of all the Wealth thoſe Breaſts afford,
I'd be a Miſer too, nor give
An Alms to keep a God alive.
Oh ſmile not thus, my lovely Fair,
On theſe cold Looks, that lifeleſs Air;
Prize him whoſe Boſom glows with Fire,
With eager Love and ſoft Deſire.

'Tis true thy Charms, O pow'rful Maid!
To Life can bring the ſilent Shade:
Thou canſt ſurpaſs tha Painter's Art,
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me;
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Requeſt,
Say thou canſt love, and make me bleſt.

SONG 96.

A Taylor, good Lord, in the Time of Vacation
When Cabbage was ſcarce, and when Pocket was low,
For the Sake of good Liquor pretended a Paſſion,
To one that ſold Ale in a Cuckoldly Row;

Now a Louſe made him itch ;
Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,
And ſing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

One Day ſhe came up, when at work in his Garret,
To tell what he ow'd that his Score he might know.
Says he, it is all very right I declare it ;
Says ſhe, then I hope you will pay ere I go ?
Now a Louſe, &c.

Says Prick-Louſe, my Jewel, I love you moſt dearly,
My Breaſt e'ry Minute ſtill hotter does glow.
Ay, only ſays ſhe, for the Juice of my Barley,
And other good Drink in my Cellar below.
Now a Louſe, &c.

Says he, you miſtake, 'tis for ſomething that's better,
Which I dare not name, and you care not to ſhow.
Says ſhe, I'm afraid you are given to flatter,
What is it you mean, and pray where does it grow ?
Now a Louſe, &c.

Says he, 'tis a thing that has never a Handle,
'Tis hid in the Dark, and it lies pretty low :
Said ſhe, then I fear that you muſt have a Candle,
Or elſe the wrong Way you may happen to go:
Now a Louſe, &c.

Says he, was it darker than ever was Charcoal,
Tho' I never was there, yet the Way do I know ;
Says ſhe, if it be ſuch a terrible dark Hole,
Don't offer to grope out your Way to it ſo:
Now a Louſe, &c.

Says he, you ſhall ſee I will quickly be at it,
For this is, oh this is the way that I'll go ;
Says ſhe do not touzle me ſo, for I hate it,
I vow by-and-bye you will make me cry oh ;
So they both went to work,
Now a Kiſs, then a Jirk,
And ſing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

The Taylor aroſe when the Buſineſs was over,
Says he, you will rub out the Score ere you go:
Says ſhe, I ſhall not pay ſo dear for a Lover,
I'm not ſuch a Fool I'd have you to know ;
Now a Louſe made him itch,
Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,
And ſing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

SONG 97. *To—In Mourning.*

AH! why thoſe Tears in Nelly's Eyes ?
To hear thy tender Sighs and Cries,
The Gods ſtand liſt'ning from the Skies,
Pleas'd with thy Piety.
To mourn the Dead, dear Nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a Care,
Who views thee as an Angel fair,
Or ſome Divinity.
O be leſs graceful, or more kind,
And cool this Fever of my Mind.

Caus'd by the Boy ſevere and blind ;
Wounded I ſigh for thee ;
While hardly dare I hope to riſe
To ſuch a Height by Hymen's Ties,
To lay me down where Helen lies,
And with thy Charms be free.

Then, muſt I hide my Love, and die ?
When ſuch a ſovereign Cure is by,
No; ſhe can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my Fate may be ;
Which ſoon I'll read in thy bright Eyes,
With thoſe dear Agents I'll adviſe,
They tell the Truth when Tongues tell Lies,
The leaſt believ'd by me.

SONG 98. *Tune*, Omnia vincit amor.

AS I went forth to view the Spring,
Which Flora had adorned,
In Raiment fair ; now ev'ry Thing
The Rage of Winter ſcorned :
I caſt mine Eye, and did eſpy,
A Youth who made great Clamour,
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah ! Omnia vincit Amor.

Upon his Breaſt he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring River,
And mournfully his doleful Song,
With Sighs he did deliver.
Ah! Jenny's Face, and comely Grace,
Her Looks that ſhin'd like Lampier,
With burning Rays have cut my Days ;
For, omnia vincit Amor.

Her glancy Een like Comets ſheen,
The Morning Sun out-ſhining,
Have caught my Heart in Cupid's Net,
And make me die with pining.
Durſt I complain, Nature's to blame,
So curiouſly to frame her,
Whoſe Beauties rare, make me with Care
Cry, omnia vincit Amor.

Ye chryſtal Streams that ſwiftly glide,
Be Partners of my Mourning !
Ye fragrant Fields, and Meadows wide,
Condemn her for her Scorning :
Let e'ery Tree a Witneſs be,
How juſtly I may blame her :
Ye chanting Birds, note theſe my Words,
Ah ! omnia vincit Amor.

Had ſhe been kind as ſhe was fair,
She long had been admir'd,
And been ador'd for Virtues rare,
Wh' of Life now makes me tir'd.
Thus ſaid, his Breath began to fail,
He cou'd not ſpeak, but ſtammer ;
He ſigh'd full ſore, and ſaid no more,
But, omnia vincit Amor.

When I obſerv'd him near to Death,
I ran in Haſte to ſave him :
But quickly he reſign'd his Breath ;
So deep the Wound Love gave him.

Now for his Sake, this Vow I'll make,
My Tongue ſhall ay defame her:
While on his Herſe I'll write this Verſe,
Ah! omnia vincit Amor.

Straight I conſider'd in my Mind
Upon the Matter rightly,
And found, tho' Cupid he be blind,
He proves in Pith moſt mighty.
For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his Hammer,
Did ever prove the Slaves of Love,
For, omnia vincit Amor.

Hence we may ſee th' Effects of Love,
Which Gods and Men keep under,
That nothing can his Bonds remove,
Or Torments break aſunder:
Nor Wiſe, nor Fool, need go to School,
To learn this from his Grammar;
His Heart's the Book where he's to look,
For omnia vincit Amor.

SONG 99. *I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

He. ADieu for a while my native green Plains,
My neareſt Relations, and neighbouring Swains.
Dear Nelly, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were Minutes not Ages, while abſent from thee.

She. Then tell me the Reaſon thou does not obey,
The Pleadings of Love, but thus hurries away?
Alake! thou Deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A Lover ſae roving will never mind me.

He. The Reaſon unhappy is owing to Fate,
That gave me a Being without an Eſtate;
Which lays a Neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a Fortune for Pleaſure to thee.

She. Small Fortune may ſerve where Love has the Sway,
Then Johny be counſell'd na langer to ſtray;
For while thou prove conſtant in Kindneſs to me,
Contented I'll ay find a Treaſure in thee.

He. O ceaſe, my dear Charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A Weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way
To Fondneſs which may prove a Ruin to thee
A Pain to us baith, and Diſhonour to me.

She. Bear witneſs, ye Streams; and witneſs, ye Flow'rs,
Bear witneſs, ye watchful inviſible Pow'rs;
If ever my Heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

SONG. 100. *We'll a' to* Kelſo.

AN I'll away to bonny Tweed Side,
And ſee my Deary come throw,
And he ſhall be mine
Gif ſae he incline,
For I hate to lead Apes below.

While young and fair,
I'll make it my Care,
To ſecure myſelf in a Jo:
I'm na ſic a Fool
To let my Blood cool,
And ſyne gae lead Apes below.

Few Words, bony Lad,
Will eithly perſwade,
Tho' bluſhing, I daftly ſay No;
Gae on with your Strain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead Apes below.

Unty'd to a Man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow:
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead Apes below.

Our Time is precious,
The Gods are gracious,
That Beauties upon us beſtow;
'Tis not to be thought,
We got them for nought,
Or to be ſet up for a Show.

'Tis carried by Votes,
Come kilt up ye're Coats,
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where ſhe that's bony
May catch a Johny,
And never lead Apes below.

SONG 101. *Of all the ſimple things we do.*

A Maid is like the golden Ore,
Which hath Guineas intrinſical in't,
Whoſe Worth is never known before
It is try'd and impreſt in the Mint,
A Wife is like a Guinea in Gold,
Stamp'd with the Name of her Spouſe;
Now here, now there, is bought, or is ſold,
And is current in every Houſe.

SONG 102.

AS near a Fountain's flow'ry Side
The bright Selinda lay,
Her Looks increas'd the Summer's Pride,
Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

The Roſes bluſh'd with deeper red,
To ſee themſelves out-done:
The Lillies ſhrunk into their Beds,
To find this fairer one.

Quick thro' the Air to this Retreat
A Bee induſtrious flew;
Perpar'd to rifle ev'ry Sweet,
And ſip the balmy Dew.

Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,
Her roſy Lips he found:
Where he in Tranſports met his Death,
And dropt upon the Ground.

Enjoy, bleſt Bee, enjoy thy Fate,
Nor at thy Fall r pine;
Since Kings would quit their royal State,
To ſhare a Death like thine.

SONG 103.

AT a May-pole down in Kent,
Now Spring with flow'ry Sweets was come,
Nymphs with Swains to dancing went,
Each hop'd to bring the Garland home.
When Amelia came they all gave way,
Youths with Joy their Homage pay,
Nymphs confeſs her Queen of May,
No one was ever yet ſo gay.

As her Skin the Lilly fair,
New-budding Roſe her Mouth imparts,
New-ſtrung Cupid's Bow her Hair;
Eyes, his keeneſt Ebon darts.
When you do her Temper view,
Young, but wiſe, admir'd, yet true,
Never charm'd with empty Shew,
Ne'er indiſcreet, yet eaſy too.

All around your Steps advance,
Now Foot it in a fairy Ring,
Nimbly trip, and as you dance,
Live ever, bright Amelia! ſing.
With Boughs their Hearts of Oak beſet,
Your brave Sires their Conqu'ror met;
No Crown, but her Locks of Jet,
Now does your free Allegiance get.

SONG 104.

AH! Chloris, could I now but ſit,
As unconcern'd, as when
Your Infant Beauty could beget
No Happineſs, nor Pain.

When I this Dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming Day,
I little thought that riſing Fire
Wou'd take my Reſt away.

Your Charms in harmleſs Childhood lay,
As Metals in a Mine;
Age from no Face takes more away,
Than Youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your Charms inſenſibly
To their Perfection preſt;
So Love, as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my Breaſt.

My Paſſion with your Beauty grew,
While Cupid at my Heart,
Still as his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart.

SONG 105.

AS after Noon, one Summer's Day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a River,
Cupid a Shooting went that way,
New ſtrung his Bow, and fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he choſe his ſharpeſt Dart,
With all his Might his Bow he drew;

Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart
The too-well guided Arrow flew.
I faint, I die! the Goddeſs cry'd:
O cruel! could'ſt thou find none other
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero thou haſt ſlain thy Mother.
Poor Cupid, ſobbing, ſcarce could ſpeak,
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy my Miſtake?
I took you for your Likeneſs, Chloe.

SONG 106. *Tune, The Sun was ſunk.*

ALas when charming Sylvia's gone,
I ſigh and think myſelf undone;
But when the lovely Nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.
Thoughtleſs of all, but her I rove,
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd Love?
Ah me! what Pow'rs can move me ſo?
I die with Grief when ſhe muſt go;
But I revive at her Return;
I ſmile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
Tranſports ſo ſweet, ſo ſtrong, ſo new,
Say, can they be to Friendſhip due?
Ah no! 'tis Love, 'tis now too plain,
I feel, I feel the pleaſing Pain:
For who e'er ſaw bright Sylvia's Eyes,
But wiſh'd, and long'd, and was her Prize?
Gods, if the Trueſt muſt be bleſt,
O let her be by me poſſeſt.

SONG 107.

AS Ariana, young and fair,
By Night the Starry Choir did tell,
She found in Caſſiopeia's Chair,
One beauteous Light the reſt excell:
This happy Star, unſeen before,
Perhaps was kindled from her Eyes,
And made for Mortals to adore
A new-born Glory in the Skies.
Or if within the Sphere it grew,
Before ſhe gaz'd the Lamp was dim;
But form her Eyes the Sparkles flew,
That gave new Luſtre to the Gem.
Bright Omen! what doſt thou portend,
Thou threat'ning Beauty of the Sky?
What great, what happy Monarch's End!
For ſure by thee 'tis ſweet to die.
Whether to thy fore-boding Fire
We owe the Creſent in decay?
Or muſt the mighty Gaul expire
A Victim to thy fatal Ray?
Such a Preſage will late be ſhown
Before the World in Aſhes lies;
But if leſs Ruin will attone,
Let Strephon's only Fate ſuffice.

SONG 108.

AWay with the Cauſes of Riches and Cares
That eat up our Spirits, and ſhorten our
Years;

No Pleaſure can be
In State or Degree,
But 'tis mingled with Troubles and Fears:
Then periſh all Fops by Sobriety dull'd,
While he that's merry reigns Prince of the World
The Quirks and the Zealots of Beauty and Wit,
Tho' ſupported by Power, at laſt muſt ſubmit:
For he that is ſad,
Grows wretched or mad,
Whilſt Mirth like a Monarch does ſit:
It cheriſhes Life in the old and the young,
And makes every Day to be happy and long.

SONG 109.

A Wretch long tortur'd with Diſdain,
That hourly pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the God of Wine addreſt,
The Refuge of a wounded Breaſt.

Vouchſafe, oh Pow'r, thy healing Aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel Maid;
Thy Juices take the Lover's Part,
Fluſh his wan Looks, and chear his Heart.

Thus to the jolly God he cry'd;
And thus the jolly God reply'd;
Give whining o'er, be briſk and gay,
And quaff the ſneaking Form away.

With dauntleſs Mein approach the Fair:
The way to conquer is to dare.
The Swain purſu'd the Gods Advice;
The Nymph was now no longer nice.

She ſmil'd, and ſpoke the Sex's Mind;
When you grow daring, we grow kind:
Men to themſelves are moſt ſevere,
And make us Tyrants by their Fear.

SONG 110.

AT the Cloſe of the Day,
When the Bean-flow'r and Hay
Breath'd Odours in every Wind,
Love enliven'd the Veins
Of the Damſels and Swains;
Each Glance and each Action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiſs'd, and ſat on each Knee,
Fond Extaſy ſwam in her Eyes.
See, thy Mother is near,
Hark! She calls thee to hear
What Age and Experience adviſe.

Haſt thou ſeen the blithe Dove
Stretch her Neck to her Love,
All gloſſy with Purple and Gold?
If a Kiſs he obtain,
She returns it again:
What follows you need not to be told.

Look ye, Mother, ſhe cry'd,
You inſtruct me in Pride,
And Men by good Manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is leſs likely to fall
Than ſhe that but trifles with one.

Prithee, Molly, be wiſe,
Leſt by ſudden Surprize
Love ſhould tingle in ev'ry Vein:
Take a Shepherd for Life,
And when once you're a Wife,
You ſafely may trifle again.

Molly, ſmiling, reply'd,
Then I'll ſoon be a Bride:
Old Roger has Gold in his Cheſt,
But I thought all you Wives,
Choſe a Man for your Lives,
And trifled no more with the reſt.

SONG 111.

A Cock Laird fou cadgie,
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd, he kiſs'd her,
And ca'd her his Sweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi'me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thouſe be my ain Lemmane,
Jo Jenny, quoth he:

If I gae alang wi'ye,
Ye maunna fail,
To feaſt me with Cadels
And good Hacket-kail.
The Deel's in your Nicety.
Jenny, quoth he:
Mayna Bannocks of Barley Meal
Be as good for thee?

And I maun hae Pinners,
With Pearling ſet round,
A Skirt of Puddy,
And a Waiſtcoat of Broun.
Awa with ſic Vanities,
Jenny quoth he,
For Kirchies and Kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My Lairdſhip can yield me
As meikle a Year,
As had us in Pottage
And good knockit Beer;
But having nae Tenants,
O Jenny, Jenny,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A Penny quoth he.

The Borrowſtown Merchants
Will ſell ye on tick;
For we maun hae braw Things,
Abeit they ſoud break:
When broken, frae Care
The Fools are ſet free,
When we make them Lairds
In the Abbey, quoth ſhe.

SONG 112.

ALtho' I be but a Country Laſs,
Yet a lofty Mind I bear --- O,
And think myſelf as good as thoſe
That rich Apparel wear --- O.

Altho' my Gown be Hame-ſpun gray,
My Skin it is as ſaft --- O,
As them that Satin Weeds do wear,
And carry their Heads alaft --- O.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep?
The Thing that muſt be done --- O,
With Garlands of the fineſt Flowers,
To ſhade me frae the Sun --- O.
When they are feeding pleaſantly,
Where Graſs and Flow'rs do ſpring --- O,
Then on a flow'ry Bank at Noon,
I ſet me down and ſing --- O.

My paiſly Piggy, cork'd with Sage,
Contains my Drink but thin --- O:
No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,
Or tempt my Mind to ſin --- O.
My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,
I think them unco fine --- O,
And on a flow'ry Bank at Noon,
I ſet me down and dine --- O.

Altho' my Parents cannot raiſe
Great Bags of ſhining Gold --- O,
Like them whaſe Daughters Now-a-days,
Like Swine are bought and ſold --- O;
Yet my fair Body it ſhall keep
An honeſt Heart within --- O,
And for twice fifty thouſand Crowns,
I value not a Pin --- O.

I uſe nae Gums upon my Hair,
Nor Chains about my Neck --- O,
Nor ſhining Rings upon my Hands,
My Fingers ſtrait to deck --- O;
But for that Lad to me ſhall fa',
And I have Grace to wed --- O,
I'll keep a Jewel worth them a',
I mean my Maidenhead --- O,

O canny Fortune give to me
The Man I dearly love --- O,
Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,
My Hands I can improve --- O:
Expecting for a Bleſſing ſtill,
Deſcending from above --- O,
Then we'll embrace, and ſweetly kiſs,
Repeating Tales of Love --- O.

SONG 113.

ALL the World's in Striſe and Hurry,
And the Lord knows when 'twill ceaſe;
Some for Intereſt, ſome for Glory,
Tho' their Tongues run all of Peace:
Since the High-church then and Low
Make our daily Miſchiefs grow,
And the Great, who ſit at the Helm in doubt,
Are not ſure, how quickly they may turn out;
How bleſs'd is the happy he, (is free;
Who from Town, and the Faction that is there
For Love and no ill Ends,
Treats his Neighbours and his Friends?
He ſhall ever, in the Book of Fame,
Fix with Honour, a glorious Name.

He that was the High Purſe-bearer,
At his Levy no Crowds you ſee;
He that was the Grand Cauſe-hearer,
Now no longer makes Decree:
Nay, to prove her waivering Evil,
And that Fortune is the Devil,
The Hero leading our Arms abroad,
Whom they late did celebrate like a God,
Scarce has any to drink his Health,
If a Friend does not kindly put it round by Stealth?
A Whig is out o' Grace,
And a Tory in his Place:
Riddles all, and ſomething is amiſs,
What a whimſical World is this!

SONG 114.

AN old Baboon, of rueful Mein,
Having long Time a Courtier been,
And many Revolutions ſeen,
Amaſs'd up Wealth great Store.
This Magnet draws them many Friends,
Whom, Courtier-like he condeſcends
To promiſe what he ne'er intends,
Or never thinks on more.

They, in return, his Levee grace;
Some praiſe his Wit, his Shape, his Face,
In Hopes to gain ſome pretty Place,
But mark, how Fate deviſ'd!
An Order came from Court one Day,
To take his ill-got Wealth away;
And like the Feather-borrowing Jay,
Diveſted, he's deſpis'd.

SONG 115.

AS naked almoſt, and more fair you appear,
Than Diana, when ſpy'd by Acteon;
Yet that Stag-hunter's Fate, your Votaries here,
We hope you're too gentle to lay on.

For he like a Fool, took a Peep, and no more,
So ſhe gave him a large Pair of Horns, Sir:
What Goddeſs, undreſt, ſuch Neglect ever bore,
Or what Woman e'er pardon'd ſuch Scorn, Sir?

The Man who with Beauty feaſts only his Eyes,
With the Fair always works his own Ruin;
You ſhould find by our Actions, our Looks, our Sighs,
We're not barely contented with viewing.

SONG 116.

AS it fell on a Holy-day,
As it fell on a Holy-day,
And upon a Holy-tide a,
And upon a Holy-tide a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the Gate a;
John Dory was fitted, the Porter was witted,
To let him in thereat a.

The firſt Man that John Dory did meet,
Was good King John of France a ;
John Dory could well of his Courteſie,
But fell down in a Trance a.

A Pardon, a Pardon, my Liege and my King,
For my merry Men and for me a :
And all the Churls in merry England,
I'll bring them all bound to thee a.

And Nichol was then a Corniſh Man,
A little beſide Bohide a ;
And he mann'd forth a good black Bark,
With fifty good Oars on a ſide a.

Run up, my Boy, unto the main Top,
And look what thou canſt ſpy a ;
Why ho ! why ho ! a goodly Ship I do ſee,
I trow it to be John Dory a.

They hoiſt their Sails, both top and top,
The Mizen, and all was try'd a ;
And every Man ſtood to his Lot,
Whatever ſhould betide a.

The roaring Cannons then were ply'd :
And Dub a Dub went the Drum a ;
The ſounding Trumpets loud they cry'd,
To courage both all and ſome a.

The grapling Hooks were brought at length,
The brown Bill, and the Sword a ;
John Dory at length, for all his Strength,
Was clapp'd faſt under board a.

SONG 117.

A Swain untaught in Arts of Love,
Whom Love cou'd ne'er ſubdue,
Obſequious bows, but never dies,
Oft pleaſing Views with wiſhing Eyes,
Myra and Chloe too.

The ſoothing Virgin, at whoſe Feet
The Youth firſt lowly fell,
With courting Eyes, and ſmooth Deceit,
His ev'ry Offer ſeems to greet,
And liſtens to his Tale.

But Chloe ſhe, a wanton fair,
Whoſe Beauties well prevail'd,
With waiv'ring Mind oft Love deny'd,
And if her ſecret Heart comply'd,
Yet Affectation fail'd.

Now truſt me, fair one, wou'd ye wiſh
The Swain might ceaſe to rove,
Of ſteady Temper always be,
From fooliſh Affectation free,
And each with Caution love.

Let Chloe leave affecting Pride,
Myra from Fraud repair ;
His Heart (believe !) howe'er it burns,
To one of you at length returns,
And ſeeks its Boſom there.

SONG 118.

AH! ſacred Boy, deſiſt, for I
Comply with your reſiſtleſs Art;
Your Arrows with ſuch Vigour fly,
Already they've inflam'd my Heart.

I will no more deſpiſe your Pow'r,
But thus ſubmiſſively obey;
Yet, by your Favour, 'twas not your,
But Cælia's Victory To-day.

For had ſhe veil'd that charming Face,
And you your keeneſt Darts had ſhot,
Your's had been the juſt Diſgrace,
And I'd obtain'd the Victor's Lot.

Then not your Pow'r, but Chance admire,
In having ſuch a Friend as ſhe,
Who lent you Rays t'increaſe my Fire,
And thus made you a Deity.

SONG 119.

AS Cupid roguiſhly one Day
Had all alone ſtole out to play,
The Muſes caught the little Knave,
And captive Love to Beauty gave.
The laughing Dame ſoon miſs'd her Son,
And here and there diſtracted run;
And ſtill, his Liberty to gain,
Offer'd his Ranſom but in vain;
The willing Priſ'ner hugs his Chain,
And vows he'll ne'er be free again.

SONG 120.

AWAY, away,
We've crown'd the Day;
The Hounds are waiting for their Prey:
The Huntſman's Call,
Invites you all;
Come in, Boys, while you may.
The jolly Horn,
The roſy Morn,
With Harmony of deep-mouth'd Hounds,
Theſe, theſe, my Boys,
Are heav'nly Joys,
A Sportſman's Pleaſure knows no Bounds.
The Horn ſhall be,
The Huſband's Fee,
And let him take it not in Scorn;
The Brave, the Sage,
In ev'ry Age,
Have not diſdain'd to wear the Horn.

SONG 121.

A Lovely Laſs to a Fryar came,
To confeſs in a Morning early.
In what, my Dear, are you to blame?
Now tell to me ſincerely.
I have done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a Man who loves me dearly.

The greateſt Fault in myſelf I know,
Is what I now diſcover.

You for that Crime to Rome muſt go,
And Diſcipline muſt ſuffer.
Lack-a-day, Sir, if it muſt be ſo,
Pray ſend with me my Lover.

No, no, my Dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double Dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the ſame,
I'll pardon your paſt Failing.
I muſt own, Sir, (but I bluſh for Shame)
That your Penance is prevailing.

SONG 122.

AUrelia art thou mad,
To let the World in me
Envy Joys I never had,
And cenſure them in thee?

Fill'd with Grief for what is paſt,
Let us at length be wiſe,
And the Banquet boldly taſte,
Since we have paid the Price.

Love does eaſy Souls deſpiſe,
Who loſe themſelves for Toys,
And eſcape for thoſe deviſe,
Who taſte his utmoſt Joys.

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,
Like theirs a Folly is,
Who are for vain ſwearing damn'd,
And knew no higher Bliſs.

Love ſhould like the Year be crown'd
With ſweet Variety;
Hope ſhould in the Spring be found,
Kind Fears and Jealouſy.

In the Summer, Flowers ſhould riſe,
And in the Autumn Fruit;
His Spring doth elſe but mock our Eyes,
And in a Scoff ſalute.

SONG 123.

ANymph and a Swain to Apollo once pray'd,
The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been betray'd;
Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew
E'er a Nymph that was chaſte, or a Swain that was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like t'ave been poſ'd?
But ſagely, at length, he this Secret diſclos'd:
He alone wont betray in whom none will confide
And the Nymph may be chaſte that has never been try'd.

SONG 124.

AT Setting Day, and riſing Morn,
With Soul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of Heaven thy ſafe Return,
With all that can improve thee.

I'll viſit oft the Birken-Buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-ſhade or Fountain;
Or where the Summer-day I'd ſhare
With thee, upon yon Mountain.

There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender.
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours
A Heart which cannot wander.

SONG 125.

AWful Hero, Marlbro' riſe!
Sleepy Charms I come to break:
Hither turn thy languid Eyes:
Lo! thy Genius calls, awake!

Well ſurvey this faithful Plan,
Which records thy Life's great Story;
'Tis a ſhort but crowded Span,
Full of Triumphs full of Glory.

One by one thy Deeds review:
Sieges, Battles, thick appear;
Former Wonders loſt in new,
Greatly fill each pompous Year.

This is Blenheim's crimſon Field,
Wet with Gore, with Slaughter ſtain'd;
Here retiring Squadrons yield,
And a bloodiſh Wreath is gain'd.

Ponder in thy God-like Mind
All the Wonders thou haſt wrought;
Tyrants, from their Pride declin'd,
Be the Subject of thy Thought!

Reſt thee here, while Life may laſt:
Th'utmoſt Bliſs to Man allow'd,
Is to trace his Actions paſt,
And to find 'em Great and Good.

But 'tis gone —— O Mortal born!
Swift the fading Scenes remove——
Let 'em paſs with noble Scorn:
Thine are Worlds which roll above

Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe Approach foreſee;
Men who acted wond'rous Things
Tho' they yield in Fame to thee.

Foremoſt in the Patriot Band,
Shining with diſtinguiſh'd Day,
See thy Friend Godolphin ſtand!
See! he beckons thee away.

Yonder Seats and Fields of Light,
Let thy raviſh'd Thought explore:
Wiſhing, panting for thy Flight!
Half an Angel; Man no more.

SONG 126.

AMeria's Face, her Shape, her Air,
With Charms reſiſtleſs wound the Heart;
In vain you for Defence prepare,
When from her Eyes Love throws his Dart.

So ſtrong, ſo ſwift the Arrow flies,
Such ſure deſtruction flying makes;
The bold Oppoſer quickly dies!
The Fugitive it overtakes?

No Stratagem, nor Force avails,
No feign'd Submiſſion ſets you free;
One Look o'er all your Arts prevails,
There's no Way ſafe but not to ſee!
For ſuch the Magic of her Arms,
And wounding ſhe does ſo allure;
The unexperienc'd court their Harms;
The wounded never wiſh a Cure.

SONG 127.

AH! the Shepherd's mournful Fate,
When doom'd to Love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful Fair One's Hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his Anguiſh.
Yet Eager Looks, and dying Sighs
My ſecret Soul diſcover,
While Rapture trembling thro' mine Eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender Glance, the red'ning Cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing Bluſhes,
A thouſand various Ways they ſpeak
A thouſand various Wiſhes.
For oh! that Form ſo heav'nly fair,
Thoſe languid Eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling!
That artleſs Bluſh, and modeſt Air,
So fatally beguiling!
Thy ev'ry Look, and ev'ry Grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee?
Till Death o'ertake me in the Chaſe,
Still will my Hopes purſue thee.

Then when my tedious Hours are paſt,
Be this laſt Bleſſing given,
Low at thy Feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in Sight of Heaven.

SONG 128.

A Maiden of late,
Whoſe Name was ſweet Kate,
She dwelt in London near Alderſgate;
Now liſt to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She wou'd have a Child without help of a Man.

To a Doctor ſhe came,
A Man of great Fame,
Whoſe deep Skill in Phyſick Report did proclaim:
Quoth ſhe, Mr. Doctor, ſhew me if you can
How I may conceive without help of a Man.

Then liſten, quoth he,
Since ſo it muſt be,
This wond'rous ſtrange Med'cine I'll ſhew preſently.
Take nine Pound of Thunder, ſix Legs of a Swan,
And you ſhall conceive without help of a Man.

The Wooll of a Frog,
The Juice of a Log,
Well parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,

With the Egg of a Moon Calf, if get it you can,
And you ſhall conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of falſe Harlots,
The Faith of falſe Varlets,
With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
With Feathers of Lobſter well fry'd in a Pan,
And you ſhall conceive without help of a Man.

Nine Drops of Rain,
Brought hither from Spain,
With the Blaſt of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With eight Quarts of Brimſtone brew'd in a Beer Can,
And you ſhall conceive without help of a Man.

Six Pottles of Lard,
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turkey-Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-ſtones well bak'd in a Pan,
And you ſhall conceive without help of a Man.

Theſe Med'cines are good,
And proved have ſtood,
Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood,
Squeez'd from a Graſhopper and the Nail of a Swan,
To make Maids conceive without help of a Man.

SONG 129.

AH Phillis! why are you leſs tendre,
To my deſpairing Amour!
Your Heart you have promis'd to rendre,
Do not deny the Retour:
My Paſſion I cannot defendre,
No, no, Torments encreaſe tous les Joures,
To forget your Slave is cruelle,
Can you expect my Devoir?
Since Phillis is grown infidelle,
And wounds me at ev'ry Revoir!
Thoſe Eyes which were once agreeable,
Now, now, are Fountains of black Deſeſpoir.
Adieu to my Falſe Eſperance,
Adieu les Plaiſirs des Beaux Jours;
My Phillis appears at Diſtance,
And ſlights my unfeigned Efforts:
To return to her Vows impoſſible,
No, no, adieu to the Cheats of Amours.

SONG 130.

AH! Cælia, that I were but ſure
Thy Love, like mine, cou'd ſtill endure;
That Time and Abſence, which deſtroy
The Cares of Lovers, and their Joy,
Cou'd never rob me of that Part
Which you have given me of your Heart:

Others unenvy'd might poſſeſs
Whole Hearts, and boaſt that Happineſs:
'Twas nobler Fortune to divide
The Roman Empire in her Pride,
Than on ſome low and barb'rous Throne,
Obſcurely plac'd, to rule alone.

Love only from thy Heart exacts
The ſeveral Debts thy Face contracts,
And by that new and juſter way,
Secures thy Empire and his Sway:
Fav'ring but one, he might compel
The hopeleſs Lover to rebel.

But ſhou'd he other Hearts thus ſhare,
That in the whole ſo worthleſs are;
Shou'd into ſeveral Squadrons draw
That Strength, which kept entire wou'd awe;
Men would his ſcatter'd Pow'r deride,
And conqu'ring him, thoſe Spoils divide.

SONG 131.

ALaſs there lives upon the Green,
Could I her Picture draw;
A brighter Nymph was never ſeen,
That looks and reigns a little Queen,
And keeps the Swains in awe.

Her Eyes are Cupid's Darts and Wings,
Her Eye-brows are his Bow;
Her ſilken Hair the ſilver Strings,
Which ſure and ſwift Deſtruction brings,
To all the Vale below.

If Paſtorella's dawning Light
Can warm, and wound us ſo:
Her Noon will ſhine ſo piercing bright,
Each glancing Beam will kill outright,
And every Swain ſubdue.

SONG 132.

M. AH! lovely Nymph the World's on fire;
Veil, veil thoſe cruel Eyes:
W. The World may then in Flames expire,
And boaſt that ſo it dies.
M. But when all Mortals are deſtroy'd,
Who then ſhall ſing your Praiſe?
W. Thoſe who are fit to be employ'd;
The Gods ſhall Altars raiſe.

SONG 133.

AS Amoret and Phillis ſat
One Evening on the Plain,
And ſaw the charming Strephon wait,
To tell the Nymph his Pain;
The treat'ning Danger to remove,
He whiſper'd in her Ear;
Ah! Phillis! if you wou'd not love
The Shepherd do not hear.

None ever had ſo ſtrange an Art
His Paſſion to convey
Into a liſt'ning Virgin's Heart,
And ſteal her Soul away.
Fly, fly, betimes, for Fear you give
Occaſion for your Fate!
In vain, ſaid ſhe, in vain I ſtrive,
Alas! 'tis now too late,

SONG 134.

AS Archers and Fidlers, who cunningly know
The Way to procure themſelves Merit,
Will always provide 'em two Strings to their Bow,
And follow their Buſ'neſs with Spirit:
So likewiſe the provident Damſel ſhould do,
Who'd make the beſt Uſe of her Beauty;
If the Mark ſhe wou'd hit, or the Leſſon paſs thro',
Two Lovers muſt ſtill be on Duty.
Thus arm'd againſt Chance, and ſecure of Sup-ply,
So far our Revenge we may carry;
One Spark for our Sport we may jilt and ſet by,
And t'other, poor Soul! we may marry.

SONG 135.

AS Cynthio late within the Grove,
Bemoan'd his too ſucceſsleſs Love,
And eas'd, retir'd, his Secret Pain:
The God of Love, who wander'd near,
Chanc'd his Complaint to overhear,
And thus addreſs'd the Swain.

Riſe, ſilly Shepherd, riſe, he cry'd;
It ſeems you're eaſily deny'd,
Becauſe the charming Nymph is coy:
The Tongue may learn to ſpeak with Art,
But wou'd ye know the fair one's Heart,
Conſult it in her Eye!

'Tis in that Mirrour of her Soul,
The Secrets of her Boſom roll,
Reveal'd without Diſguiſe to view:
For Cynthio, take it for a Truth,
You only are the favour'd Youth,
And Lydia loves but you!

No more my Altars then upbraid,
Nor thus invoke my needleſs Aid!
Since faithful I have done my Part:
Thy own perform with like Addreſs,
She ſoon ſhall yield thy Arms to bleſs,
And give thee all her Heart!

So ſpoke ſincere—the friendly God,
When ſtrait along the flow'ry Road,
The Nymph with languid Beauty mov'd:
The Swain with Joy the Moment ſeiz'd;
She heard his tender Vows well pleas'd,
And all his Wiſh approv'd.

With grateful Pride and gladſome Air
To Hymen's Shrine he led the Fair,
And made the laſting Bliſs ſecure:
Let Maids no more falſe Coldneſs feign,
Let faithful Swains no more complain,
But boldly aſk a Cure!

SONG 136.

AS walking forth to view the Plain,
Upon a Morning early;
While May's ſweet Scent did chear my Brain,
From Flowers which grew ſo rarely;

I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
She ſhin'd, tho' it was fogie;
I aſk'd her Name; ſweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My Name is Katherine Ogie.

I ſtood awhile, and did admire
To ſee a Nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an Air there did appear
In a Country Maid ſo neatly:
Such natural Sweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a Lilly in a Bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame Catherina Ogie.

Thou Flow'r of Females, Beauty's Queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee:
Tho' thou art dreſs'd in Robes but mean,
Yet thoſe cannot diſguiſe thee:
Thy handſome Air, and graceful Look,
Excells a clowniſh Roguie;
Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
My charming Katherine Ogie.

O were I but ſome Shepherd-Swain!
To feed my Flock beſide thee,
At Boughting time to leave the Plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier Man,
With Kate, my Club and Dogie,
Than he that hugs his Thouſands ten,
Had I but Catherine Ogie.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' Imperial Throne,
And Stateſmens dangerous Stations;
I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
I'd ſmile at conquering Nations;
Might I careſs, and ſtill poſſeſs
The Laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are Toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with Katherine Ogie.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a Creature,
Whoſe Beauty rare makes her exceed
All other Works in Nature:
Clouds of Deſpair ſurround my Love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my Caſe ye Pow'rs above!
Elſe I die for Katherine Ogie.

SONG 137.

ALL the Materials are the ſame,
Of Beauty and Deſire;
In a fair Woman's goodly Frame,
No Brightneſs is without a Flame,
No Flame without a Fire:
Then tell me what thoſe Creatures are,
Who wou'd be thought both chaſte and fair.

If on her Neck her Hair be ſpread,
With many a curious Ring;
That Heat which ſerves to curl her Head,
Will make her mad to be a-bed,
And do another Thing.
Then tell me, &c.

If Modeſty itſelf appears
With Bluſhes in her Face;
Think you the Blood that dances there,
Can revel it no other where,
Or warm no other Place?
Then tell me, &c.

Aſk but of her Philoſophy,
What gives her Lips the Balm,
What makes her Breaſt to heave ſo high,
What Spir'ts give Motion to her Eye,
And Moiſture to her Palm?
Then tell me, &c.

Then Cælia, be not coy, for that
Betrays thyſelf and thee:
There's not a Beauty nor a Grace,
Bedecks thy Body or thy Face,
But plead within for me.
Then tell me what thoſe Women are,
Who wou'd be thought both chaſte and fair.

SONG 138.

A Silly Shepherd woo'd, but wiſt not
How he might his Miſtreſs' Favour gain;
On a time they met, but kiſt not,
Ever after that he ſu'd in vain:
Blame her not, alas! tho' ſhe ſaid nay
To him that might, but fled away.

Time perpetually is changing,
Every Moment Alteration brings,
Love and Beauty ſtill eſtranging,
Women are, alas! but wanton things.
He that will his Miſtreſs' Favour gain;
Muſt take her in a merry Vein.

A Woman's Fancy's like a Fever,
Or an Ague that doth come by Fits,
Hot and cold, but conſtant never,
Even as the preſent Humour hits:
Sick, and well again, and well and ſick,
In Love it is a Woman's Trick.

Now ſhe will, and then ſhe will not,
Put her to the Trial if once ſhe ſmile:
Silly Youth thy Fortune ſpill not,
Lingring Labours oft themſelves beguile:
He that knocks, and can't get in,
His Pick-Lock is not worth a Pin.

A Woman's Nay is no Denial,
Silly Youth's of Love are ſerved ſo;
Put her to a further Trial,
Haply ſhe'll take it, and ſay no;
For it is a Trick which Women uſe,
What moſt they love they will refuſe.

Silly Youth, why doſt thou dally?
Having got Time and Seaſon fit,
Then never ſtand, Sweet, ſhall I? ſhall I?
Nor too much commend an After-wit;
For he that will not when he may,
When he will, he ſhall have nay.

SONG 139.

BY ſhady Woods, and purling Streams,
I paſs my Hours in pleaſing Dreams,
And would not for the World be brought,
To change my falſe delightful Thoughts;
For who, alas, can happy be,
That does the Truth of all Things ſee.

SONG 140.

BRight as Phæby in his Glory,
Is my Charmers glittering Eyes,
Far exceeding Goddeſs Flora,
When in Spring ſhe does ariſe.

Fairer than the fairer Lillies,
Bright as Silver is her Hair;
Such Delights in charming Phillis,
Never, never could appear.

Her ſweet Cheeks do cauſe the Roſes
To bow down unto the Stalk,
Shameful makes the bluſhing Poſes,
When ſhe does in Gardens walk.

I will build my Love a Bower,
She ſhall have a fragrant Couch,
Made of all the ſweeteſt Flowers,
Where no Dangers ſhall her touch.

Should I make a Crown of Roſes,
And her Hands the ſame receives,
Then 'twould be as fading Poſes,
Or a Heap of wither'd Leaves.

Thus ſhe does ſurpaſs all Nature,
She is prudent, chaſte, and wiſe;
Sure ſhe is no mortal Creature,
But a Goddeſs in Diſguiſe.

SONG 141.

BLOW ye bleak Winds, around my Head
And ſooth my Heart's coroding Care;
Flaſh round my Brows, ye Lightning red,
And blaſt the Laurels planted there.
But may the Maid, where e'er ſhe be,
Think not of my Diſtreſs nor me,
Think not of my Diſtreſs nor me.

Let all the Traces of our Love,
Be ever blotted from her Mind;
May from her Breaſt my Vows remove,
And no Remembrance leave behind.
But may the Maid where e'er ſhe be,
Think not, &c.

O may I ne'er behold her more,
For ſhe has robb'd my Soul of Reſt;
Wiſdom's Aſſiſtance is too poor,
To calm the Tempeſt of my Breaſt.
But may the Maid where e'er ſhe be,
Think not, &c.

Come Death, O come thou friendly Sleep,
And with my Sorrows lay me low,
And ſhould the gentle Virgin weep,
Nor ſharp nor laſting be her Woe,

Then may ſhe think where e'er ſhe be,
No more of my Diſtreſs nor me,
No more, &c.

SONG 142.

BEhold the ſweet Flowers around,
With all the bright Beauties they wear,
Yet none on the Plains can be found,
So lovely, ſo lovely as Celia is fair,
So lovely as Celia is fair.

Ye Warblers, come raiſe your ſweet Throats,
No longer in Silence remain,
O lend a fond Lover your Notes,
To ſoften, to ſoften my Celia's Diſdain,
To ſoften my Celia's Diſdain.

Oft'times in yon flow'ry Vale,
I breathe my Complaints in a Song,
Fair Flora attend the ſad Tale,
And ſweetens, and ſweetens the Borders along,
And ſweetens the Borders along.

But Celia, whoſe Breath might perfume
The Boſom of Flora in May,
Still frowning pronounces my Doom,
Regardleſs, regardleſs of all I can ſay,
Regardleſs of all I can ſay.

SONG 143.

Col. BE ſtill O ye Winds, and attentive ye Swains,
'Tis Phæbe invites and replies to my Strains,
The Sun never roſe on, ſearch all the World through,
A Shepherd ſo bleſt, or a fair one ſo true.
A Shepherd, &c.

Ph. Glide ſoftly ye Streams, O ye Nymphs round me throng,
'Tis Collin commands and enlivens my Song,
Search all the World over you never will find,
A Maiden ſo bleſt, or a Shepherd ſo kind.
A Maiden, &c.

Both. 'Tis Love like the Sun that gives Light to the Year,
The ſweeteſt of Bleſſings that Life can endear,
Our Pleaſures it brightens, drives Sorrow away,
Gives Joy to the Night and enlivens the Day.
Gives Joy, &c.

Col. With Phæbe beſide me, the Seaſon how gay,
And Winter's bleak Months are as pleaſant as May,
The Summer's gay Verdure ſtill ſprings as ſhe treads,
And Linnets and Nightingales ſing through the Meads.
And Linnets, &c.

Ph. When Collin is abſent 'tis Winter all round,
How faint is the Sun-ſhine, how barren the Ground,

Inſtead of the Linnet's, and Nightingale's Song,
I hear the hoarſe Raven croak all the Day long.
I hear, &c.

Col. O'er Hills, Dales, and Valleys, my Phæbe and I,
Together will wander, and Love ſhall be by,
Her Collin ſhall guard her ſafe all the long Day,
And Phæbe at Night all his Pains ſhall repay.
And Phæbe, &c.

Ph. By Moon-light when Shadows glide over the Plain,
His Kiſſes ſhall chear me, his Arms ſhall ſuſtain,
The dark-haunted Groves I can trace without Fear,
And ſleep in a Church-yard if Collin is near.
And ſleep, &c.

Col. Ye Shepherds who wanton it over the Plains,
How fleeting your Tranſports, how laſting your Pain,
Inconſtancy ſhun, and reward the kind ſhe,
And learn to be happy from Phæbe and me.
And learn, &c.

Ph. Ye Nymphs who the Pleaſures of Love never try'd,
Attend to my Strains, and take me for your Guide,
Your Hearts keep from Pride, and Inconſtancy free,
And learn to be happy from Collin and me.
And learn, &c.

SONG 144.

BEfore the Urching well could go,
She ſtole the Whiteneſs of the Snow,
And more that Whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the Bluſhes of the Morn:
Stole all the Sweetneſs Æther ſheds,
On Primroſe Buds, and Vi'let Beds.
On Primroſe, &c.

Still to reveal her artful Wiles,
She ſtole the Graces ſilken Smiles;
She ſtole Aurora's balmy Breath,
And pilfer'd Orint Pearl for Teeth;
The Cherry dipp'd in Morning Dew,
Gave Moiſture to her Lips and Hue.
Gave, &c.

Theſe were her Infant Spoils, a Store,
And ſhe in Time ſtill pilfer'd more;
At Twelve, ſhe ſtole from Cyprus Queen
Her Air, and Love-commanding Mien:
Stole Juno's Dignity, and ſtole
From Pallas, Senſe, to charm the Soul.
From, &c.

Apollo's Wit was next her Prey,
Her next the Beam that light the Day,

She Sung amaz'd, the Syrens heard,
And to aſſert their Voice appear'd;
She play'd the Muſes from their Hill,
Wonder'd who thus had ſtole their Skill.
Wonder'd, &c.

Great Jove approv'd her Crimes and Art,
And t'other Day ſhe ſtole my Heart;
If Lovers, Cupid, are thy Care,
Exert your Vengeance on this Fair;
To Trial bring her ſtolen Charms,
And let her Priſon be my Arms.
And let, &c.

SONG 145.

BRight Author of my preſent Flame,
Am I awake, or do I dream;
Art thou an Angel that I ſee,
Come down from Heav'n to comfort me?
Or, art a Fury lately made Eſcape
From Hell, to cheat me in a fairer Shape?
Thou like a Comet doſt appear,
In this our leſs-frequented Sphere,
At once to dazzle and ſurprize,
With Love our Hearts, with Light our Eyes.
But if thou com'ſt portending future Pain,
E'en like a blazing Star retire again.

SONG 146.

BEauty be no more ſo coy,
Nor look for high-priz'd Courting;
Still to gaze and not enjoy
Is but a Hell of Sporting.
For he who fancies any Face,
He proves his own Vexation,
Unleſs he can ſubdue the Place,
And take full Satisfaction.

To doat on one, were thouſands are,
'Tis held a wild Madneſs;
For when they know you for them care,
They triumph in your Sadneſs.
Then ſit not ſighing Day and Night;
For one that proves ſo hollow;
But caſt her off, and ſeem to ſlight!
O then ſhe'll fly to follow.

Give me the Lady that is free,
That need's no tedious wooing;
Not as Platonics ſeem to be,
But ſtraitway fall to doing.
For who doth compliment and court
And take no other Diet,
May ſtarve before he comes to Sport,
Or keep his Miſtreſs quiet.

SONG 147.

BRight was the Morning, cool was the Air,
Serene was all the Sky,
When on the Waves I left my Dear,
The Center of my Joy;
Heaven and Nature ſmiling were,
And nothing ſad but I.

Each roſy Field did Odours ſpread,
All fragrant was the Shore;
Each River-God roſe from his Bed,
And ſigh'd, and own'd her Pow'r;
Curling their Waves, they deck'd their Heads,
As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian Queen
Her Hero went to ſee,
Cidnus ſwell'd o'er her Banks with Pride,
As much in Love as he.

Glide on, ye Waters, bear theſe Lines,
And tell her how diſtreſt:
Bear all my Sighs, ye gentle Winds,
And waſt 'em to her Breaſt:
Tell her, if e'er ſhe proves unkind,
I never ſhall have Reſt.

SONG 148.

BEhold I fly on Wings of ſoft Deſire,
Whilſt gentle Zephyrs waſt me on;
Eager as when a Bridegroom all on Fire
Longs for the Company to be gone:
She bluſhing flies the Pleaſure,
He ruſhing graſps his Treaſure,
'Till with mutual Tenderneſs each other they warm.
Since Phœbe's my Guide,
And Love does preſide,
Each Monarch tho' great,
Wou'd envy my State,
For ſhe, ſhe alone has the Power to charm.

SONG 149.

BAcchus, aſſiſt us to ſing thy great Glory,
Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy Story;
Wine's firſt Projector,
Mankind's Protector,
Patron to Topers,
How we do adore thee.
Wine's firſt Projector, &c.

Friend to the Muſes, and Whet-Stone to Venus,
Herald to Pleaſures, when Wine wou'd convene us.
Sorrow's Phyſician,
When our Condition,
In worldly Cares wants a Cordial to ſkreen us,
Nature ſhe ſmil'd, when thy Birth it was blazed:
Mankind rejoic'd when thy Altars were raiſed:
Mirth will be flowing,
Whilſt the Vine's growing,
And Sober Souls at our Joys be amazed.

SONG 150.

BElinda's pretty, pretty, pleaſing Form,
Does my happy, happy, happy, happy,
Fancy charm:
Her Prittle-prattle, Tittle-tattle's all engaging, moſt obliging;
Whilſt I'm preſſing, claſping, kiſſing,
Oh! oh! how ſhe does my Soul Alarm!
There is ſuch Magick in her Eyes,
Such Magic in her Eyes, in her Eyes,

Does my wand'ring Heart ſurprize:
Her prinking, nimping, twinking, pinking,
Whilſt I'm courting, far tranſporting,
How like an Angel ſhe panting lies, ſhe panting lies!

SONG 151

BLeſt with my Sylvia, Life proves a Pleaſure;
But from my Treaſure 'tis nought but Pain.
Fondly loving,
Conſtant moving,
Sweetly flowing,
Smiles beſtowing;
With Joy then, Sylvia, fly to your Lover,
You'll there diſcover
How much you reign:
If then you find my Soul ſincere,
Why ſhould you fly me, what can you fear?

SONG 152

BIrd of May,
Leave the Spray,
Fly to the Grove,
Wake my Love;
O there the Dove
Slumb'ring lies!
Warble an Air
Till the Fair
Speaks a Paſſion with her Eyes,
But if my Grief
Finds no Relief,
Whiſper her, that Thirſis dies:
Bird of May,
Keep the Spray,
Keep the Spray;
Bird of May,
Chloe Smiles, my Soul's all gay,
Chloe ſmiles, &c.

SONG 153. *Johnnie Hay's, &c.*

BY ſmooth winding Tay
A Swain was reclining;
Aft cry'd he, oh hey!
Maun I ſtill live pining
My ſell thus away,
And dare na' diſcover
To my bonny Hay, that I am her Lover?
Nae mair it will hide,
The Flame waxes ſtranger;
If ſhe's not my Bride,
My Days are na langer:
Then I'll take a Heart,
And try at a venture,
May be, ere we part,
My Vows may content her.
She's Freſh as the Spring,
And ſweet as Aurora,
When Birds mount and ſing,
Bidding ay a good morrow.

The Sward of the Mead,
Enamell'd with Daſies,
Looks wither'd and dead,
When twin'd of her Graces,
But if ſhe appear,
Where Verdures invite her,
The Fountain runs clear,
And Flow'rs ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis Heav'n to be by,
When her Wit is flowing;
Her Smiles and bright Eye
Set my Spirits a glowing.
The mair that I gaze.
The deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with Amaze,
My Mind is confounded;
I'm all in a Fire,
Dear Maid to careſs thee,
For a' my Deſire
Is Hay's my bonny Laſſie.

SONG 154.

BLow on ye Winds, deſcend ſoft Rains
To ſooth my tender Grief
Your Solemn Muſick lulls my Pains,
And gives me ſhort Relief.
In ſome low Corner would I ſit
Retir'd from human kind;
Since Mirth, nor Show, nor ſparkling Wit
Can pleaſe my anxious Mind.
The Sun which makes all Nature gay,
Torments my weary Eyes:
And in dark Shades I ſpend the Day,
Where Eccho ſleeping lies.
The ſparkling Stars which gaily ſhine,
And glitt'ring deck the Night,
Are all ſuch cruel Foes of mine,
I ſicken at their Sight.

SONG 155.

BY the Mould of your Bubbies, ſo round and ſo white,
By the Mould of your Neck, where my Arms would unite,
By whatever Mould elſe you have got out of Sight,
I beſeech thee to hear me, dear Molly!
By the Kiſs juſt a-ſtarting from off thy moiſt Lips,
By the delicate up-and-down Jut of thy Hips,
By the Tip of thy Tongue, which all Tongues far out-tips,
I beſeech, &c.
By the Down on your Boſom, on which my Soul dies,
By the Thing of all Things, which you love as your Eyes,
By the Thoughts you lie down with, and thoſe when you riſe,
I beſeech, &c.

By all the ſoft Pleaſure a Virgin can ſhare,
By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,
By the Queſtion I burn for to aſk, but don't (dare,
I beſeech thee to hear me, dear Molly!

SONG 156.

BAcchus one Day gaily ſtriding,
On his never-failing Tun,
Sneaking empty Pots deriding,
Thus addreſs'd each toping Son:
Praiſe the Joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid Shrine;
All Things noble, gay, and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous Wine.

Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble Riſe to me;
Poets wrote the flaming Story,
Fir'd by my Divinity:
If my Influence is wanting,
Muſick's Charms but ſlowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
Till I fill the Swain with Love.

If you'd crown the laſting Pleaſure,
Mortals this way bend your Eyes;
From my ever-flowing Treaſure,
Charming Scenes of Bliſs ariſe.
Here's the ſoothing balmy Bleſſing,
Sole Diſpeller of your Pain,
Gloomy Souls from Care releaſing,
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

SONG 157.

BEneath a ſhady Willow,
Hard by a purling Stream;
A moſſy Bank my Pillow,
I fancy'd in a Dream,
That I the charming Phillis
Did eagerly embrace;
Her Breaſt as white as Lillies,
And Roſamonda's Face.

What Extaſies of Pleaſure
She gave, to tell's in vain,
When with the hidden Treaſure
She bleſs'd her am'rous Swain:
Cou'd nought but Joys diſcover,
And I my Dream believe;
I ſo cou'd ſleep for ever,
And ſtill be ſo deceiv'd.

But when I wak'd, deluded,
And found all but a Dream,
I fain would have eluded
The melancholly Theme.
Ye God's! there's no enduring
So exquiſite a Pain;
The Wound is paſt all curing,
That Cupid gave the Swain.

SONG 158.

BEauty and Wit, illuſtrious Maid,
Bright as to you belong,
Charm all Mankind, without the Aid
Of ſoft melodious Song.

Why will you add, enchanting Fair,
The Magick of your Voice,
By which in us you cauſe Deſpair,
Yet make our Fate our Choice.

In vain to tempt Laertes' Heir,
Their Songs the Syren's try'd;
But cou'd their Notes with thine compare,
He muſt have heard, and dy'd.

Sing on, bright Maid, repeat each Strain,
Tho' in each Strain's a Dart;
We die by Pleaſure, not by Pain,
While thus you pierce the Heart.

SONG 159.

BEneath a Myrtle Shade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
I ſlept, and ſtraight my Love before me brought
Phillis, the Object of my waking Thought:
Undreſt ſhe came, my Flames to meet,
Whilſt Love ſtrew'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet,
Which preſt by her, became, became more ſweet.

From the bright Viſion's Head,
A careleſs Veil of Lawn was looſely ſpread;
From her white Temples fell her ſhaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sunſhine, not too brown or fair.
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inſpire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire,
But moſt her Eyes, which languiſh'd with Deſire.

Ah! charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long can you my Bliſs and yours deny;
By Nature and by Love, this lonely Shade
Was for Revenge of ſuff'ring Lovers made:
Silence and Shades with Love agree,
Both ſhelter you, and favour me,
You cannot bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

No, let me die, ſhe ſaid,
Rather than loſe the ſpotleſs Name of Maid.
Faintly ſhe ſpoke me-thought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a Smile:
Then die, ſaid I; ſhe ſtill deny'd,
And is it thus, thus, thus ſhe cry'd,
You uſe a harmleſs Maid? and ſo ſhe dy'd.

I wak'd, and ſtraight I knew,
I lov'd ſo well, it made my Dream prove true;
Fancy, the kinder Miſtreſs of the two,
Fancy had done what Phillis would not do:
Ah! cruel Nymph, ceaſe your Diſdain,
While I can dream, you ſcorn in vain:
Aſleep, or waking, you muſt eaſe my Pain.

SONG 160.

BElieve me, Jenny, for I tell you true,
Theſe Sighs, theſe Sobs, theſe Tears, are all for you;
Can you miſtruſtful of my Paſſion prove,
When every Action thus proclaims my Love?

Is't not enough, you cruel Fair,
To slight my Love, neglect my Pain?
At least, that rigid Sentence spare,
Nor say that I first caus'd you to disdain.
No, no, these silly Stories won't suffice,
Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes;
Let not Dissimulation, baser Art,
Stifle the busy Passion of your Heart:
Yet, let the Candour of your Mind
Now with your Beauty equal prove;
Which I believe ne'er yet design'd
The Death of me, and murder of my Love.

SONG. 161.

BEauty from Fancy takes its Arms,
And ev'ry common Face some Breast may move;
Some in a Look, a Shape, or Air find Charms,
To justify their Choice, or boast their Love;
But had the great Apelles seen that Face,
When he the Cyprian Goddess drew,
He had neglected all the Female Race,
Thrown his first Venus by, and copy'd you.
In that Design,
Great Nature would combine
To fix the Standard of her sacred Coin;
The charming Figure had embrac'd his Fame,
And Shrines been rais'd to Seraphina's Name.
But since no Painter e'er could take
That Face which baffles all his curious Art;
And he that strives the bold Attempt to make,
As well might paint the Secrets of the Heart.
O happy Glass, I'll thee prefer,
Content to be like thee inanimate,
Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
A better Life and Motion would create.
Her Eyes would inspire,
And like Promotheus' Fire,
At once inform the Piece, and give Desire;
The charming Phantom I would grasp, and fly
O'er all the Orb, tho' in that Moment die.
Let meaner Beauties fear the Day,
Whose Charms are fading and submit to Time;
The Graces which from them it steals away.
It with a lavish Hand still adds to thine.
The God of Love in Ambush lies,
And with his Arm surrounds the Fair;
He points his conqu'ring Arrows in these Eyes,
Then hangs a sharpned Dart at ev'ry Hair.
As with fatal Skill,
Turn which way you will,
Like Eden's flaming Sword each Way you kill;
So rip'ning Years improve rich Nature's Store,
And give Perfection to the golden Ore.

SONG 162. *Believe my Sighs, &c.*

Damon. BEhold the Birds, in Love combin'd,
In friendly Couplets move!
O would you try, you soon would find,
Like theirs my constant Love.

Cælia. Such moving Words I muſt not hear,
So fatal to a Maid;
Should I believe, too much I fear
My Love would be betray'd.

Damon. O ſmile my Dear! nor thus diſdain
The Heart which is your Prize;
Then kindly look, and eaſe my Pain,
Or wretched Damon dies.

Celia. If Damon I your Heart have won,
And cauſe you ſo to grieve;
I, in exchange have loſt my own,
Which I can ne'er retrieve.

Dam. Then ſince our mutual Love we've ſhewn,
No more my Dear, torment.

Celia. Altho' I'm willing, I muſt own,
I dare not yet conſent.

Damon. To yonder Shade we'll ſtrait repair,
And be for ever bleſt.

Celia. Your Tongue's ſo ſweet, I muſt declare,
I can no more reſiſt.

SONG 163.

BElinda, ſee from yonder Flow'rs
The Bee flies loaded to its Cell;
Can you perceive what it devours,
Are they impair'd in Shew or Smell?

So tho' I robb'd you of a Kiſs,
Sweeter than their ambroſial Dew,
Why are you angry at my Bliſs,
Has it at all impoveriſh'd you?

'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,
In ſpite of your unkind Reſerve,
To keep my famiſh'd Love alive,
Which you inhumanly would ſtarve.

SONG 164.

By a murm'ring Stream a fair Shepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft' times heard (her ſay,
To tell Strephon I die, if he paſſes this Way,
And that Love is the Cauſe of my Mourning.

Falſe Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms, (warms;
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold Heart never
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his Arms,
Oh Strephon! the Cauſe of my Mourning.

But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go
Down to the Shades below,
Ere ye let Strephon know
That I have lov'd him ſo;
Then on my pale Cheek no Bluſhes will ſhow,
That Love was the Cauſe of my Mourning.

Her Eyes were ſcarce cloſed when Strephon came by;
He thought ſhe had been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh;

But finding her breathleſs, oh Heavn's! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the Cauſe of my Mourning.
Reſtore me my Chloris, ye Nymphs uſe your Art!
They ſighing reply'd, 'twas yourſelf ſhot the Dart,
That wounded the tender young Sheperdeſs' Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with Mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead,
Wounded by me! he ſaid,
I'll follow thee chaſte Maid,
Down to the ſilent Shade.
Then on her cold ſnowy Breaſt leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with Mourning.

SONG 165.

BUSY, curious thirſty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my Cup,
Couldſt thou ſip and ſip it up:
Make the moſt of Life you may,
Life is ſhort, and wears away,
Life is, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Haſt'ning quick to their decline.
Thine's a Summer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to Threeſcore;
Threeſcore Summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as ſhort as one,
Will appear, &c.

SONG 166.

BAcchus muſt now his Power reſign,
I am the only God of Wine;
It is not fit that Rogue ſhould be
In Competition ſet with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new World, ye Pow'rs divine,
Stock it with nothing elſe but Wine;
Let Wine its only Product be,
Let Wine be Earth, be Air, and Sea,
And let that Wine be all for me.

Let other Mortals vainly wear
A tedious Life in Anxious Care:
Let the Ambitious toil and think,
Let States or Empires ſwim or ſink,
My ſole Ambition is to drink.

SONG 167.

BRitons, where is your great Magnanimity?
Where's your boaſted Courage flown?
Quite perverted to Puſillanimity,
Scarce to call yourſelves your own.

What your Anceſtors won ſo victoriouſly,
Crown'd with Conqueſt in the Field;
You'd Relinquiſh; and O moſt ingloriouſly,
To Oppreſſion tamely yield.

Freedom now for her Flight makes Preparative,
See her weeping quit the Shore;
Britain's Loſs will be then paſt Comparative,
Never to behold her more.

Gracious God! to aſſiſt exurgitate,
Stretch forth thy vindictive Hand;
Make Oppreſſors their Plunder regurgitate,
And preſerve a ſinking Land.

SONG 168.

BLeſs Mortals, bleſs the clearing Light,
That flows from Cælia's Eyes;
For never did a Star ſo bright
In Beauty's Heav'n riſe:
And whilſt a Crown's uneaſy Weight,
And all the mighty Toils of State
She ſoftens with her Charms,
Bleſs bleſs the happy Monarch in her Arms.
Who lives that does not yield to Love,
And oft his Joys renew?
And yet how few in Kings approve,
What they themſelves purſue?
The murm'ring Crowd themſelves afford
The Pleaſure they deny their Lord,
Tho' Love is Empire's Dower,
To recompence the Slavery of Power.

SONG 169.

BLanduſia! Nymph of this fair Spring
Appear, while we your Virtues ſing;
While ſwelling Notes do raiſe your Name,
And flowing Numbers ſpread your Fame.
See! round your Wells we thronging ſtand;
Now gently wave your ſacred Wand,
And touch the yielding Mountain's Brow,
And let your healing Waters flow.

They cure the thinking Matron's Spleen,
The longing Virgin's ſickly Green;
Cool the good Fellow's glowing Veins,
And purge a raving Poet's Brains.
You mingle with 'em pureſt Air,
Which ſtreams from Hills that touch the Sky!
That ſpacious Valley yields the Fair,
Which feeds the vaſt luxurious Eye.

The greateſt Danties here we ſee!
Delicious Villa's, ſweeteſt Groves;
Each Thing in full Maturity,
Which courts the Eye, or Fancy moves.
With what Varieties the bright,
The noble Thames regales the Sight!
Cover'd with Barks which Plenty brings,
The Sweets of Zephyr's laden Wings.

His gliding by Elyſian Fields,
In frequent Twines ſtrange Pleaſure yields;
And thoſe ſo near fair wat'ry Plains,
Where ride ſuch royal Fleets of Swains.

Two Chiefs, I've ſeen, with pleaſing Pain,
A long and bloody Fight maintain;
Ruffled and under Sail, like Jove,
Stemming the ſtronger Tide of Love.

SONG 170.

BEneath a Beech's grateful Shade
Young Collin lay complaining;
He ſigh'd, and ſeem'd to love a Maid,
Without Hopes of obtaining:
For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,
Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
Yet Peggy I muſt love thee.

Say Peggy, what has Collin done,
That thus you cruelly uſe him?
If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone,
For which you ſhould excuſe him:
'Twas thy dear ſelf firſt rais'd this Flame,
This Fire by which I languiſh;
'Tis thou alone canſt quench the ſame,
And cool my ſcorching Anguiſh.

For thee I leave the ſportive Plain,
Where every Maid invites me;
For thee, ſole Cauſe of all my Pain,
For thee that only ſlights me:
This Love that fires my faithful Heart,
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! wouldſt thou act ſo good a Part,
My Grief might ſoon be ended.

That beauteous Breaſt, ſo oft to feel,
Seem'd Tenderneſs all over;
Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
'Gainſt thy deſpairing Lover.

Alas! tho'it ſhould ne'er relent,
Nor Collin's Care ne'er move thee,
Yet till Life's lateſt Breath is ſpent,
My Peggy, I muſt love thee.

SONG 171.

BRight Cynthia's Pow'r divinely Great,
What Heart is not obeying?
A thouſand Cupids on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing.
She ſeems the Queen of Love to reign;
For ſhe alone diſpenſes
Such Sweets as beſt can entertain
The Gluſt of all the Senſes.

Her Face a charming Proſpect brings,
Her Breath gives balmy Bliſſes;
I hear an Angel when ſhe ſings,
And taſte of Heav'n in Kiſſes.
Four Senſes thus ſhe feaſts with Joy,
From Nature's richeſt Treaſure:
Let me the other Senſe employ,
And I ſhall die with Pleaſure.

SONG 172.

BElinda! with affected Mein,
Tries all the Pow'r of Art;
Yet finds her Efforts all in vain,
To gain a ſingle Heart:

Whilſt Chloe, in a different Way,
Is but herſelf to pleaſe,
And makes new Conqueſts every Day,
Without one borrow'd Grace.

Belinda's haughty Air deſtroys
What native Charms inſpire;
While Chloe's artleſs ſhining Eyes
Set all the World on Fire:
Belinda may our Pity move,
But Chloe gives us Pain;
And while ſhe ſmiles us into Love,
Her Siſter frowns in vain.

SONG 173.

BOrn with the Vices of my Kind,
I were inconſtant too,
Dear Cynthia could I rambling find
More Beauty than in you.

The rolling Surges of my Blood,
By Virtue now ebb'd low;
Should a new Show'r encreaſe the Flood,
Too ſoon 'twou'd overflow.

But Frailty, when thy Face I ſee,
Does modeſtly retire;
Uncommon muſt her Graces be,
Whoſe Look can bound Deſire.

Not to my Virtue, but thy Power,
This Conſtancy is due;
When Change itſelf can give no more,
'Tis eaſy to be true.

SONG 174.

BY the gaily circling Glaſs,
We can ſee how Minutes paſs;
By the hollow Caſk are told
How the waining Night grows old.

Soon, too ſoon, the buſy Day
Drives us from our Sports and Play.
What have we with Day to do?
Sons of Care! 'twas made for you.

SONG 175.

BY dimbled Brook, and Fountain Brim,
The Wood Nymphs deck'd with Daiſies trim,
Their merry Wakes and Paſtimes keep:
What has Night to do with Sleep?

Night has better Sweets to prove?
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love:
Come, let us our Rites begin;
'Tis only Day-light that makes Sin.

SONG 176.

BAccchus, God of mortal Pleaſure,
Ever give me thy dear Treaſure,
How I long for t'other Quart!
Drowſy Waiter,
Since 'tis no later,
Why ſhould good Companions part?

He that's willing,
Whip a Shilling,
Follow this Example round.

If you wear a lib'ral Spirit,
Put about the gen'rous Claret,
After Death no Drinking's found.

SONG 177.

BLeſt as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while,
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile!
So ſpoke the Eaſtern Maid;
(Like thine, ſeraphick were her Charms)
That in Circaſſia's Vineyard ſtray'd,
And bleſt the wiſeſt Monarch's Arms.

A thouſand Fair, of high Deſert,
Strove to enchant the am'rous King;
But the Circaſſian gain'd his Heart,
And taught the royal Bard to ſing.
Clarinda thus our Song inſpires,
And claims the ſmooth and ſofteſt Lays:
But while each Charm our Boſom fires,
Words ſeem too few to ſound her Praiſe.

Her Mind in ev'ry Grace compleat,
To paint, ſurpaſſes human Skill:
Her Majeſty, mixt with the Sweet,
Let Seraphs ſing her, if they will.
Whilſt wand'ring, with a raviſh'd Eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a Siſter of the Sky,
To whom an Adoration's due.

SONG 178.

BY drinking drive dull Care away,
Be briſk and airy,
Never vary
In your Tempers, but be gay:
Let Mirth know no Ceſſation.
We all were born (Mankind agree)
From dull Reflection to be free,
But he that drinks not, cannot be:
Then anſwer your Creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,
Then all our whining,
Wiſhing, Striving,
To embrace what Beauty yields,
Is left when in Poſſeſſion;
But Bacchus ſends ſuch Treaſure forth,
Poſſeſſion never palls its Worth,
We always wiſh'd for't from our Birth,
And ſhall for ever wiſh-on.

All Malice here is flung aſide,
Each take his Glaſs,
No Healths do paſs,
Nor Party Feuds here e'er abide,
They nought but Ill occaſion;
We only meet to celebrate,
The Day which brought us to this State,
But not to curſe, nor yet to hate,
The Hour of our Creation.

SONG 179.

BE gone old Care, I prethee be gone from me;
Be gone, old Care, you and I ſhall never agree:
Long Time you have been vexing me,
And fain you would me kill;
But efaith old Care,
Thou never ſhalt have thy Will.

Too much Care will make a young Man look grey,
And too much Care will turn an old Man to Clay:
Come you ſhall dance, and I will ſing,
So merrily we will play;
For I hold it one of the wiſeſt Things,
To drive old Care away.

SONG 180.

BLow, blow Boreas blow, and let thy ſurly Winds
Make the Billows foam and roar;
Thou canſt no Terror breed in valiant Minds,
But ſpite of thee we'll live, and find a Shore.

Then chear, my Mates, and be not aw'd,
But keep the Gun-Room clear;
Tho' Hell's broke looſe, and the Devils roar abroad,
Whilſt we have Sea-room here Boys, never fear.

Hey! how ſhe toſſes up, how far!
The mounting Top-maſt touch'd a Star;
The meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we came;
And, Salamander like, we liv'd in Flame.
But now, now we ſink! now we go
Down to the deepeſt Shades below:
Alas! alas! where are we now!
Who, who can tell?
Sure 'tis the loweſt Room of Hell,
Or where the Sea-Gods dwell:
With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign;
With them we'll laugh, and ſing, and drink amain:
But ſee! we mount! ſee! ſee! we riſe again!

SONG 181.

BElieve my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear,
Believe the Heart you've won:
Believe my Vows to you ſincere,
Or Moggy I'm undone.
You ſay I'm fickle, and apt to change
At ev'ry Face that's new,
But, of all the Girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My Heart was but a Lump of Ice,
'Till warm'd by your bright Eyes;
But ah! it kindled in a trice,
A Flame which never dies.

Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,
Tho' you ſay I am not true;
Of all the Girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

SONG 182.

BEſſy's Beauties ſhine ſae bright,
Were her many Virtues fewer,
She wad ever give Delight,
And in Tranſport make me view her,
Bonny Beſſy, thee alane,
Love I, naithing elſe about thee;
With thy Comelineſs I'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

Beſſy's Boſom's faſt and warm,
Milk-white fingers ſtill employ'd;
He who takes her to his Arm,
Of her Sweets can ne'er be cloy'd,
My dear Beſſy when the Roſes
Leave thy Cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Virtue, which thy Mind diſcloſes,
Will keep Love frae growing caulder.

Beſſy's Toucher is but ſcanty,
Yet her Face and Soul diſcovers
Thoſe enchanting Sweets in Plenty,
Muſt entice a thouſand Lovers.
It's not Money, but a Woman
Of a Temper kind and eaſy,
That gives Happineſs uncommon,
Petted Things can nought but teaze ye.

SONG 183.

BEneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid,
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill—O;
A'lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove
Around her with good Will—O;
Her Boſom I preſt, but, ſunk in her Reſt,
She ſtirdna my Joys to ſpill—O
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by Command, in Flanders to land,
T'employ my Courage and Skill—O,
Frae'er quietly I ſtaw, hoiſt Sails and awa,
For Wind blew fair on the Bill—O:
Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraiſing Fame
Tald me with a Voice right ſhrill—O,
My Laſs, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,
Nor kend who had done her the Ill—O
Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell—O.
Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth ſhe, let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O.
Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand
And bad her a' her Fears expell—O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
Wha had done her the Deed my ſell—O.

My bonny ſweet Laſs, on the Gowany Graſs,
Beneath the Shilling-Hill—O,

If I did offence, I'se make ye amends
Before I leave Peggy's Mill—O.
O the Mill, Mill—O, and the Kill, Kill—O,
And the Cogging of the Wheel—;
The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a Sodger-reel—O

SONG 184.

BUsk ye, busk ye, my bony Bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Bride,
Busk and go to the Braes of Yarrow;
There will we sport and gather Dew,
Dancing while Lavrocks sing the Morning;
There learn frae Turtles to prove true;
O Bell ne'er vex me with thy Scorning.

To westlin Breezes Flora yields,
And when the Beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears all o'er the Fields,
And Nature looks mair fresh and charming,
Learn frae the Burns that trace the Mead,
Tho' on their Banks the Roses blossom,
Yet Hastilie they flow to Tweed,
And pour their Sweetness in his Bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bony Bell,
Haste to my Arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free Consent my Fears repel,
I'll with my Love and Care reward thee.
Thus sang I saftly to my Fair,
Who rais'd my Hopes without relenting.
O Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair,
Since now my bony Bell's consenting.

SONG 185.

BEauty is not what I pray,
I ask no shining Graces;
Cælia has another Way,
Without the Tricks of Faces,
So our Humours still agree,
Kind Heav'n, it's enough for me.

Mere Fruition is a Joy
But of a Moment's lasting,
Fruit that doth so quickly cloy,
It surfeits but with tasting:
No true Bliss in Love we find,
Unless two Bodies share one Mind.

SONG 186.

PATIE.

BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rolling Eye, which smiling tell the Truth,
I gues my Lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done;
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye;
Red-cheak'd you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff Year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's Arms for good and a':
But ſtint your Wiſhes to this frank Embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.

PATIE.

O charming Armsſu'! hence, ye Cares, away,
I'll kiſs my Treaſure a' the live lang Day:
A' Night I'll dream my Kiſſes o'er again,
'Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin Skies,
Gang ſoon to Bed, and quickly riſe;
O laſh your Steeds, poſt Time away,
And haſte about our Bridal Day:
And if ye're weary'd, honeſt Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.

SONG 187. *There's my Thumb.*

BOaſt no more, fond Swain of Pleaſure,
That the fickle Fair can give thee;
Believe me, 'tis a Fairy Treaſure,
And all thy Hopes will ſoon deceive thee.
Sweet's the Morn, but quickly flying;
Her Smiles I've known, and her Diſdaining:
The Flow'r is fair, but quickly dying;
And Chloe ſtill will be complaining.

SONG 188.

BEtty early gone a Maying,
Met her Sweetheart Willie ſtraying;
Deſign or Chance, no Matter whether,
But this we know, he reaſon'd with her.

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles cooing,
Fondly Billing, kindly wooing;
See how ev'ry Buſh diſcovers
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving,
Ev'ry Moment ſtill improving:
Love and Nature wiſely leads 'em:
Love and Nature ne'er miſguides 'em.

See how the op'ning bluſhing Roſe,
Does all her ſecret Charms diſcloſe;
Sweet's the Time, ah! ſhort's the Meaſure,
Of our fleeting, haſty Pleaſure.

Quickly we muſt ſnatch the Bliſſes
Of their ſoft and fragrant Kiſſes;
To-day they bloom, they fade To-morrow,
Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

Time, my Beſs, will leave no Traces
Of thoſe Beauties, of thoſe Graces;

Youth and Love forbid our ſtaying;
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Deareſt Maid! nay, do not fly me,
Let your Pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful Willie,
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG 189.

BAcchus is a Pow'r divine,
For he no ſooner fills my Head
With mighty Wine,
But all my Cares reſign,
And droop, and droop, and ſink down dead:
Then, then the pleaſing Thoughts begin,
And I in Riches flow,
At leaſt I fancy ſo;
And without Thought of Want I ſing,
Stretch'd on the Earth, my Head all around,
With Flow'rs weav'd into a Garland, crown'd;
Then, then I begin to live,
And ſcorn what all the World can ſhew or give.
Let the brave Fools that fondly think
Of Honour, and delight
To make a Noiſe, a Noiſe, and fight,
Go ſeek out War, whilſt I ſeek Peace,
Whilſt I ſeek Peace, ſeek Peace and Drink,
Whilſt I ſeek Peace, ſeek Peace and Drink.
Then fill my Glaſs, fill, fill it high;
Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die:
But when Bottles are rang'd,
Make War with me,
The fighting Fool ſhall ſee,
When I am ſunk,
The Diff'rence to lie Dead,
And lie dead Drunk:
The fighting Fool, &c.

SONG 190.

BE wary my Cælia, when Celadon ſues,
Theſe Wits are the Bane of your Charms:
Beauty, play'd againſt Reaſon, will certainly loſe,
Warring naked with Robbers in Arms.

Young Damon, deſpis'd for his Plainneſs of Parts,
Has Worth that a Woman ſhould prize;
He'll run the Race out, tho' he heavily ſtarts,
And diſtance the ſhort-winded Wiſe.

Your Fool is a Saint in the Temple of Love,
And kneels all his Life there to pray;
Your Wit but looks in, and make Haſte to remove,
'Tis a Stage he but takes in his Way.

SONG 191.

BRing out your Coney-ſkins,
Bring out your Coney-ſkins Maids to me,
And hold them fair that I may ſee,

Grey, black, and blue: For the ſmaller Skins,
I'll give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins,
And for your whole Coney
Here's ready Money.
Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin
With thy black Coney, thy black Coney-ſkin,
And Mary and Joan will follow
With their ſilver-hair'd Skins and yellow:
The white Coney-ſkin I will not lay by;
For tho' it be faint, it is fair to the Eye:
The grey it is worn, but yet for my Money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney:
Come away, fair Maids, your Skins will decay,
Come and take Money, Maids, put your Wares away:
Ha'ye any Coney-ſkins, ha'ye any Coney-ſkins,
Ha'ye any Coney-ſkins here to ſell?

SONG 192.

BLab not what you ought to ſmother;
Honour's Laws ſhould ſacred be:
Boaſting Favours from another,
Ne'er will Favour gain with me,
Ne'er will Favour gain with me.

But, inſpir'd with Indignation,
Sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell,
Ere I'd truſt my Reputation
With ſuch Fools as kiſs and tell,
With ſuch Fools as kiſs and tell.

He who finds a hidden Treaſure,
Never ſhould the ſame reveal:
He whom Beauty crowns with Pleaſure,
Cautious ſhould his Joy conceal,
Cautious ſhould his Joy conceal.

Him with whom my Heart I'll venture,
Shall my Fame from Cenſure ſave;
One where Truth and Prudence center,
And as ſecret as the Grave,
And as ſecret as the Grave.

SONG 193.

BLYTH Jockey young and gay,
Is all my Heart's Delight;
He's all my Talk by Day,
And all my Dreams by Night.
If from the Lad I be,
'Tis Winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis Summer all the Year.

When I and Jockey met
First on the flow'ry Dale,
Right ſweetly he me tret,
And Love was all his Tale:
You are the Laſs, ſaid he,
That ſtaw my Heart frae me:
O eaſe me of my Pain,
And never ſhaw Diſdain.

Well can my Jockey kyth
His Love and Courteſie:
He made my Heart full blyth
When he firſt ſpake to me.

His Suit I ſtill deny'd,
He kiſs'd, and I comply'd:
Sae Jockey promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jockey comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis Night when Jockey glooms,
But when he ſmiles, 'tis Day:
When our Eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, ſigh, and faint;
What Laſs that wad be kind,
Can better tell her Mind?

SONG 194.

BEauty and Love once fell at odds,
And thus revil'd each other:
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,
And thou wait'ſt on my Mother:
Thou had'ſt no Power on Man at all,
But what I gave to thee;
Nor are you longer ſweet or fair,
Than Men acknowledge me.

Away, fond Boy, then Beauty cry'd,
We know that thou art blind;
And Men of noble Parts, when try'd,
Our Graces better find.
'Twas I begot the mortal Snow,
And kindled Men's Deſires;
I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
And Wings to fan thy Fires,
Cupid and Anger flung away,
And thus to Vulcan pray'd,
That he would tip his Shaft with Scorn,
To puniſh this proud Maid:
So ever ſince Beauty has been
But courted for an Hour;
To love a Day is held a Sin
'Gainſt Cupid and his Power.

SONG 195.

BRiſk Claret and Sherry
Will make us all merry;
Then fill the Glaſs, fill the Glaſs readily round;
Put it o'er the left Thumb,
Tho' the Company's Dumb,
'Twill open their Pipes with a muſical Sound.
'Twill open, &c.
Then ſo, la, me, fa,
With a Note on ela;
Then higher, then higher perhaps it may riſe.
Fill a Bumper about,
For without any Doubt,
Jolly Bacchus, jolly Bacchus is prais'd to the (Skies,
Is prais'd to the Skies.

SONG 196.

BLow, blow, thou Winter's Wind;
Thou art not ſo unkind
As Man's Ingratitude.
Thy Tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy Breath be rude.

Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green Holly;
Moſt Friendſhip is feigning, moſt Loving meer Folly:
Then heigh ho, the Holly;
This Life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh,
As Benefits forgot.
Tho' thou the Waters warp,
Thy Sting is not ſo ſharp,
As Friends remembred not.
Heigh ho! ſing, &c.

SONG 197.

BY the Beer as brown as Berry,
By the Cyder and the Perry,
Which ſo oft has made us merry.
With a hy down, ho down, derry, &c.

Maxelinda's I'll remain;
True Blue will never ſtain:
Maxelinda's I'll remain;
True Blue will never ſtain.
True, &c.

SONG 198.

BElinda's Pride's an errant Cheat,
A fooliſh Artifice to blind;
Some honeſt Glance that ſcorns Deceit
Does ſtill reveal her Native Mind.

With Look demure, and forc'd Diſdain,
She idly acts the Saint;
We ſee thro' this Diſguiſe as plain
As we diſtinguiſh Paint.

So have I ſeen grave Fools deſign,
With formal Looks to paſs for wiſe;
But Nature is a Light will ſhine,
And break thro' all Diſguiſe.

SONG 199.

BEhold the Brand of Beauty toſt!
See how the Motion does dilate the Flame!
Delighted Love his Spoils does boaſt,
And triumphs in this Game.
Fire, to no Place confin'd,
Is both our Wonder, and our Fear;
Moving the Mind,
As Lightning hurled thro' the Air.

High Heav'n the Glory does increaſe
Of all the ſhining Lamps, this artful Way;
The Sun in Figures, ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the Moon to play:
To the ſweet Strains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own Spheres;
As this Nymph's Dance
Moves with the Numbers which ſhe hears.

SONG 200.

BLuſh not redder than the Morning,
Tho' the Virgins gave you Warning;
Sigh not at the Chance befel ye,
Tho' they ſmile and dare not tell ye.

Maids, like Turtles, love the Cooing,
Bill and Murmur in their Wooing.
Thus, like you, they ſtart and tremble,
And their troubled Joys diſſemble.

Graſp the Pleaſure while 'tis coming;
Tho' your Beauties now are blooming,
Time at laſt our Joys will ſever,
And they'll part, they'll part for ever.

SONG 201.

COllin, one Day, in angry Mood,
Becauſe Myrtilla, whom he lov'd,
Laugh'd at his Flame, and mock'd his Sighs;
Thus fervently to Jove applies:
O! Jove, thou ſovereign God, above,
Who know'ſt the Pains of ſlighted Love;
Hear a poor Mortal's Prayer and take
All the whole Sex for Pity's Sake:
And then we Men might live at eaſe,
Secure of Happineſs and Peace,
And then, &c.

Jove kindly heard; he pray'd not twice:
And took the Women in a trice.
When Collin ſaw the Coaſt was clear;
For not a ſingle Girl was here:
Reflecting with himſelff, twas kind
Says he, to gratify my Mind.
But now my Paſſion's o'er, O! Jove
Give me Myrtilla back, my Love:
Let me, with her, on Earth be bleſs'd;
And keep in Heaven all the reſt,
And keep, &c.

SONG 202.

CAn Love be controul'd by Advice;
Can Madneſs and Reaſon agree?
O Molly who'd ever be wiſe,
If Madneſs is loving of thee.

Let Sages pretend to deſpiſe
The Joys they want Spirits to taſte;
Let me ſeize on old Time as he flies,
And the Bleſſings of Life while they laſt.

Dull Wiſdom but adds to our Cares;
Briſk Love will improve ev'ry Joy:
Too ſoon we may meet with grey Hairs;
Too late may repent being coy.

Then Molly, for what ſhould we ſtay,
Till all our beſt Blood does run cold?
Our Youth we can have but To-day;
We may always find time to grow old.

SONG 203.

COme let's be merry, let's be airy;
'Tis a Folly to be ſad:
For ſince the World's grown mad, mad, mad;
Why ſhould we alone be wiſe,
And like dull Fools, and like dull Fools, and like dull Fools,
Gaze at other Men's Joys?

Let not To-morrow bring you Sorrow,
Whilſt the Stream of Tide flows on:
For when the bliſsful Day is paſt,
Still endeavonr that the next
Be full as gay, be full as gay, be full as gay,
And as little perplex'd.

If you have Leiſure, follow Pleaſure;
Let not one Hour of Bliſs paſs by:

For as the fleeting Minutes fly;
Time it will your Youth decay:
Then ſtrive to live, then ſtrive to live, then
ſtrive to live,
And be bleſs'd whilſt you may.

If you have plenty, nought will torment you,
But yet yourſelf, Yourſelf may annoy;
Hearty and true are the poor Man's Joy:
Gladly yielding, the Minutes paſs.
But when old Time three times
Shakes, he drinks off his Glaſs.

SONG 204.

COme Roſalind, O! come and ſee,
What Pleaſures are in Store for thee:
The Flowers in all their Sweets appear;
The Fields their gayeſt Beauties wear.

The joyful Birds in ev'ry Grove,
Now warble out their Songs of Love:
For thee, they ſing, and Roſes bloom,
And Colin thee invites to come.

Come Roſalind and Colin join;
My tender Flocks and all are thine:
If Love and Roſalind are here,
'Tis May and Pleaſure all the Year.

Come ſee a Cottage and a Swain;
Thou canſt my Love nor Gifts diſdain:
Leave all behind, no longer ſtay,
For Colin calls thee, haſte away.

SONG 205.

COme all ye young Lovers, who wan with
Deſpair,
Compoſe idle Sonnets, and ſigh for the Fair,
Who puff up their Pride by enchanting their
Charms,
And tell them 'tis Heaven to lie in their Arms:
Be wiſe by Example, take Pattern from me,
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free,
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I ſaw in the Net I was
caught,
I ly'd, and I flatter'd, as Cuſtom had taught;
I preſs'd her to Bliſs, which ſhe granted full
ſoon;
But the Date of my Paſſion expir'd with the
Moon.
She vow'd ſhe was ruin'd; I ſaid it might be:
I'm ſorry my Dear, but by Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis, as bright as
the Morn;
The Love that I proffer'd, ſhe treated with
Scorn.
I laugh'd at her Folly, and told her my Mind,
That none can be handſome, but ſuch as are
kind:
Her Pride and Ill-nature was loſt upon me;
For in ſpight of fair Faces, by Jove I'll be
free, &c.

Let others call Marriage the Harbour of Joys,
Calm Peace I delight in, and fly from all Noiſe;
Some chuſe to be hamper'd, 'tis ſure a ſtrange Rage,
Like Birds they ſing beſt, when put in a Cage,
Confinement's the Devil, 'twas ne'er made for me,
Let who will be Bond-ſlaves, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

Then let each briſk Bumper run over the Glaſs,
In a Toaſt to the young and beautiful Laſs,
Who's yielding and eaſy, preſcribes no dull Rule,
Nor thinks it a Wonder a Lover ſhould cool,
Let us bill like the Sparrow, and rove like the Bee,
For in ſpight of grave Leſſons, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

SONG 206.

COME ye Heroes fam'd in Story,
For the great Exploits you've done,
And record the laſting Glory,
Of great George's warlike Son.
He whoſe brave undaunted Spirit,
In his Sire and Country's Cauſe,
Shines amongſt diſtinguiſh'd Merit,
And has gain'd the World's Applauſe.

Flanders firſt beheld with Wonder,
When his Proweſs he diſplay'd,
And tho' 'midſt of Gallick Thunder,
He, brave Soul, was ne'er diſmay'd.
Tho' in Battle there defeated,
None could him or his Army blame,
For in Order they retreated,
And by Numbers was o'ercame.

When Britannia ſeem'd to languiſh,
And requir'd his Preſence here,
To aſſwage the Nation's Anguiſh,
See the Martial Youth appear,
To relieve each Subject ſighing,
How he haſten'd to their Aid,
Swift as Lightning ſee him flying,
Whilſt as ſwift the Rebels fled.

Trembling ſtill they fly before him,
At the Sound of William's Name,
Whilſt his Followers all adore him,
And each Soldier ſpreads his Fame.
May the choiceſt Bliſs attend him,
And where e'er the Hero goes,
May kind Heav'n ſtill befriend him,
To ſubdue his Country's Foes.

SONG 207.

COme liſten a while my Friends to my Ditty
The which I ſhall now tell you here,
This Story was told which I ſhall unfold,
It was over a Pot of good Beer.

When Money was plenty, but now its grown
scanty,
And Riches did merrily flow,
But now all the Nation is full of Vexation,
When the Times will mend no-body knows.

Here is Bite upon Bite, a Knave's the best Man,
Wise Men without Money are Fools,
Cheats, Bites and Knaves, makes honest Men
Slaves,
It's Money that bares now the Rule,
A Gentleman born is now held in scorn,
If by Crosses he fall to decay,
He's despis'd like a Beggar, both by Friend
and Neighbour,
The more is the Pity I say.

A Man that is wise, he saves up his Money,
To serve for a cold Winter's Day,
It will stand his best Friend, he will find in
his End,
When his Friends they are all flown away.
A Wife that in Summer provides for the Win-
ter,
He's blest that has got such a Dame,
For a kind loving Wife is the Joy of Man's Life,
So is Victuals and Money the same.

It would move you with Pity, to walk thro'
the City,
To hear the poor Tradesmen complain,
Kind Heaven that sent us a plentiful Season,
But the Rich they enjoyeth the same.

There's Provision enough, and good I declare,
But the Poor have no Money to buy,
We have a Sight and a Smell, when the Rich
have their fill,
They won't hear cold Charity cry.

Bumbailiffs and Lawyers deliciously fare,
Their Trade it goes merrily on,
For we must have Food, and Cloaths for to
wear,
Tho' in Debt for the same we do run.
This great World's but a Pain, our Labour's
in vain,
Let's drink with a merry good Cheer,
Who knows but kind Fortune will turn once
again,
And the Times will be better next Year.

Let's down with all Sorrow, who knows but
To-morrow
We die with a Heart full of Care;
This World's but a Bite, if you'll take me but
right,
As plainly it now does appear,
He plays his Cards fair, that can lie and swear,
And get all his Money by the Bite,
He lives and grows great, whilst an honest
Man's Fate,
Is to labour and get little by't.
A Man that loves Sotting will never grow rich,
The Publick does get all his Store,
I pity that honest Man, with all my Heart,
That in Marriage is join'd to a Whore.

And a Wife that loves Gin, will make his
Back thin;
Her Children by Poverty's known:
And he that meddles with Matters of State,
Had better to let it alone.

SONG 208.

COme ever ſmiling Liberty,
And with the bring thy jocund Train.
Come ever, &c.
Come ever ſmiling, ſmiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
And with the bring thy jocund, jocund,
jo---cund Train,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
Thy jocund Train,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train:
For thee we pant and ſigh,
For thee we pant, &c.
With whom eternal Pleaſures reign;
For thee we pant and ſigh,
For thee, &c.
With whom eternal Pleaſures reign.
Come ever ſmiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train.
Come ever ſmiling Liberty,
Come ever ſmiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
Thy jo---cund Train,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train.

SONG 209.

CHarming Dione, lovely Fair;
Sweeteſt of thy Sex, adieu.
Charming Dione, lovely Fair;
Sweeteſt of thy Sex, adieu:
Angels take her to your Care,
Since ſhe moſt reſembles you.
Angels take her to your Care,
Since ſhe moſt reſembles you.
Choirs of Angels, Choirs of Angels,
Choirs of Angels, Choirs of Angels,
Shall lull her Soul to reſt.

SONG 210.

CAN you leave ranging,
Ne'er think of changing,
And conſtant grow?
No. Reform and marry? No,
In Love ne'er vary? No.
You'd ſoon be weary,
And from me go.
You'd wiſh to leave me——
I'd wiſh to leave you——
You wou'd deceive me——
I wou'd deceive you,
Your Fate you know;
I would deceive you,
Your Fate you know.

SONG 211.

CAN I view a doating Aſs,
Cringing to a ſcornful Laſs,

W.N.H. Bibl. Bodl. HART

And not burſt my Sides with ha, ha, ha?
Or behold a haughty Fair.
Giving Sentence of Deſpair,
Nor the Farce deride with ha, ha, ha?

Tho' I flatter, ſigh, and whine,
When I hope to have her mine;
Yet when Frolick makes her prance,
I give Muſick to her Dance,
And tune her Pride with ha, ha, ha?

SONG 212.

CAN then a Look create a Thought,
Which Time can ne'er remove?
Yes, fooliſh Heart, again thou'rt caught,
Again thou bleed'ſt for Love.

She ſees the Conqueſt of her Eyes,
Nor heals the Wounds ſhe gave;
She ſmiles, whene'er his Bluſhes riſe;
And ſighing, ſhuns her Slave.

Then, Swain, be bold, and ſtill adore her,
Still her flying Charms purſue;
Love and Friendſhip both implore her,
Pleading Night and Day for you.

SONG 213.

CAuld be the Rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody;
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt,
Strung a' up in a Woody.

Bleſt be he of Worth and Senſe,
And very high his Station,
That bravely ſtands in his Defence
Of Conſcience, King, and Nation.

SONG 214.

CÆlia too late you wou'd repent,
The offering all your Store,
Is now but like a Pardon ſent
To one that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the Bliſs too late,
You hindred me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When firſt my Court I made;
But when your Falſhoods plain appear,
My Love no longer ſtay'd.

Your Bounty of theſe Favours ſhown,
Whoſe Worth you firſt deface,
Is melting valu'd Medals down,
And giving us the Braſs.

O! ſince the Thing we beg's a Toy,
That's priz'd by Love alone;
Why cannot Women grant the Joy
Before the Love is gone.

SONG 215.

CÆlia let not Pride undo you,
Love and Life fly ſwiftly on;
Let not Damon ſtill purſue you,
Still in vain, till Love is gone:
See how fair the blooming Roſe is;
See by all how juſtly priz'd:

But when it its Beauty loſes,
See the wither'd Thing deſpis'd.
When theſe Charms that Youth have lent you,
Like the Roſes are decay'd:
Cælia you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a Maid?
Die a Maid! die a Maid! die a Maid!
Cælia you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a Maid!

SONG 216.

CÆlia hoard thy Charms no more;
Beauty's like the Miſer's Treaſure,
Still the vain Poſſeſſor's poor:
What are Riches without Pleaſure?
Endleſs Pains the Miſer takes,
To encreaſe his Heaps of Money;
Lab'ring Bees his Pattern makes,
Yet he fears to taſte his Honey.
Views, with aching Eyes, his Store;
Trembling, leſt he chance to loſe it:
Pining ſtill for want of more,
Tho' the Wretch wants Pow'r to uſe it.
Cælia thus, with endleſs Arts,
Spends her Days, her Charms improving;
Lab'ring ſtill to conquer Hearts,
Yet ne'er taſtes the Sweets of Loving.
Views, with Pride, her Shape, her Face,
Fancying ſtill ſhe's under Twenty;
Age brings wrinkles on a-pace,
While ſhe ſtarves with all her Plenty.
Soon or late they both will find
Time their Idol from them ſever;
He muſt leave his Gold behind,
Lock'd within his Grave for ever.
Cælia's Fate will ſtill be worſe,
When her fading Charms deceive her;
Vain Deſire will be her Curſe,
When no Mortal will relieve her.
Cælia hoard thy Charms no more;
Beauty's like the Miſer's Treaſure:
Taſte a little of thy Store;
What is Beauty without Pleaſure?

SONG 217.

CÆlia, charming Cælia, hear me,
Liſten to a Lover's Vow.
Smile thou lovely Nymph and chear me,
Let no Frown deform thy Brow,
Let no Frown deform thy Brow.
Tell me, is't a Crime to love you,
Whom the Gods have made ſo fair?
Let my Sighs and Prayers move you,
And reward a Love ſincere.
'Tis not, 'tis not wild Deſire,
But the ſofteſt Pains of Love;
Cheriſh then a noble Fire,
And the generous Flame improve.
Lovely Cælia, I adore you,
Kindly eaſe a Lover's Smart;
I ne'er lov'd a Maid before you,
You alone poſſeſs my Heart.

Think, my Dear, how frail is Beauty ;
Think how long your Charms can laſt :
To employ them is your Duty,
Time is ne'er recall'd when paſt.

SONG 218.

CÆlia my Heart has often rang'd
Like Bees o'er gaudy Flow'rs,
And many thouſand Loves has chang'd,
Till it was fix'd on yours.

But Cælia, when I ſaw thoſe Eyes,
'Twas ſoon determin'd there ;
Stars might as well forſake the Skies,
And vaniſh into Air.

Now, if from this great Rule I err,
New Beauties to adore,
May I again turn Wanderer,
And never ſettle more.

SONG 219.

CÆlia has a thouſand Charms ;
'Tis Heav'n to lie within her Arms :
While I ſtand gazing on her Face,
Some new and ſome reſiſtleſs Grace,
Fills with freſh Magic all the Place.
While I ſtand gazing, &c.
But while the Nymph I thus adore,
I muſt my wretched Fate deplore ;
For, oh ! Myrtillo, have a Care,
Her Sweetneſs is above Compare,
But then ſhe's falſe as well as fair,
Have a Care, Myrtillo, &c.

SONG 220.

CEaſe ye Rovers, ceaſe to range ;
Pleaſure revels leaſt in Change :
Wand'ring ſtill uneaſy, ſtill, ſtill uneaſy,
Nought can fix ye,
Nought can pleaſe ye,
Whilſt true Love, like heav'nly Joys,
Never dies, and never cloys.

SONG 221.

CEladon, when Spring came on,
Woo'd Sylvia in a Grove,
Both gay and young ; and ſtill he ſung
The ſweet Delights of Love :
Wedded Joys in Girls and Boys,
And pretty Chat of this and that :
The honey Kiſs, and charming Bliſs,
That crowns the Marriage Bed.
He ſnatch'd her Hand, ſhe bluſh'd and ſann'd,
And ſeem'd as if afraid :
Forbear, ſhe cries, your fawning Lies,
I've vow'd to die a Maid.
Celadon, at that begun
To talk of Apes in Hell,
And what is worſe, the odious Curſe
Of growing old and ſtale :
Loſs of Bloom, when Wrinkles come,
And Offers kind when none will mind :
The roſie Joy, and ſparkling Eye,
Grown faded and decay'd.
At which, when known, ſhe chang'd her Tone,
And to the Shepherd ſaid :

Dear Swain, give o'er, I'll think once more,
Before I'll die a Maid.

SONG 222.

CElebrate this Feſtival,
'Tis ſacred, bid the Trumpets ceaſe;
Kindly treat Maria's Day,
And your Homage 'twill re-pay;
Bequeathing Bleſſings on our Iſle,
The tedious Minutes to beguile:
Till Conqueſt to Maria's Arms reſtore
Peace and her Heroe, to depart no more.

SONG 223.

CEaſe to perſuade, nor ſay you love ſincerely,
When you've betray'd, you'll treat me ſeverely,
And fly what once you did purſue!
Happy's the Fair who ne'er believes you,
Who gives Deſpair, or elſe deceives you,
Or learns Inconſtancy from you. [Da Capo.

SONG 224.

CEaſe dear Larinda, ceaſe admiring,
Why Crowds and Noiſe I diſapprove;
Whate'er I ſee abroad is tiring,
O let us to ſome Cell remove.

Where all alone ourſelves enjoying,
Enrich'd with Innocence and Peace,
On nobleſt Themes our Thoughts employing,
Let us our inward Joys increaſe.

And ſtill the happy Taſte purſuing,
Raiſe our Love and Friendſhip higher;
And thus the ſacred Flames renewing,
In Extaſies of Bliſs expire.

SONG 225.

CEaſe, ceaſe of Cupid to complain,
Love, Love's a Joy, even while a Pain;
Oh! then think, oh! then think,
Oh! then think how great his Bliſſes!
Moving Glances, balmy Kiſſes,
Charming Raptures, matchleſs Sweets:
Love, Love alone, Love, Love alone,
Love, Love alone, all Joys compleats.

SONG 226.

DAMON.

CEaſe, fair Caliſtris, ceaſe diſdaining;
'Tis Time to leave that uſeleſs Art:
Your Shepherd's weary of complaining;
Be kind, or he'll reſume his Heart.

CALISTRIS.

Damon, be gone; I hate complying;
Go court ſome fond, believing Maid:
I take more Pleaſure in denying,
Than in the Conqueſts I have made.

DAMON.

Why, cruel Nymph, why, why ſo ſlighting?
Is this the Treatment I muſt have?
Were not your Beauty ſo inviting,
I wou'd no longer be your Slave.

CALISTRIS.

Damon, be gone! I hate complying;
Your Heart's not worth the having;

Were there ten ten thouſand Shepherds dying.
Not one were worth the ſaving.

SONG 227.

CEaſe to purſue the ſcornful Fair ;
Let not her vain deluding Air
One Thought of thine engage ;
Leave her to ſtale Virginity,
Let Pride in Youth her Torment be,
And Envy in old Age.

SONG 228.

CEcilia when with artful Note
You charm th' attentive Ear ;
And warble from your tuneful Throat,
What Seraphims might hear ;
My Soul in Raptures feels the Song,
And dwells upon the Sound :
So Syrens draw the liſt'ning Throng,
And pleaſe them while they wound.

SONG 229.

CHaſte Lucretia, when you left me,
You of all Things dear bereſt me ;
Tho' I ſhew'd no Diſcontent,
Grief is ſtrongeſt,
And the longeſt,
When too great to find a Vent.
How much fiercer is the Anguiſh,
When we moſt in ſecret languiſh !
Silent Streams are deepeſt found:
Noiſy Grieving
Is deceiving,
Empty Veſſels make moſt Sound.
Had I Words that could reveal it,
Yet I wiſely would conceal it ;
Tho' the Queſtion be but fair :
Grief and Merits,
Love and Spirits,
Always loſe by taking Air.
Guardian Angels ſtill defend you,
And ſurprizing Joys attend you ;
Whilſt I'm like the Winter Sun :
Faintly ſhining,
And declining,
Till thy charming Spring return.

SONG 230.

CHarming Chloe, look with Pity
On your faithful Love-ſick Swain.
Hear, oh ! hear his doleful Ditty,
And relieve his mighty Pain.
Find you Muſick in his ſighing ?
Can you ſee him in Diſtreſs ?
Wiſhing, trembling, panting, dying ;
Yet afford no kind Redreſs !
Strephon mov'd by lawleſs Paſſion,
For no Favours rudely ſues ;
All his Flame is out of Faſhion,
Ancient Honour for him wooes,

Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition;
But if that is deem'd too great,
Pity, pity his Condition,
Say, at leaſt you do not hate.
Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,
Practis'd in the Art of Guile,
Slight ſo true and kind a Lover,
Chloe, might not Strephon ſmile?
Yes, well pleas'd at thy undoing,
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid;
Strephon, conſcious of thy Ruin,
Soon would be a ſilent Shade.

SONG 231.

CHloris, now thou'rt fled away,
Amyntor's Sheep are gone aſtray;
And all the Joy he took to ſee
His pretty Lambs run after thee,
Is gone, is gone, and he alone,
Sings nothing now but well-a-day, well-a-day.
His Oaten Pipe, that in thy Praiſe
Was wont to play ſuch Roudelays,
Is thrown away, and not a Swain
Dares pipe or ſing, within his Plain;
'Tis Death for any one to ſay
One Word to him but well-a-day.
The May-pole where thy little Feet
So roundly did in Meaſures meet,
Is broken down, and no Content
Comes near Amyntor ſince you went.
All that I ever heard him ſay,
Was Chloris, Chloris, well-a-day.
Upon thoſe Banks you us'd to tread,
He ever ſince hath lain his Head:
And whiſper'd there ſuch pining Woe,
As not a Blade of Graſs will grow:
O Chloris! Chloris! come away,
And hear Amyntor's well-a-day.

SONG 232.

CHloris, in native Purple bright,
The Violet of Beauty ſprings;
She ſpreads her op'ning Sweets to Sight,
And raviſhes with warbling Strings.
Fair Charmer of our Eyes and Ears,
Cecilia ſure has Heav'n forſook;
She brings ſoft Muſick from the Spheres,
And bears an Angel in her Look.

SONG 233.

CHloe found Love for his Pſyche in Tears;
She play'd with his Dart, and ſmil'd at his Fears;
'Till feeling at length the Poiſon it keeps,
Cupid he ſmiles, and Chloe ſhe weeps:
'Till feeling at length the Poiſon it keeps,
Cupid he ſmiles, and Cloe ſhe weeps,
Cupid he ſmiles, and Chloe ſhe weeps.

SONG 234.

CHloe bluſh'd, and frown'd, and ſwore,
And puſh'd me rudely from her:
I call'd her faithleſs jilting Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

But when I roſe, and would be gone,
She cry'd, nay, whither go ye?
Young Damon, ſtay; now we're alone,
Do, do, do what you will,
Do what you will with Chloe:
Do what you will, what you will,
What you will with Chloe:
Do what you will, what you will,
What you will with Chloe.

SONG 235.

CHloe, my fair Deſpiſer,
Take Warning, and be wiſer,
Nor more refuſe me:
If I ſhould change my Mind,
And ſhould ſome Charmer find
That Pity may make kind,
You might loſe me,

Too long to ſlight a Lover's Pains,
Shews but the Folly of the Mind;
'Tis difficult to hold Love's Reins,
When thoſe that hold them are unkind:
The prudent Fair, (as there are ſuch)
That ſmile, and kindly play the Rein,
Nor hold their Hands, nor give too much,
O'er all the World a Conqueſt gain.

Smile, my Fair, and take the Prize,
My Heart is yet your Right,
Love waits Orders from thoſe Eyes,
To ſtay, or take his Flight.

SONG 236.

CHloe's a Nymph in flow'ry Groves,
A Nereid in the Streams;
Saint like ſhe in the Temple moves,
A Woman in my Dreams.

Love ſteals Artillery from her Eyes,
The Graces point her Charms;
Orpheus is rivall'd in her Voice,
And Venus in her Arms.
Never ſo happily in one
Did Heav'n and Earth combine;
And yet 'tis Fleſh and Blood alone,
That makes her ſo divine.

She looks indeed like other Dames,
With Atlas cover'd o'er;
But when undreſt ſhe meets my Flames,
A Moral ſhe's no more.

SONG 237

CHloris, yourſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breath my Thought,
That, like a Spirit, with this Spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.
That Eagle's Fate and mine are one,
Which, on the Shaft that made him die.
Eſpy'd a Feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had Eccho, with ſo ſweet a Grace,
Narciſſus' loud Complaints return'd,
Not for Reflection of his Face,
But of his Voice, the Boy had burn'd.

SONG 238.

CHloe, ſure the Gods above
For our Joys did you compoſe,
Graceful as the Queen of Love,
Wanton as the billing Dove,
Fragrant as the blowing Roſe.

Wit and Beauty both we find,
Striving which ſhall arm you moſt:
Doubly, Chloe, thus you bind;
Had not Nature made you kind,
We, alas! were doubly loſt.

SONG 239.

CHLOE, a Coquet in her Prime,
The vaineſt, fickleſt Thing alive,
Behold the ſtrange Effects of Time!
Marries, and doats at Forty Five.

So Weather-cocks, that for a while
Have veer'd about with every Blaſt,
Grown old, and deſtitute of Oil,
Ruſt to a Point, and fix at laſt.

SONG 240.

CHLOE be kind, no more perplex me,
Slight not my Love at ſuch a Rate;
Should I your Scorn return, 'twou'd vex ye,
Love much abus'd will turn to Hate.

How can you, lovely charming Creature,
Put on the Look of cold Diſdain?
Women were firſt deſign'd by Nature,
To give a Pleaſure, not a Pain.
Kindneſs creates a Flame that's laſting,
When other Charms are fled away;
Think on the Time we now are waſting,
Throw off thoſe Frowns, and Love obey.

SONG 241.

CHloe proves falſe, but ſtill ſhe is charming;
Nature like Beauty her Temper has made;
Subject to change,
O'er each Heart ſhe will range;
Always alarming,
Ever diſarming,
Never diſmay'd.
Baniſh my Senſes, or let her not ſlight me;
Love ne'er was made to inherit Diſdain;
Love is a Bubble,
That gives Mankind Trouble;
Reflecting Extaſy,
Drops with the Simile,
Airy and vain.

Sure Venus gave her that Face to deceive me,
And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly;
Haſte to thy Mother,
And beg for another,
Chloe, the Mark muſt be,
Make her to pity me,
Ere that I die.

SONG 242.

CHloe's the Wonder of her Sex.
'Tis well her Heart is tender;
How might ſuch killing Eyes perplex,
With Virtue to defend her!

But Nature graciouſly inclin'd,
Not bent to vex but pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs Beauty join'd
A boundleſs Will to eaſe us.

SONG 243.

CHloris farewel! I now muſt go:
For if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thy Eyes prevail upon me ſo,
I ſhall prove blind, and loſe my Way.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth,
Among the reſt me hither brought;
Finding this Fame fall ſhort of Truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by Word and Oath,
A Servant to another's Will:
Yet, for thy Love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

But what Aſſurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this Abuſe,
For ſome more worthy Lover's Sake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt Excuſe.

For thou may'ſt ſay, 'twas not thy Fault,
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove;
Being by my Example taught
To break thy Oath, to mend thy Love.

No, Chloris, no: I will return,
And raiſe thy Story to that Height,
That Strangers ſhall at Diſtance burn,
And ſhe diſtruſt me reprobate.

SONG 244.

CHloris, 'twill be for either's Reſt,
Truly to know each other's Breaſt:
I'll make th'obſcureſt Part of mine
Tranſparent, as I would have thine.
If you will deal but ſo with me,
We ſoon ſhall part, or ſoon agree.

Know then, tho' you were twice as fair,
If it cou'd be, as now you are;
And tho' the Graces of your Mind,
With reſembling Luſtre ſhin'd:
Yet if you love me not, you'll ſee
I'll value thoſe as you do me.

Tho' I a thouſand Times had ſworn,
My Paſſion ſhould tranſcend your Scorn,
And that your bright triumphant Eyes,
Create a Flame that never dies;
Yet if to me you prove untrue,
Thoſe Oaths ſhould turn as falſe to you.

If I vow'd to pay Love for Hate,
'Twas, I confeſs, a mere Deceit;

Or that my Flame ſhould deathleſs prove,
'Twas but to render ſo your Love:
I bragg'd as Cowards us'd to do,
Of Dangers they'll ne'er run into.

And now my Tenets I have ſhow'd,
If you think them too great a Load,
T' attempt your Change, were but in vain,
The Conqueſt not being worth the Pain.
With them I'll other Nymphs ſubdue;
'Tis too much to loſe Time and you.

SONG 245.

CLorinda does at Fifty Six
To youthful Charms lay claim,
Saunters and liſps, plays Monkey Tricks,
At ev'ry Heart takes Aim.
Aukwardly gay, the Coquet apes,
And rolls her dying Eyes,
Aſſumes Variety of Shapes;
Yet makes, alas! no Prize.

Twelve diff'rent Airs one Hour will ſhew,
Our ſtubborn Hearts t'engage;
But all theſe Arts will never do,
To blind us to her Age.
Fain ſhe'd avoid the heavy Curſe
Laid on the ancient Belle,
But as ſhe has no heavy Purſe,
She muſt lead Apes in Hell.

SONG 246.

CLarinda hear my Moan,
My Boon do not deny;
If you'll not be my own,
Your Martyr I muſt die.

Remember that my Love
To you is ever true:
I can't my Paſſion move,
It's fix'd till Death on you.

If you my Life will ſave,
Receive me in your Arms;
Or ſink me in my Grave,
A Victim to your Charms.

But when I'm dead and gone,
Let this then be your Guide;
Engrave it on my Tomb,
For you I liv'd and dy'd.

SONG. 247.

CLarinda the Pride of the Plain,
So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,
Sat penſive, and folding her Arms:
Her Lute, and her ſhining Attire,
Neglected, were laid at her Side:
While pining with hopeleſs Deſire,
The Damſel thus mournfully cry'd:

Oh! cou'd the paſt Hours but return,
When I triumph'd in Angelot's Heart,
Clarinda would mutually burn,
Would mutually ſuffer the Smart:
But far from the Plain he is gone,
Enjoys the ſweet Smiles of a Fair,
Whoſe Kindneſs the Shepherd has won,
And Clarinda no more is his Care.

How oft at theſe Feet has he lain,
Bewailing his ſorrowful Fate!
But all his Complaints were in vain,
I fooliſhly doated on State.
I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
To ſparkle in golden Array;
By my Dreſs and my Charms to be known,
In the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.

I thought without Grandeur and Fame,
That Marriage no Bleſſing could prove:
Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim,
And I ſlighted poor Angelot's Love:
Such Madneſs beſotted my Mind,
I receiv'd all his Sighs with Diſdain;
I regarded his Vows but as Wind,
And ſcornfully ſmil'd at his Pain:

How happy my Fortune had been,
Could my Reaſon have conquer'd my Pride!
In Bliſs I had rival'd a Queen.
Had I been my dear Angelot's Bride;
With him more Content I had found,
Than Grandeur and Fame can ſupply;
For his Fondneſs my Wiſhes had crown'd,
With a Paſſion that never would die.

I had feaſted with innocent Joy,
On the Pleaſures of Kindneſs and Eaſe;
While the Fears which the Great-ones annoy,
Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
But ah! that glad Proſpect is gone!
His Love I can never regain:
And the Loſs I ſhall ever bemoan,
'Till Death ſhall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the ſad Nymph all in Tears,
When the Swain to the Green did advance;
In his Hand his new Conſort appears,
With a Train gaily join'd in a Dance.
Impatient, and ſick at the Sight,
To the neighbouring Grove ſhe retir'd,
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

SONG 248.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the Town,
And to the rural Hamlets ply;
Behold, the Winter Storms are gone,
A gentle Radiance glads the Sky.
The Birds awake, the Flow'rs appear,
Earth ſpreads a verdant Couch for thee;
'Tis Joy and Muſick all we hear!
'Tis Love and Beauty all we ſee!

Come, let us mark the gradual Spring,
How peep the Buds, the Bloſſom blows,
Till Philomel begins to ſing,
And perfect May to ſpread the Roſe.
Let us ſecure the ſhort Delight,
And wiſely crop the blooming Day;
For ſoon, too ſoon it will be Night:
Ariſe, my Love, and come away.

SONG 249.

COME fill up the Bowl with the Liquor that fine is,
And much more Divine is,
Than now-a-days Wine is, with all their Arts,
None here can controul!
The Vintner deſpiſing, tho' Brandy be riſing,
'Tis Punch that muſt cheer the Heart:
The Lovers complaining, 'twill cure in a trice,
And Cælia diſdaining, ſhall ceaſe to be nice.
Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

Thus ſoon you'll diſcover the Cheat of each Lover,
When free from all Care you'll quickly find,
As Nature intended 'em, willing and kind:
Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

SONG 250.

COME let's drink, the Time invites,
Winter and cold Weather,
For to paſs away long Nights,
And to keep good Wits together;
Better far than Cards or Dice,
Or Iſaac's Ball, that quaint Device,
Made up with Fan and Feather.

Of grand Actions on the Seas,
We will ne'er be jealous;
Give us Liquor that will pleaſe,
And will make us braver Fellows,
Than the bold Venetian Fleet,
When the Turks and they do meet,
Within the Dardanelloes.

Mahomet was no Divine,
But a ſenſeleſs Widgeon;
To forbid the Uſe of Wine,
Unto thoſe of his Religion;
Falling-ſickneſs was his Shame,
And his Fame ſhall have the Blame,
For all his whiſp'ring Pigeon.

Valentia, that famous Town,
Stood the Frenchmen's Wonder;
Water it employ'd to drown,
And to cut their Troops aſunder.
Turenne caſt a helpleſs Look,
Whilſt the crafty Spaniards took
La-Ferte and his Plunder.
Therefore Water we diſdain,
Mankind's Adverſary;
Once it caus'd the World's whole Frame
In a Deluge to miſcarry:
Nay, the Enemies of Joy,
Seek with Envy to deſtroy,
And murder good Canary.

Sack's the Prince's ſureſt Guard,
If he would but try it;
No Rebellion e'er was heard,
Where the Subjects ſoundly ply it;
And three Conſtables at moſt,
Are enough to quell an Hoſt,
That thus diſturbs our Quiet.

Drink about your full-brim Bowls,
See there be no Shrinking,
For to quench your thirſty Souls,
We of Projects are not thinking;
But a Way we will deviſe,
How to make our Colours riſe,
And our Noſes rich with Drinking.

Cauſe the Rubies to appear
In their orient Luſtre;
Pottle Pots brings up the Rear,
For our Forces we muſt muſter:
Signor Gallon leads the Van,
He hath taken many a Man,
And drowns them in a Cluſter.

Sack it doth inſpire the Wit,
Tho' the Brain be muddy:
Some that ne'er knew nothing, y
By its Virtue fall to ſtudy.
He that tipples up good Sack,
Finds ſound Marrow in the Back,
That's wholeſome for the Belly.

All the Faculties of Man,
Are enrich'd by this Treaſure;
He that firſt this Bowl began,
Let him give to all his Meaſure:
Sack is like the æthereal Fire,
Which doth kindle new Deſire,
To do a Woman Pleaſure.
Sack doth make the Spirit bold,
'Tis like the Muſes Nectar;
Some that ſilent Tongues did hold,
Now can ſpeak a learned Lecture;
By the flowing of the Tub,
They can break Alcides' Club,
And take the Crown from Hector.

We never covet to be rich,
With Commerce, or with Trading;
Nor have we a zealous Itch,
Tho' quondam Means are fading:
But our Veſſel's all our Store,
And Wits are how to get at more
Good Sack, and that's our Lading.
We that drink good Sack in Plate,
To make us blithe and jolly,
Never plot againſt the State,
To be puniſh'd for ſuch Folly;
But the merry Glaſs and Pipe,
Make our Senſes quick and ripe,
And expel Melancholly.
See the Squibs, and hear the Bells,
The Fifth Day of November;
The Preacher a ſad Story tells,
And with Horror doth remember.

How ſome dry-brain'd Traitors wrought,
Plots, that would to Ruin brought
Both King, and every Member.

We that drink have no ſuch Thoughts,
Blind and void of Reaſon:
We take Care to fill our Vaults,
With good Wine at ev'ry Seaſon.
And with many a chearful Cup
We blow one another up,
And that's our only Treaſon.

SONG 251.

COME, take your Glaſs, the Northern Laſs
So prettily adviſ'd;
I drank her Health, and really was
Agreeably ſurpriz'd.
Her Shape ſo neat, her Voice ſo ſweet,
Her Air and Mien ſo free;
The Syren charm'd me from my Meat,
But take your Drink, ſaid ſhe.

If from the North ſuch Beauty came,
How is it that I feel
Within my Breaſt that glowing Flame,
No Tongue can e'er reveal?
Tho' cold and raw the North-wind blow,
All Summer's on her Breaſt;
Her Skin was like the driven Snow,
But Sun-ſhine all the reſt.

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,
Tho' frozen now it ſeems;
That Joy with Pain be equal felt,
And balanc'd in Extremes.
Then like our genial Wine ſhe'll charm,
With Love my panting Breaſt:
Me, like our Sun, her Heart ſhall warm;
Be Ice to all the reſt.

SONG 252.

COME, fair Nymphs, to this ſweet Grove;
Conſtant Swain make Haſte away,
And behold my charming Love
Rejoice with me this happy Day.
Sylvia, at length, has chang'd her Mind,
She Pity ſhews, and no Diſdain:
Never flying,
Nor denying,
Her Heart to me ſhe has reſign'd;
I no more ſhall ſigh in vain.
My faithful Vows ſhe now will hear;
Joys delighting,
Charms inviting,
In fair Sylvia do appear.

SONG 253.

COME, come ye Nymphs,
Come ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,
To revive us on the Plain,
To revive us on the Plain,
To revive us, to revive us, to revive us on the Plain;

Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,
To revive us on the Plain,
To revive us on the Plain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain.

SONG 254.

COME Laſſie, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle,
And I'll lend you my Thripling Kame;
For Fainneſs, Deary, I'll gar ye Heckle,
If you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.
Haſte ye, gang to the Grond of ye'r Trunkies,
Buſk ye brau and dinna think Shame;
Conſider in Time, if leading of Monkies
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.
Be frank, my Laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And tak my Word and Offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye didna accept of the Bob of Dunblane.
The Dinner, the Piper, the Prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying alane;
Away then, leave both Minny and Dady,
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

SONG 255.

COME, let us drink,
'Tis vain to think,
Like Fools, on Grief or Sadneſs;
Let our Money fly,
And our Sorrow die,
All worldly Care is Madneſs.

But Wine and good Cheer,
Will, in Spite of our Fear,
Inſpire our Hearts with Mirth, Boys;
The Time we live,
To Wine let us give,
Since all muſt turn to Earth, Boys:
Hand about the Bowl,
The Delight of my Soul,
And to my Hand commend it;
A Fig for Chink,
'Twas made to buy Drink,
And before we go hence we'll ſpend it.

SONG 256.

COME, and liſten to my Ditty,
All ye jolly Hearts of Gold:
Lend a Brother Tar your Pity,
Who was once ſo ſtout and bold:
But the Arrows of blind Cupid,
Alas! have made me rue;
Sure true Love was ne'er ſo treated,
As I am by ſcornful Sue!

When I landed firſt at Dover,
She appear'd a Goddeſs bright;
From foreign Parts but juſt come over,
I was ſtruck with ſo fair a Sight:

On the Shore pretty Sukie walked,
Near to where our Frigate lay,
And altho' ſo near the Landing,
I, alas! was caſt away.

When firſt I hail'd my pretty Creature,
The Delight of Land and Sea,
No Man ever ſaw a ſweeter,
I'd have kept her Company:
I'd have fain made her my true Love,
For better, or for worſe;
But alas! I could not compaſs her,
For to ſteer the Marriage Courſe.

Once, no greater Joy and Pleaſure,
Could have come into my Mind,
Than to ſee the bold Defiance,
Sailing right before the Wind:
O'er the white Waves as ſhe danced,
And her Colours gaily flew;
But that was not half ſo charming,
As the Trim of lovely Sue.

On a rocky Coaſt I've driven,
Where the ſtormy Winds do riſe;
Where the rolling mounting Billows
Lift a Veſſel to the Skies:
But from Land, or from the Ocean,
Little Dread I ever knew,
When compared to the Dangers
In the Frowns of ſcornful Sue.

Long I wonder'd, why my Jewel,
Had the Heart to uſe me ſo;
Till I found by often Sounding,
She'd another Love in Tow:
So farewell hard-hearted Sukie,
I'll my Fortune ſeek at Sea,
And try a more friendly Latitude,
Since in yours I cannot be.

SONG 257.

COME, chear up your Hearts,
And call for your Quarts,
And let there no Liquor be lacking:
We have Money in Store,
And intend for to roar,
Until we have ſent it all packing:
Then Drawer make Haſte,
And let no Time waſte,
But give ev'ry Man his due;
To avoid all Trouble,
Go fill the Pot double,
Since he that made One, made Two,
Since he that made One, made Two.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
And call for Wine;
'Tis that makes a Man to ſpeak truly;
What Sot can refrain,
Or daily complain,
That he, in his Drink, is unruly?

Then drink and be civil,
Intending no Evil,
If that you'll be rul'd by me;
For Claret and Sack
We never will lack.
Since he that made Two, made Three,
Since he, &c.

The old Curmudgeon,
Sits all the Day drudging
At Home, with brown Bread and ſmall Beer;
With ſcraping damn'd Pelf,
He ſtarveth himſelf,
Scarce eats a good Meal in a Year:
But we'll not do ſo,
Howe'er the World go,
Since that we have Money in Store;
For Claret and Sack,
We never will lack,
Since he that made Three, made Four.
Since he, &c.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
And call for your Wine;
D'ye think I'll leave you i'th' Lurch?
My Reck'ning I'll pay,
Ere I go away,
Or hang me as high as Paul's Church;
Tho' ſome Men will ſay,
This is not the Way,
For us in this World to thrive;

'Tis no Matter for that,
Let us have t'other Quart,
Since he that made Four made Five.
Since he, &c.

A Pox of old Charon,
His Brains are all barren,
His Liquor (like Coffee) is dry;
But we are for Wine,
'Tis Drink more Divine,
Without it we periſh and die.
Then troll it about,
Until 'tis all out,
We'll affront him in ſpite of his Styx;
If he grudges his Ferry,
We'll drink and be merry,
Since he that made Five, made Six.
Since he, &c,

But now the Time's come,
That we all muſt go Home,
Our Liquor's all gone, that' for certain;
Which makes me repine,
That a God ſo divine,
Won't give us one Cup at our parting.
But ſince all is paid,
Let's not be diſmay'd,
But fly to great Bacchus in Heaven;
And chide him, becauſe
He made no better Laws,
Since he that made Six, made Seven,
Since he, &c.

SONG 258.

COME to my Arms, my Treaſure,
Thou Spring of all my Joy;
Without thy Aid all Pleaſure
Muſt languiſh, fade and die.
In vain is all Reſiſtance,
When arm'd with thy Aſſiſtance,
What fair One can deny?
Then fill around the Glaſſes,
And thus we'll drink and chant,
May all the dear kind Laſſes,
Have all they wiſh or want.

SONG 259.

CHLOE, when I view thee ſmiling,
Joys celeſtial round me move,
Pleaſing Viſions, Care beguiling,
Guard my State, and crown my Love.

To behold thee gaily ſhining,
Is a Pleaſure paſt defining,
Ev'ry Feature charms my Sight;
But, O Heav'ns! when I'm careſſing,
Thrilling Raptures, never ceaſing,
Fill my Soul with ſoft Delight.

Oh! thou lovely deareſt Creature!
Sweet Enſlaver of my Heart;
Beauteous Maſter-piece of Nature,
Cauſe of all my Joy and Smart!
In thy Arms enfolded lay me,
To diſſolving Bliſs convey me,
Softly ſooth my Soul to reſt;
Gently, kindly, oh my Treaſure!
Bleſs me, let me die with Pleaſure,
On thy panting ſnowy Breaſt.

SONG 260.

COLD and raw the North did blow,
Bleak in the Morning early,
All the Fields were hid with Snow,
Cover'd with Winter yearly;
As I was riding o'er the Slough,
I met with a Farmer's Daughter,
Her roſy Cheeks and bonny Brow;
Good Faith my Mouth did water.

Down I veil'd my Bonnet low,
Meaning to ſhew my Breeding,
She return'd a graceful Bow,
Her Viſage far exceeding.
I aſk'd her where ſhe was going ſo ſoon,
And long'd to hold a Parley;
She told me to the next Market-town,
On purpoſe to ſell her Barley.

In this Purſe, ſweet Soul, ſaid I,
Twenty Pounds lies fairly;
Seek no further one to buy,
For Iſe take all thy Barley:

Twenty Pounds more ſhall purchaſe Delight,
Thy Perſon I love ſo dearly,
If thou wilt lig with me all Night,
And gang Home in the Morning early.
If forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
This Thing I would not do, Sir;
Or were my Friends as poor as Job,
I'd never raiſe them ſo, Sir:
For ſhou'd you prove one Night my Friend,
We's get a young Kid together,
And you'd be gone ere nine Months end,
Then where ſhould I find the Father?

Pray what would then my Parents ſay,
If I ſhould be ſo ſilly,
To give my Maidenhead away,
And loſe my true Love Billy?
Oh, this would bring me to Diſgrace,
And therefore I ſay you nay, Sir;
And if that you would me embrace,
Firſt marry, and then you may, Sir.

I told her I had wedded been,
Fourteen Years and longer;
Elſe I'd chuſe her for my Queen,
And tie the Knot ſtill ſtronger.
She bid me then no farther come,
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep my Purſe for poor Spouſe at Home,
For ſome other ſhould buy her Barley.
Then as ſwift as any Roe
She rode away and left me;

After her I could not go,
Of Joy ſhe quite bereft me;
Thus I myſelf did diſappoint,
For ſhe did leave me fairly;
One Word knockt all Things out of Joint,
I loſt both Maid and Barley.
Riding down a narrow Lane,
Some two or three Hours after,
Then I chanc'd to meet again,
This Farmer's bonny Daughter.
Altho' it was both raw and cold,
I ſtaid to hold a Parley,
And ſhew'd once more my Purſe of Gold,
When as ſhe had ſold her Barley.

Love, ſaid I, pray do not frown,
But let us change Embraces:
I'll buy thee a fine ſilken Gown,
With Ribbands, Gloves, or Laces;
A Ring and Bodkin, Muff and Fan,
No Lady ſhall have neater;
For, as I am an honeſt Man,
I never ſaw a ſweeter Creature.

Then I took her by the Hand,
And ſaid, my deareſt Jewel,
Why ſhould'ſt thou thus diſputing ſtand,
I prithee be not cruel.
She found my Mind was fully bent,
To pleaſe my fond Deſire;
Therefore ſhe ſeemed to conſent,
But I wiſh I had ne'er come nigh her.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, what ſhall I do,
If I commit this Evil,
And yield myſelf in Love with you,
I hope you will prove civil?
You talk of Ribbands, Gloves, and Rings,
And likewiſe Gold and Treaſure;
Oh, let me firſt enjoy thoſe Things,
And then you ſhall have your Pleaſure.

Sure thy Will ſhall be obey'd,
Said I, my own dear Honey:
Then into her Lap I quickly laid,
Full forty Pounds in Money.
We'll to the Market-Town this Day,
And ſtraitway end this Quarrel;
And deck thee like a Lady gay,
In flouriſhing rich Apparel.

All my Gold and Silver there
To her I did deliver;
On the Road we did repair,
Out-coming to a River,
Whoſe Waters are both deep and wide,
Such Rivers I ne'er ſee many;
She leapt her Mare on t'other Side,
And left me not one Penny.

Then my Heart was ſunk full low,
With Grief and Care ſurrounded;
After her I could not go,
For Fear of being drowned:
She turn'd about, and ſaid, Behold
I'm not for your Devotion;
But, Sir, I thank you for your Gold,
'Twill ſerve t'enlarge my Portion.

I began to ſtamp and ſtare,
To ſee what ſhe had acted;
With my Hands I tore my Hair,
Like one that was diſtracted.
Give me my Money then, I cry'd,
Good Faith I did but lend it;
But ſhe full faſt away did ride.
And vow'd ſhe did not intend it.

SONG 261.

COME from the Groves, each Goddeſs,
Tune up your ſweet Hautboys,
And to the Voice of Muſick
Make an harmonious Noiſe?
Sing her for whom I languiſh,
The charming Song approve;
Sing on till Jove grow jealous,
And envy me my Love.

Flora, thou charming Goddeſs,
In all thy Bloom appear;
Put on again freſh Garlands,
Begin once more the Year.
Join thyſelf to Pomona,
With Flow'rs adorn the Ground;
Let Spring remain for ever,
With Youth and Beauty crown'd.

Let little Birds, thro' Meadows,
All tune their warbling Throats,
While bubbling Water ecchoes
The Muſick of their Notes.
Sing her for whom I languiſh,
The charming Song approve;
Sing on till Jove grow jealous,
And envy me my Love.

SONG 262.

COme liſten, ye Engliſh, awhile to my Strain,
I'll tell you a Story will give much Pain,
How Engliſhmen ſtarve while the Foreigners gain.
With a down, down, down, derry, &c.

What have youe'er done to deſerve ſuch a Doom?
With your Fathers your Wit is ſure all in the Tomb,
That you forfeit your Senſe for a Squaler of Rome.
The Voice of an Eunuch what Clown won't obey?

Sound Senſe for Franciſque you've barter'd away
And for Glaſſes your Eyes you exchange ev'ry Day.
No Fool is ſo dull but their Worth will enhance;
But if all their Nation come hither to dance,
I hope we ſhall quickly be tir'd of France.

Court, City and Country ſtand on their Side,
Our Delight it is grown, and our Boaſt, and our Pride,
To ſee Engliſhmen walk while the Foreigners ride.
With Monſieur our Play Bills are ſtuck ev'ry Day;
Italian, French, Dutchmen fill up ev'ry Way,
And Signior and Monſieur is all we can ſay.

Our Heroes like Italians now impotent grow,
Our Elders all weak as Franciſque in his Show,
And our Stateſmen ſhort-ſighted, alas! as a Beau.

Ye Schools that for Learning worthily known,
No Wonder your Benches ſo empty are grown,
Since our Nation deſpiſe ev'ry Art that's their own.

In the manners of England none try to ſucceed,
Moſt of us, like Frenchmen, both habit and feed,
But who can't talk French, is a Blockhead indeed,
Our Old Engliſh Diſhes we're taught to diſown;
To Ragouſts and Toupees we now are ſo prone,
That we've neither a Dreſs nor a Diſh of our own.

SONG 263.

COme fill me a Glaſs, fill it high,
A Bumper, a Bumper I'll have;
He's a Fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an Inch,
Tho' I drink myſelf into my Grave.

Here's a Health to all thoſe jolly Souls,
Who like me, will never give o'er,
Whom no Danger controuls, but will take off their Bowls,
And merrily ſtickle for more.

Drown Reaſon and all ſuch weak Foes,
I ſcorn to obey her Command;
Cou'd ſhe ever ſuppoſe, I'd be led by the Noſe,
And let my Glaſs idly ſtand;

Reputation's a Bugbear to Fools,
A Foe to the Joys of dear Drinking;
Made uſe of by Tools, who'd ſet us new Rules,
And bring us to politick Thinking.

Fill'em all, I'll have ſix in my Hand,
For I've trifled an Age away:
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting Sand
Rolls on and cannot ſtay.

Come, my Lads, move the Glaſs, drink about,
We'll drink the Univerſe dry;
We'll ſet Foot to Foot, and drink it all out;
If once we grow ſober, we die.

SONG 264.

Roger. COME, Love, let us join,
Come prithee be mine,
My only, my dear pretty Creature;
More my Cicely I prize,
Than I do both my Eyes,
And than Honey to me ſhe is ſweeter.

Cicely. You think to perſuade,
A poor ſilly Maid,
Unskill'd in the Buſ'neſs of wooing;
If you hold on your Jeſt,
I'll be gone, I proteſt,
For fear it ſhould prove my undoing.

Rog. I'm in ſuch a Fever,
The like it was never;
So dreadfully ſore is my Smart,
That Cupid, I weet,
Were you but to ſee't,
Has bor'd a great Hole in my Heart.

Cic. Yes, yes, the plain Caſe is,
You know all your Paces,
Whene'er you would compaſs your Pleaſure;
And if ſilly Wenches
Believe your Pretences,
They're left to repent at their Leiſure.

Rog. In Pity forbear
To inſult me, my Dear;
O ſpare, while ſo ſorely I languiſh!
What room, dear unkind,
For Deceit can you find,
In a Breaſt that is brimful of Anguiſh?

Cic. Nay, nay, Roger, now,
You wrong me, I vow;
I would not be reckon'd hard-hearted:
But alas! I have known,
For believing too ſoon,
Poor Maids that have wofully ſmarted.

Rog. Pray do not ſuppoſe,
That I'm one of thoſe
Who can leave their Sweet-hearts in the Lurch.
I mean, in good Sooth,
To plight you my Troth,
When the Banns have been aſk'd in the Church.

Cic. But then ſhould you ſoon,
With the firſt Honey-moon,
Should you forfeit the Troth you have plighted?
Should you cool to your Spouſe,
Laugh at all your Vows,
And Cicely, poor Cicely, be ſlighted?

Rog. Come, Sweet, be not ſhy,
On your True-love rely,
Come, with hearty good Will let's agree;
You may quit ev'ry Fear,
When, without you, I ſwear,
All the World would be nothing to me.

Cic. Well, I can't but approve
Of ſo honeſt a Love,
Nor dread to be ſuch a one's Wife.

Rog. And a Love, my dear Cis,
That's as honeſt as this,
So as long and as laſting as Life.

SONG 265.

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to tope good Wine,
Let us offer up a Hogſhead
Unto our Maſter's Shrine.
And a Toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never ſhrink,
For I'll give a Reaſon why;
'Tis a great Sin to leave a Houſe,
'Till we've drank the Cellar dry.
And a Toping, &c.

In Times of old I was a Fool,
I drank the Water clear;
But Bacchus took me from that Rule,
He thought 'twas too ſevere.
And a Toping, &c.

He fill'd a Goblet to the Brim,
And bade me take a Sup;
But had it been a Gallon Pot,
By Jove I'd toſs'd it up.
And a Toping, &c.

And ever ſince that happy Time,
Good Wine has been my Cheer;
Now nothing puts me in a Swoon,
But Water, or ſmall Beer.
And a Toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my Boys,
And never flinch, nor fly;
But fill our Skins brimful of Wine,
And drain the Bottles dry.
And a Toping, &c.

SONG 266.

COme, come, my Molly, come let us be jolly,
Since we are here met together;
My Mother's from Home, and we are alone,
Come let us be merry together;
I'll give you Rings, and Bracelets fine,

And other fine Trinkets, if you'll be mine.
O no, kind Sir, I dare not incline,
My Mother ſhe tells me I munnut, I munnut,
My Mother ſhe tells me I munnut.

You ſhall have a Gown of the fineſt Silk
That ever yet was ſeen;
You ſhall have the Cream of all the Milk
Of the Cows that go o'er the Green;
You ſhall have Curds and Cheeſe-cakes ſtore,
And Cuſtards too, all ſugar'd o'er.
O no, kind Sir, pray aſk no more,
My Mother, &c.

You ſhall have a Petticoat fine and gay,
The beſt in all the Town;
And you ſhall wear it ev'ry Day,
And ſo you ſhall your Gown;
Your Shift ſhall be of Holland fine,
If you in Love with me will join.
O no, kind Sir, I dare not be thine,
My Mother, &c.

I'll ſettle you in a Copyhold
Of forty Pounds a Year;
And I have twenty Pounds in Gold,
Will ſerve to buy good Cheer.
O no, kind Sir, I know you too well,
Give you an Inch, and you'll take an Ell,
And when you've done, you'll tell, you'll tell,
My Mother, &c.

SONG 267.

COME, come, bid adieu to Fear,
Love and Harmony live here:
No domeſtic jealous Jars,
Buzzling Slanders, wordly Wars,
In my Preſence will appear,
Love and Harmony reign here.

Sighs to am'rous Sighs returning,
Pulſes beating, Boſoms burning,
Boſoms with warm Wiſhes panting,
Words to ſpeak thoſe Wiſhes wanting,
Are the only Tumults here,
All the Woes you need to fear,
Love and Harmony reign here.

SONG 268.

COme, all ye Youths, whoſe Hearts e'erbled
By cruel Beauty's Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his Head,
Let none his Sorrows hide;
But Hand in Hand around me move,
Singing the ſaddeſt Tales of Love:
And ſee, when your Complaints ye join,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happieſt Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrows knew;
Pity the Pain with which I die,
But aſk not whence it grew.

Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as Heav'n, whoſe Stamp ſhe bears,
Think of my Fate, and ſhun her Snares.

SONG 269.

COME here's to the Nymph that I love ;
Away ye vain Sorrows, away :
Far, far from my Boſom be gone,
All there ſhall be pleaſant and gay.

Far hence be the Sad and the Penſive,
Come fill up the Glaſſes around ;
We'll drink till our Faces be ruddy,
And all our vain Sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my Fancy's exulting
With ev'ry gay blooming Deſire ;
My Blood with briſk Ardour is glowing,
Such Pleaſures my Boſom inſpire.

My Soul now to Love is diſſolving ;
Oh Fate ! had I here my fair Charmer,
I'd claſp her ; I'd claſp her ſo eager,
Of all her Diſdain I'd diſarm her.

But hold, what has Love to do here,
With his Troops of vain Cares in Array ?
Avaunt idle penſive Intruder.——
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a Bumper ;
Young Cupid, here's to thy Confuſion :—
Now, now, he's departing, he's vanquiſh'd,
Adieu to his anxious Deluſion.
Come, jolly God Bacchus, here's to thee ;
Huzza Boys, huzza Boys, huzza ;
Sing Io, ſing Io to Bacchus——
Hence all ye dull Thinkers withdraw.

Come, what ſhould we do but be jovial ?
Come tune up your Voices and ſing ;
What Soul is ſo dull to be heavy,
When Wine ſets our Fancy on Wing.

Come, Pegaſus lies in this Bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high ;
Each of us a gallant young Perſeus,
Sublime we'll aſcend to the Sky.

Come mount, or adieu ; I ariſe,
In Seas of wide Æther I'm drown'd,
The Clouds far beneath me are ſailing,
I ſee the Spheres whirling around.

What Darkneſs, what rattling is this ?
Thro' Chaos' dark Regions I'm hurl'd ;
And now,—oh, my Head it is knockt
Upon ſome counfounded new World.
Now, now theſe dark Shades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a Star !
Where am I ?—Behold the Empyreum,
With flaming Light ſtreaming from far.

SONG 270.

COME, come, my Hearts of Gold,
Let us be merry and wiſe,

It is a Proverb of old,
Suſpicion has double Eyes:
Whatſoever we ſay or do,
Let's not drink to diſturb our Brain;
Lets laugh for an Hour or two,
And ne'er be drunk again.

A Cup of old Sack is good,
To drive the cold Winter away;
'Twill cheriſh and comfort the Blood
Moſt when a Man's Spirits decay:
But he that doth drink too much,
Of his Head he will complain;
Then let's have a gentle Touch,
And ne'er, &c.

Good Claret was made for Man,
But Man was not made for it;
Let's be merry as we can,
So we drink not away our Wit:
Good Fellowſhip is abus'd,
And Wine will infect the Brain;
But we'll have it better us'd,
And ne'er, &c.

When with good Fellows we meet,
A Quart among three or four,
'Twill make us ſtand on our Feet,
While others lie drunk on the Floor.
Then Drawer go fill us a Quart,
And let it be Claret in grain;
'Twill cheriſh and comfort the Heart,
But we'll ne'er, &c.

Here's a Health to our noble King,
And to the Queen of his Heart;
Let's laugh and merrily ſing,
And he's a Coward that will ſtart:
Here's a Health to our General,
And to thoſe that were in Spain;
And eke to our Colonel,
And we'll ne'er, &c.

Enough's as good as a Feaſt,
If a Man did but Meaſure know;
A Drunkard's worſe than a Beaſt,
For he'll drink till he cannot go.
If a Man could Time recall,
In a Tavern that's ſpent in vain,
We'd learn to be ſober all,
And we'd ne'er, &c.

SONG 271.

COME hither, my Country 'Squire,
Take friendly Inſtructions from me;
The Lords ſhall admire
Thy Taſte in Attire,
The Ladies ſhall languiſh for thee.

CHORUS.

Such flaunting,
Gallanting,
And Jaunting,
Such Frolicking thou ſhalt ſee,
Thou ne'er like a Clown

Shall quit London ſweet Town,
To live in thine own Country.

A Skimming-Diſh Hat provide,
With little more Brim than Lace;
Nine Hairs on a Side,
To a Pig's Tail ty'd,
Will ſet out thy jolly broad Face.
Such flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a Footman's Frock,
A Cudgel quite up to thy Noſe;
Then friz like a Shock,
And plaiſter thy Block,
And buckle thy Shoes at thy Toes.
Such flaunting, &c.

A Brace of Ladies fair;
To pleaſure thee ſhall ſtrive;
In a Chaiſe and a Pair
They ſhall take the Air,
And thou in the Box ſhalt drive.
Such flaunting, &c.

SONG 272.

COme Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,
The Sun in haſte,
Drives to the Weſt,
With Sports conclude the Day.
Let every Man chuſe out his Laſs,
And then ſalute her on the Graſs;
And when you find
She's coming kind,
Let not that Moment paſs.

CHORUS.

We'll toſs off our Bowls to true Love and Honour,
To all kind loving Girls, and the Lord of the Manor.

At Night when round the Hall we're ſat,
With good brown Bowls,
To chear our Souls,
And raiſe a merry Chat;
When Blood grows warm, and Love runs high,
And Jokes about the Table fly;
Then we retreat,
And that repeat,
Which all would gladly try.

Let lazy great ones of the Town,
Drink Night away,
And ſleep all Day,
Till gouty they are grown:
Our nightly Sports ſuch Vigour give,
That oftentimes we do revive,
And kiſs our Dames,
With ſtronger Flames,
Than any Prince alive.

SONG 273.

COME, fair one, be kind,
You never ſhall find,

A Fellow ſo fit for a Lover;
The World ſhall view
My Paſſion for you,
But never my Paſſion diſcover.

I ſtill will complain,
Of Frowns and Diſdain,
Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms;
The World ſhall declare,
I die with Deſpair,
When only I die in your Arms.

I ſtill will adore,
And love more and more;
But, by Jove, if you chance to prove cruel,
I'll get me a Miſs,
That freely will kiſs,
Tho' after I drink Water-gruel.

SONG 274.

COME follow, follow me,
Ye fairy Elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the Green,
Come follow Mab your Queen;
Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
For this Place is fairy Ground.

When Mortals are at reſt,
And ſnoring in their Neſt,
Unheard and uneſpy'd,
Thro' Key-holes we do glide;
Over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,
We trip it with our fairy Elves.

And if the Houſe be foul,
With Platter, Diſh, or Bowl,
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts aſleep;
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs,
None us hears, and none us ſpies.

But if the Houſe be ſwept,
And from Uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the h uſhold Maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid;
Every Night before we go,
We drop a Teſter in her Shoe.

Then o'er a Muſhroom's Head,
Our Table-cloth we ſpread,
A Grain of Rye or Wheat,
The Diet that we eat;
Pearly Drops of Dew we drink,
In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,
With unxious Fat of Snails,
Between two Cockle-ſhells ſtew'd,
Is Meat that's eaſily chew'd,
Brains of Worms, and Marrow of Mice,
Do make a Feaſt that's wond'rous nice.

The Graſhopper, Gnat, and Fly,
Serve for our Minſtrelſy,
Grace ſaid we dance awhile,
And ſo the Time beguile,
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Glow-worm lights us home to Bed.

O'er Tops of dewy Graſs,
So nimbly we do paſs,
The young and tender Stalk,
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the Morning may be ſeen,
Where we the Night before have been.

SONG 275.

COme Beaus, Virtuoſo's, rich Heirs and Muſicians,
Away, and in Troops to the Jubilee jog;
Leave Diſcord and Death to the College Phyſicians,
Let the Vig'rous whore on, and the Impotent flog:
Already Rome opens her Arms to receive ye,
And of ev'ry Tranſgreſſion her Lord will forgive ye.

Indulgences, Pardons, and ſuch holy Lumber,
As cheap are there now as our Cabbages grown;
Whilſt muſty old Relicks of Saints without Number,
For barely the looking upon ſhall be ſhown:
Theſe, were you an Atheiſt, wou'd needs overcome ye,
That firſt were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mummy.

They'll ſhew ye the River ſo ſung by the Poet,
With the Rock from whence Mortals were knock'd on the Head:
They'll ſhew ye the Place too, as ſome will avow it,
Where once a She-Pope was brought fairly to Bed:
For which, ever ſince, to prevent interloping,
In a Chair her Succeſſors ſtill ſuffer a Groping.

What a Sight 'tis to ſee the gay Idol accouter'd,
With Mitre and Cope, and two Keys by his Side!
Be his Inſide what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward,
Shews Servus Servorum no Hater of Pride.

Thoſe Keys into Heav'n will as ſurely admit ye,
As the Clerk's of a Pariſh to a Pew in the City.

What a Sight 'tis to ſee the old Man in Proceſſion,
Thro' Rome, in ſuch Pomp as her Cæſars did ride!
Here ſcatt'ring her Pardons, there croſſing and bleſſing,
With all his ſhav'd ſpiritual Train-band by his Side,
As Confeſſors, Cardinals, Monks fat as Bacon,
From rev'rend Arch-biſhops, to roſy Arch-deacons.

There, for your Diverſion, the more to regale ye,
Fine Muſick you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll ſee;
Men who much ſhall out-warble your am'rous Fideli,
And make you mere Fools of Ballon and L'Abbe:
And to ſhew you how fond they're to kiſs Voſtras Manus,
Each Padre turns Pimp, and all Nuns Courtezana's,
And when you've ſome Months at old Babylon been-a,
And on Panders and Punks all your Rhino is ſpent;
And when you've ſeen all that is there to be ſeen-a,
You'll return not ſo rich, tho' as wiſe as you went:
And 'twill be but ſmall Comfort, after ſo much Expence-a.
That your Heirs will do ſo juſt a hundred Years hence-a.

SONG 276.

COme, let us drink, and drown all Sorrow,
For perhaps we may not, for perhaps we may not,
For perhaps we may not meet here To-morrow,
He that goes to Bed, goes to Bed ſober,
Falls as the Leaves do, falls as the Leaves do,
Falls as the Leaves do in October.
This will cure the Head-ach, the Cough, and the Phthiſick,
This is to all Men, this is to all Men,
This is to all Men the beſt of Phyſick.

SONG 277.

COME, let's be merry,
While we've good Sherry;
Come, let's be airy,
Sprightly, and gay:
Good Wine's a Pleaſure,
The only Treaſure
That makes us joyful,
By Night or Day.
Wine makes us jolly,
Cures Melancholly,
Drowns all our Folly,
Makes our Hearts glad;
While we're poſſeſſing
That glorious Bleſſing,
Good Wine careſſing,
Let's not be ſad.

SONG 278.

COME, let us prepare,
We Brothers that are,

Met together on merry Occaſion ;
Let's drink, laugh and ſing,
Our Wine has a Spring :
Here's a Health to an accepted Maſon.

The World is in Pain,
Our Secret to gain,
But ſtill let them wonder and gaze on ;
'Till they're ſhewn the Light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word, or Sign of an accepted Maſon.

'Tis this, and 'tis that ;
They cannot tell what ;
Why ſo many great Men in the Nation,
Should Aprons put on,
To make themſelves one,
With a free and accepted Maſon.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their Swords,
This our Myſt'ry to put a good Grace on ;
And ne'er been aſham'd,
To hear themſelves nam'd,
With a free and an accepted Maſon.

Antiquity's Pride
We have on our Side,
It makes each Man juſt in his Station ;
There's nought but what's good,
To be underſtood,
By a free and an accepted Maſon.
We're true and ſincere,
We're juſt to the Fair,
They'll truſt us on ev'ry Occaſion ;
No Mortal can more,
The Ladies adore,
Than a free and an accepted Maſon.

Then join Hand in Hand,
To each other firm ſtand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright Face on :
No Mortal can boaſt,
So noble a Toaſt,
As a free and an accepted Maſon.

SONG 279.

COME all ye Sons of Adam,
The which do haunt this Place ;
Come, all you little Eve-droppers,
Who paſs for Babes of Grace ;
Come, all you Shapes and Figures,
And as you paſs along,
Pray mind a Brother Animal,
And liſten to his Song.
Oh ! Maſquerades are fine Things,
For to delight the Eyes ;
And tho' they vex the Fooliſh,
They don't offend the Wiſe.

For why ſhould Mirth and Pleaſure,
And harmleſs Sport and Play,
Or ſpeaking with Sincerity,
Be thought a rude Eſſay ?

For when we maſk our Faces,
We then unmaſk our Hearts;
And hide our leſſer Beauties,
To ſhew our better Parts.
Oh! Maſquerades, &c.

Here all Sorts of Conditions
Are ſociable and free;
They judge not by Appearances,
Which often diſagree:
A Lord will court a Scullion,
A Lady hug a Clown;
A Judge embrace moſt tenderly
A Madam of the Town.
Oh! Maſquerades, &c.

Here Party makes no Difference,
No Politicians jar;
Here Stateſmen lay aſide their Pride,
And with it all their Care.
A Babyloniſh Dialect
Inſpires all the Place;
Which muſt produce, no Doubt on't,
A very ſprightly Race.
Oh! Maſquerades, &c.

Here I an honeſt Calling
Have choſen at my Leiſure,
For Profit, by the bye, Sir,
But in the main for Pleaſure:
For Pleaſure each Man hither comes,
Each Lady comes for Pleaſure;
And, if I'm in the right, Sir,
Why then, my Song is Meaſure.
Oh! Maſquerades, &c.

SONG 280.

He. CONfeſs thy Love, fair bluſhing Maid,
For ſince thine Eye's conſenting,
Thy ſafter Thoughts are a' betray'd,
And Naſays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy Mind,
With Words thy Wiſh denying?
Since Nature made them to be kind,
Reaſon allows complying.

Nature and Reaſon's joint Conſent
Make Love a ſacred Bleſſing;
Then happily that Time is ſpent,
That's war'd on kind careſſing.
Come then my Katie to my Arms,
I'll be nae mair a Rover;
But find out Heaven in a' thy Charms,
And prove a faithful Lover.

She. What you deſign by Nature's Law,
Is fleeting Inclination,
That Willy Wiſp bewilds us a'
By its Infatuation,
When that goes out, Careſſes tire,
And Love's nae mair in Seaſon,
Syne weakly we blaw up the Fire
With all our boaſted Reaſon.

He. The Beauties of inferior Caſt
May ſtart this juſt Reflection:
But Charms like thine maun always laſt,
Where Wit has the Protection.
Virtue and Wit, like April Rays,
Make Beauty riſe the ſweeter;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My Love will grow compleater.

SONG 281.

COſmelia's Charms inſpire my Lays,
Who, young in Nature's Scorn,
Blooms in the Winter of her Days,
Like Glaſſenbury Thorn.

Coſmelia cruel at Threeſcore,
Like Bards in modern Plays,
Four Acts of Life paſs'd guiltleſs o'er,
But in the Fifth ſhe ſlays.

If e'er, impatient for the Bliſs,
Within her Arms you fall,
The plaiſter'd Fair returns the Kiſs,
Like Thiſbe, thro' a Wall.

SONG 282.

COuld'ſt thou give me a Pleaſure,
Like the Miſtreſs of my Heart,
I'd drink beyond Meaſure,
And from thee never ſtart.

A Pleaſure ſo alluring,
I never could refrain,
Till Life not worth enduring,
In a Tun I'd drown my Pain.

But ſince there's no comparing
With Raptures ſhe can give,
Whoſe Extaſy (paſt bearing)
I ſcarce can taſte and live:
To brighter Joys reſigning,
I'll quit thy ſparkling Charms,
And die without repining,
To be bury'd in her Arms.

SONG 283.

CRowds of Coxcombs, that deluding,
Cringing, chatt'ring,
Ogling, flatt'ring,
By Coquetting, and by Pruding,
All are Victims to my Art.
While at Will the Fools I'm leading,
They for Favours interceding,
With vain Hopes and Fancies feeding,
Still untouch'd I keep my Heart.
Still, &c.

Each imagines he ſhall gain me,
Thinks I prize him,
Who deſpiſe him;
All their Wiles ſhall ne'er obtain me,
Born to baffle all Mankind.

Like the Winds and Waves ſtill changing.
Never conſtant, ever ranging,
Cupid from my Heart eſtranging,
That's as cold as he is blind,
That's, &c.

SONG 284.

CORinna, I excuſe thy Face,
Thoſe erring Lines which Nature drew,
When I reflect, that every Grace
Thy Mind adorns, is juſt and true.
But oh! thy Wit what God has ſent?
Surpriſing, airy, unconfin'd;
Some wonder, ſure, Apollo meant,
And ſhot himſelf into thy Mind.

SONG 285.

CRown your Bowls,
Loyal Souls,
Cæſar to his Home returns;
From the Shore
Cannons roar,
England ſmiles, and Holland mourns:
Malecontents in Miſchief failing,
Changing Notes, now leave off railing;
Now the Vipers hide their Stings.

Fill, fill then high,
Proclaim your Joy,
And now in a Chorus ſing,
Welcome beſt of Kings:
Noble Boy, here's to thee,
Look on my Glaſs and me;
Here's the Way
We this happy Day,
Make as fam'd as the Jubilee.

SONG 286.

CRuel Amynta, can you ſee
A Heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love, of himſelf, ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But thro' your Eyes the Conqueſt made.
In Ambuſh there the Traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithleſs Smiles,
No Wretches are ſo loſt as they
Whom much Severity beguiles.

SONG 287.

CUpid! inſtruct an am'rous Swain,
Some Way to tell the Nymph his Pain,
To common Youths unknown:
To talk of Sighs, of Flames, of Darts,
Of bleeding Wounds, and burning Hearts,
Are Methods vulgar grown.
What need'ſt thou tell? (the God reply'd)
That Love the Shepherd cannot hide,
The Nymph will quickly find:
When Phœbus does his Beams diſplay,
To tell Men bravely that 'tis Day,
Is to ſuppoſe 'em blind.

SONG 288.

CUpid, God of pleaſing Anguiſh.
Teach th'enamour'd Swain to languiſh,
Teach him fierce Deſires to know:
Heroes would be loſt in Story,
Did not Love inſpire their Glory,
Did not Love inſpire their Glory;
Love does all that's great below,
Love does all that's great below.

SONG 289.

CUpid once in Search of Prey,
Thought my Reaſon gone aſtray,
From his Quiver choſe a Dart;
Soon he drew it to the Head,
And thus ſmiling, to me ſaid:
Traytor, now have at thy Heart,
O how pleas'd the Chit was grown,
With the Thoughts I was his own,
But, alas! I feign'd the Smart.

When the God perceiv'd the Sham,
And that he had loſt his Aim,
In a Paſſion thus he ſwore:
Farewell Quiver, farewell Bow,
From this very Time I vow,
Never will I uſe you more.

SONG 290.

CUpid and Venus one Day ſtrove
To warm Amyntor's Heart,
And give him all the Joys of Love,
The Joys without the Smart.
Says Venus then, let ev'ry Maid
Beſtow a fav'rite Grace:
No, Mamma, Cupid ſmiling ſaid,
Let's ſhew him Cælia's Face.

SONG 291.

CUpid, God of gay Deſires,
Hymen, with thy ſacred Fires,
Smiling Zephyrs haſte away,
'Grace this happy, happy Day.
Loves and Graces all attend,
All ye Nuptial Pow'rs befriend,
Make them your peculiar Care,
Bleſs the Hero, bleſs the Fair.

SONG 292.

CUpid, with Ganymede to play,
Had laid his Wings aſide;
And leſt they ſhould be ſtol'n away,
Sat on his Darts aſtride.
For oft' the God had, to his Coſt,
(As Prior ſweetly ſings)
His Quiver, Bow, and Arrows loſt,
But never loſt his Wings.
Miſs Kitty, Love's great Favourite,
Was there a Stander-by,
And hit upon a new Conceit,
Which ſhe reſolv'd to try.

She oft had heard her Lover ſigh,
And praiſe her Angel Face,
And raiſe her Beauties to the Sky,
Where they deſerv'd a Place.
She would not truſt the flatt'ring Youth,
And gave a careleſs Ear;
Yet fain at Heav'n wou'd know the Truth,
But how ſhou'd ſhe get there?
The Urchin's Wings wou'd fit her Shape,
And put it to a Trial;
Yet durſt not aſk the waggiſh Ape,
She fear'd a pert Denial.
Young Cupid, without Thought or Care,
Of no Deſign afraid,
Did not ſuſpect the wily Fair,
The ſeeming harmleſs Maid.
Whilſt Joke and witty Repartee
'Twixt him and Gany paſt,
She ſtole his Wings and merrily
To Peter's Gate did haſte,
Arriving ſoon, and rapping hard,
Like haſty Seraphim,
Peter unto his Poſt repair'd
To let the Angel in.
When Porter Peter op'd the Door,
And ſaw her Face and Mien,
Of Bows and Scrapes he made ſome Score,
Expecting ſhe'd come in.
But, pointing to the Earth, the Fair,
Then laughing, ſaid aloud,
I'd rather be an Angel there,
Than one amongſt a Crowd.

SONG 293.

DAmon aſk'd me but once, and I faintly deny'd,
Intending to ſnap him the next time he try'd;
But alas! he's determin'd to aſk me no more,
And now makes his Suit to the fam'd Leonore.
Yet why ſhou'd I grieve? for I'm well aſſur'd,
Had he lov'd me, he ne'er wou'd have ta'en [ſay,
the firſt Word;
Tho' he fawns and he cringes, I'll venture to
That Man is a Fool, that will take the firſt Nay.
Had his Love been ſincere, and he really in Pain,
He then wou'd have aſk'd me again and again;
But adieu; let him go; for I never will vex
A Swain that's in earneſt allows for our Sex.

SONG 294.

DAmon, if you will believe me,
'Tis not Sighing o'er the Plain;
Songs nor Sonnets can't relieve ye,
Faint Attempts in Love are vain:
Urge but home the fair Occaſion,
And be Maſter of the Field;
To a powerful kind Invaſion,
'Twere a Madneſs not to yield.
Tho' ſhe vows ſhe'll ne'er permit ye,
Says you're rude and much to blame;
And with Tears implores your Pity,
Be not merciful for Shame:

When the firſt Aſſault is over,
Chloris time enough will find
This ſo fierce and cruel Lover
Much more gentle, not ſo kind.

SONG 295.

DAphnis ſtood penſive in the Shade,
With Arms a-croſs, and Head reclin'd;
Pale Looks accus'd the cruel Maid,
And Sighs reliev'd his love-ſick Mind:
His tuneful Pipe all broken lay,
Looks, Sighs, and Actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My Chloe is unkind.
Why ring the Woods with warbling Throats?
Ye Larks, ye Linnets ceaſe your Strains;
I faintly hear in your ſweet Notes,
My Chloe's Voice that wakes my Pains:
Yet why ſhould you your Song forbear?
Your Mates delight your Song to hear,
But Chloe mine diſdains.
As thus he melancholly ſtood,
Dejected as the lonely Dove;
Sweet Sounds broke gently thro' the Wood.—
I feel the Sound; my Heart-ſtrings move,
'Twas not the Nightingale that ſung;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's ſweeter Tongue.
Hark, hark, what ſays my Love?
How fooliſh is the Nymph, ſhe cries,
Who trifles with her Lover's Pain.
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in Woman's Eyes,
Our artful Lips were made to feign.

O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my Pride,
'Twas not my Heart thy Love deny'd,
Come back, dear Youth, again.

As t'other Day my Hand he ſeiz'd,
My Blood with thrilling Motion flew;
Sudden I put on Looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his Hold withdrew.
'Twas Fear alone, thou ſimple Swain:
Then hadſt thou preſs'd my Hand again,
My Heart had yeilded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful Reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy Lip and roſy Cheek;
Think not my Skill in Song defam'd,
That Lip ſhould other Pleaſures ſeek:
Tho' much thy Muſic I approve;
Yet break thy Pipe for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

My Heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Laſt Night with Delia's Dog he play'd:
Love by ſuch Trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear Shepherd, come away,
My Tongue wou'd now my Heart obey:
Ah! Chloe, thou art won.

The Youth ſtept forth with haſty Pace,
And found were wiſhing Chloe lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her Face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay,

At laſt with broken Words ſhe cry'd :
To-morrow you in vain had try'd ;
But I am loſt to Day.

SONG 296.

DEar Molly, why ſo oft in Tears ?
Why all theſe Jealouſies and Fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder ?
Have Patience till we've conquer'd France,
Thy Cloſet ſhall be ſtor'd with Nantz ;
Ye Ladies like ſuch Plunder.

Before Toulon thy Yoak-mate lies,
Where all the live-long Night he ſighs
For thee in louſy Cabin :
And tho' the Captain's Chloe cries,
'Tis I, dear Bully, prithee riſe——
He will not let the Drab in.

But ſhe, the cunning'ſt Jade alive,
Says, 'tis the readieſt Way to thrive,
By ſharing Female Bounties :
And, if he'll be but kind one Night,
She vows he ſhall be dubb'd a Knight,
When ſhe is made a Counteſs.

Then tells of ſmooth young Pages whipt,
Caſhier'd, and of their Liv'ries ſtript,
Who late to Peers belonging,
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With Links, becauſe they would not drudge,
To ſave their Ladies Longing.

But Vol, the Eunuch, cannot be
A colder Cavalier than he,
In all ſuch Love Adventures :
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Chriſtian Care, and do not break
Your conjugal Indentures,

Bellair ! who does not Bellair know ?
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau,
Gives out, he loves you dearly :
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,
And ſoft Impertinence and Noiſe,
Full oft' has beat a Parley.

But, pretty Turle, when the Blade
Shall come with am'rous Serenade,
Soon from the Window rate him :
But if Reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to ſcale,
Diſcharge the Jordan at him.

SONG 297.

DEar Chloe attend
To th' Advice of a Friend,
And for once be admoniſh'd by me :
Before you engage
To wed with old Age,
Think how Summer and Winter agree,
Think how Summer and Winter agree.

So ancient a Fruit,
For Want of a Root,
Is doom'd to a ſpeedy Decay ;

Youth might ripen your Charms,
But old Age in your Arms,
Is like frosty Weather in May.
Believe me dear Maid,
When the best Cards are play'd,
You seldom can met with a Trump;
And, to hold the Jest on,
When the Sucker is gone,
What the Plague would you do with a Pump?

Let Men of Threescore
Think of Wedlock no more;
They need not be fond of that Noose;
The Cripple that begs,
Without any Legs,
Can have no great Occasion for Shoes.

A Clock out of Repair
Doth but badly declare
The Hour of the Day or the Night;
For unless my dear Love,
The Pendulum move,
'Twould be strange if the Clock should go right.

SONG 298

DEar Pinckaninny,
If half a Guinea
To love will win ye,
I lay it here down;
We must be thrifty,
'Twill serve to shift ye,
And I know fifty
Will do't for a Crown.

Duns come so boldly,
King's Money so slowly,
That by all Things holy,
'Tis all I can say;
Yet I'm so rapt in
The Snare that I'm trapt in,
As I'm a true Captain,
Give more than my Pay.

Good Captain Thunder,
Go mind your Plunder;
Odf——ns, I wonder
You dare be so bold;
Thus to be making
A Treaty so sneaking,
Or dream too of taking
My Fort with small Gold.

Other Town Misses
May gape at ten Pieces,
But who me possesses,
Full Twenty shall pay;
To all poor Rogues in Buff,
Thus, thus I strut and huff,
So Captain Kick and Cuff,
March on your Way.

SONG 299.

DEar Chloe, while thus beyond Measure
You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,

You rob all your Youth of its Pleaſure,
And hoard up an old Age of Pain:
Your Maxim, That Love is ſtill founded
On Charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its Dictates obey.

The Paſſion from Beauty firſt drawn
Your Kindneſs wou'd vaſtly improve;
Your Sighs and your Smiles are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun-ſhine of Love:
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
Shou'd be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And Darkneſs poſſeſs all the Skies,
Yet we ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his Side,
You've often regarded with Wonder:
He's dropſical, ſhe is ſore ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder;
Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the Sun at the Door,
And at Night, when old Darby's Pot's out,
His Joan will not ſmoak a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral Failings to ſmother;
Then, what are the Charms, can you gueſs,
That makes them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing Remembrance of Youth,
The Endearments which Youth did beſtow;
The Thoughts of paſt Pleaſure and Truth,
The beſt of our Bleſſings below.

Thoſe Traces for ever will laſt,
Nor Sickneſs nor Time can remove;
For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
And Age brings the Winter of Love:
A Friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By Reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe;
The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decripid old Age cannot freeze.

SONG 300.

DEar Colin, prevent my warm Bluſhes,
Since how can I ſpeak without Pain?
My Eyes have oft told my Wiſhes,
Oh! can't you their Meaning explain!
My Paſſion wou'd loſe by Expreſſion,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a Confeſſion
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the Province of Speaking,
Why ſhou'd you expect it from me?
Our Wiſhes ſhou'd be in our Keeping,
Till you tell us what they ſhou'd be:
Then quickly why don't you diſcover?
Did your Heart feel ſuch Tortures as mine,
I need not tell over and over
What I in my Boſom confine.

SONG 301.

DEar charming Beauty, you're my Pleaſure,
'Tis you alone that I adore ;
Grant me your Love, my only Treaſure,
And all my Care will now be o'er.
Ah ! do not fly me, my dear Jewel,
Leſt you kill your faithful Slave :
You ne'er was known yet to be cruel,
To deſtroy what you can ſave.

Had I ne'er ſeen you, charming Phillis,
Such Torture I ne'er ſhou'd have known ;
But thank my Stars, if that your Will is
To ſmile, and ever be my own ;
No greater Bleſſing I'll deſire,
Than your matchleſs Charms, my Fair :
For you are all that I admire,
And all I love, and all I fear.

SONG 302.

DEar Catholic Brother, are you come from the Wars,
So lame of your Face, and your Foots full of Scars ;
To ſee your poor Shela, who with great Grief was fill'd, [kill'd
For you my dear Joy, when I think you were
Derry down, &c. [me ;
O my Shoul, my dear Shela ! I'm glad you ſee
For if I were dead now, I could not ſee thee ?
The Cuts in my Body, and the Scars in my Face,
I got them in fighting for Her Majeſty's Grace.

But oh my dear Shela ! doſt thou now love me,
So well as you did, ere I went to the Sea ?
By Crieſt and St Patrick my dear Joy I do,
And we ſhall be marry'd to morrow juſt now.

I'll make a Cabin for thee to keep off the Cold,
And I have a Guinea of yellow red Gold ;
To make three halfs of it I think will be beſt,
Give two to my Shela, and the tird to the Prieſt.

Old Philemy my Father was fourſcore Years old,
And tho' he be dead, he'll be glad to be told
That we two are married ; my Dear, ſpare no Coſt,
But ſend him ſome Letter upon the laſt Poſt.

SONG 303.

DEar Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer Kindneſs with a Slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,
For Women in a Man delight :
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And with a ſimple Face give way
To a Repulſe——then be not blate,
Puſh boldly on, and win the Day.

When Maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean ;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue ;
But tent the Language of their Een ;

If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer all your Love with Hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.

SONG 304.

DEar Madam when Ladies are willing,
A Man needs muſt look like a Fool;
For me, I wou'd not give a Shilling,
For one that can love out of Rule:
At leaſt you ſhou'd wait for our Offers,
Nor ſnatch like old Age in deſpair;
If you've liv'd to theſe Years without Proffers,
Your Sighs are now loſt in the Air.

You ſhould leave us to gueſs at your Wiſhing,
And not ſpeak the Matter too plain;
'Tis ours to be forward and puſhing,
And pours to affect a Diſdain:
That you're in a terrible taking.
By all your fond Oglings I ſee!
The Fruit that will fall without ſhaking,
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

SONG 305.

DElio, if thou wilt not woe me,
Prithee ſpare one ſingle Kiſs,
In good Faith, 'tis a Wrong you do me,
To deny ſo ſmall a Bliſs.
Prithee knit no more thy Brows,
Prithee knit no more thy Brows,
Frowns diſgrace a charming Face,
And but make us Paſtime loſe.
Put on a little dimpling Smile,
Pleaſing Looks the Heart beguile.

SONG 306.

DEſpairing beſide a clear Stream
A Shepherd forſaken was laid,
And whilſt a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head:
The Wind that blew over the Plain
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply,
And the Brook, in return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſill Swain that I was,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear Tongue,
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a Pleaſure too greate
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown!
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine Folks of the Town:
To think that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
To go clad like our Maidens in Grey,
And live in a Cottage on Love,

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd?
What tho' when they hear my ſoft Strain,
The Virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah Collin! thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel reſign;
Thy Fair one inclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.

And you my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid:
If thro' the wide World I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be falſe, and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant, and die.

If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground:
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew,
And when ſhe looks down on my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true,

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in Golden Array,
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day.
While Collin forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

SONG 307.

DE'll take the Wars that hurried Billy from me,
Who to love me juſt had ſworn;
They made him Captain ſure to undo me,
Woe's me he'll ne'er return.
A thouſand Loons abroad will fight him,
He from thouſands ne'er will run:
Day and Night I did invite him,
To ſtay at home from Sword and Gun.

I us'd alluring Graces,
Wit muckle kind Embraces,
Now ſighing, then crying, Tears dropping fall;
And had he my ſoft Arms
Preferr'd to War's Alarms,
By Love grown mad, without the Man of God,
I fear in my Fit I had granted all.

I waſh'd and patch'd, to make me look provoking;
Snares that they told me would catch the Men,
And on my Head a huge Commode ſat poking,
Which made me ſhew as tall again;
For a new Gown too I paid muckle Money,
Which with golden Flow'rs did ſhine;
My Love well might think me gay and bonny,
No Scotch Laſs was e'er ſo fine.

My Petticoat I ſpotted,
Fringe too with Thread I knotted,
Lace-ſhoes, and Silk-Hoſe, Garter full over Knee;
But oh! the fatal Thought,
To Billy theſe are nought;
Who rode to Towns, and rifled with Dragoons,
When he, ſilly Loone, might have plunder'd me.

SONG 308.

THYRSIS.

DElia, how long muſt I deſpair,
And tax you with Diſdain;
Still to my tender Love ſevere,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DELIA.

When Men of equal Merit love us,
And do with equal Ardor ſue;
Thyrſis, you know but one muſt move us,
Can I be yours and Strephon's too?

My Eyes view both with mighty Pleaſure,
Impartial to your high Deſert;
To both alike Eſteem I meaſure,
To one alone can give my Heart.

THYRSIS.

Myſterious Guide of Inclination,
Tell me, Tyrant, why am I,
With equal Merit, equal Paſſion,
Thus the Victim choſe to die?
Why am I
The Victim choſe to die?

DELIA.

On Fate alone depends Succeſs,
And Fancy Reaſon over-rules;
Or why ſhould Virtue ever miſs
Reward, ſo often giv'n to Fools?

'Tis not the Valiant nor the Witty,
But who alone is born to pleaſe;
Love does predeſtinate our Pity,
We chuſe but whom he firſt decrees.

SONG 309.

DEſpairing as I ſat alone,
In a ſhady myrtle Grove,
When to each gentle Sigh and Moan,
Some neighb'ring Echo gave a Groan,
Came by the Man I love.
Oh! how I ſtrove my Grief to hide;
I panted, bluſh'd, and almoſt dy'd,
And did the tatling Echo chide;
For fear ſome Breath, or moving Air,
Shou'd to his Ears my Sorrow bear.

And oh! ye Pow'rs! I die to gain
But one poor parting Kiſs;
And yet I lie on Racks of Pain,
That e'er I ſhou'd a Wiſh retain,
Which Honour thinks amiſs.

Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd,
By Love and Nature both abus'd

Our tender Hearts alls is refus'd ;
And when we burn with ſecret Flame,
Muſt bear our Grief, or die with Shame.

SONG 310.

DEjected as true Converts die,
But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd :
So Faireſt, at your Feet I lie,
Of all my ſev'ral Faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas ! have I defy'd
The Force of Love's almighty Flame,
And often did aloud deride
His Godhead, as an empty Name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A Crime, which may your Scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs,
By any juſt and fair Excuſe.

I then did vulgar Joys purſue,
Variety was all my Bliſs ;
But ignorant of Love and you,
How could I chuſe but do amiſs ?

Never now my wand'ring Eyes
Search out Temptations as before ;
Nor once I look, but to deſpiſe
Their Charms, and value yours the more :

May ſad Remorſe, and guilty Shame,
Revenge your Rongs on faithleſs me ;
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
May I loſe all, in loſing Thee.

SONG 311.

She. DID you not promiſe me when you lay by me,
That you would marry me ; can you deny me ?

He. If I did promiſe thee, 'twas but to try thee,
Call up your Witneſſes, elſe I defy thee.

She. Ah ! who would truſt you Men, that ſwear and vow ſo,
Born only to deceive ; how can you do ſo ?

He. If we can ſwear and lie, you can diſſemble
And then to hear the Lie, would make one tremble.

She. Had I not lov'd, you had found Denial,
My tender Heart, alas ! was too real ;

He. Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,
Real to forty more Lovers beſides me.

She. If thouſands lov'd me, where's my Tranſgreſſion,
You were the only He, e'er got Poſſeſſion ?

He. Thou cold'ſt talk prettily, ere thou could'ſt go, Child.
But I'm too old and wiſe to be ſham'd ſo, Child.

She. Tho' y'are ſo cruel you'll never believe me,
Yet do but take the Child, all I forgive thee

He, Send your Kid home to me, I will take
Care on't,
If't has the Mother's Gifts, 'twill proye
a rare one.

SONG 312.

DIvine Aſtræa hither flew,
To Cynthia's brighter Throne;
She left the Iron World below,
To bleſs the ſilver Moon.

Tho' Phœbus with his hotter Beams,
Does Gold in Earth create;
That leads thoſe Wretches to Extremes,
Of Av'rice, Luſt, and Hate.

SONG 313.

DIſtracted with Care
For Phillis the Fair;
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon her Lover,
Reſolves in Deſpair
No longer to languiſh,
Nor bear ſo much Anguiſh;
But, mad with his Love,
To a Precipice goes;
Where a Leap from above
Wou'd ſoon finiſh his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,
Beholding how ſteep
The Sides did appear,
And the Bottom how deep;
His Torments projecting,
And ſadly reflecting,
That a Lover forſaken,
A new Love may get;
But a Neck, when once broken,
Can never be ſet.

And, that he could die
Whenever he wou'd;
But, that he cou'd live
But as long as he cou'd:
How grievous ſoever
The Torment might grow,
He ſcorn'd to endeavour
To finiſh it ſo.
But Bold, unconcern'd
At Thoughts of the Pain,
He calmly return'd
To his Cottage again.

SONG 314.

DOmeſtic Bird, whom wint'ry Blaſts
To ſeek for human Aid compel,
To me for Warmth and Shelter fly,
Welcome beneath my Roof to dwell.
Supplies thy Hunger to relieve
I'll daily at my Window lay.

Assur'd that daily those Supplies,
With grateful Song thou wilt repay.

Soon as the new returning Spring
Shall call thee forth to Woods and Groves,
Freely revisit then the Scene
Which Notes so sweet as thine approves.

But if another Winter's Frost
Shall bring me back my Guest again,
Again with Music come prepar'd,
Thy friendly Host to entertain.

The sacred Pow'r of Harmony,
In this its best Effect appears;
That Friendship in its strictest Bond,
It both engages and endears.

In Musick's ravishing Delight,
You feather'd Flocks with Men agree;
Of all the animated World
The only Harmonists are we.

SONG 315.

DOwn in the North Country,
As ancient Reports do tell,
There lies a famous Country Town,
Some call it merry Wakefield:
And in this Country Town
A Farmer there did dwell,
Whose Daughter would to Market go,
Her Treasure for to sell.
As she was traveling along,
Over Hills and Mountains high,
It was her Chance to lose her Way,
Where a Shepherd she did espy.
O Shepherd! O Shepherd! quoth she,
Many Days to you God send,
I am a Maid, and shall be undone,
Unless you stand my Friend.

Over Hills and Mountains high,
Ever since the Break of Day,
I have been traveling many a Mile,
And I cannot find my Way.
Come, sit thee down by me,
The Shepherd reply'd with a Smile,
And I'll show thee a nearer Way
Than this, by a full long Mile.

The Shepherd sat him down,
The fair Maid she drew nigh,
He pull'd out his Bagpipes wond'rous sweet,
And play'd melodiously.
He play'd her such a Tune,
That he made this fair Maid sing,
O the Music of thy Bagpipes sweet,
Makes all my Nerves to ring.
O Shepherd! O Shepherd! quoth she,
If the Time would but permit it,
I pray thee now play it me over again,
For Fear I should forget it.
He play'd it over again,
As he had done before,
And gave this fair Maid much Delight,
It pleas'd her more and more.

My dearest Swain, quoth she,
A thousand times adieu:
And if ever I chance to lose my Way,
To find it, I'll come to you.

SONG 316.

He. DID you not once, Lucinda, vow
You would love none but me?
She. Ay, but my Mother tells me now,
I must love Wealth, not thee.

He. Cruel, thy Love lies in thy Pow'r,
Tho' Fate to me's unkind.
She. Consider but how small thy Dow'r
Is, in respect of mine.

He. Is it because my Sheep are poor,
Or that my Flocks are few?
She. No, but I cannot love at all
So mean a Thing as you.

He. Ah me! ah me! mock you my Grief?
She. I pity thy hard Fate.
He. Pity for Love's but poor Relief,
I'll rather chuse your Hate.

She. Content thy self, Shepherd, a-while,
I'll love the by this Kiss;
Thou shalt have no more Cause to mourn,
Than thou canst take in this.

He. Bear Record then, ye Pow'rs above,
And all those holy Bands;
For it appears, the truest Love
Springs not from Wealth nor Lands,

SONG 317.

DID ever Swain a Nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever Shepherd's Heart so sore,
Or ever broken Heart so true?
My Cheeks are swell'd with Tears, but she
Has never wet a Cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay?
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the Word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done:
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a Thought on me.

To let her Cows my Clover take,
Have I not rose by Break of Day?
Did ever Nanny's Heifers fast,
If Robin in his Barn had Hay?
Tho' to my Fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a Sheep,
Then chearfully I gave her two;
And I her Lambs did safely keep
Within my Folds in Frost and Snow.
Have they not there from Cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the Well did come,
'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill;
Full as they were I brought them home;
Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill:

My Back did bear the Sack, but ſhe
Will never bear the Sight of me.

To Nanny's Poultry Oats I gave,
I'm ſure they always had the beſt:
Within this Week her Pigeons have
Eat up a Peck of Peaſe, at leaſt;
Her little Pigeons kiſs, but ſhe
Will never take a Kiſs from me.

Muſt Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny ſtill on Robin frown?
Alas! poor Wretch! what ſhall I do,
If Nanny does not love me ſoon?
If no Relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her Apron-ſtring.

SONG 318.

DRAW, Cupid, draw,
And make fair Sylvia know
The mighty Pain
Her ſuff'ring Swain
Does for her undergo.

Convey this Dart
Into her Heart:
And when ſhe's ſet on Fire,
Do thou return,
And let her burn
Like me in chaſte Deſire.

That, by Experience ſhe
May learn to pity me,
Whene'er her Eyes
Do tyrannize
O'er my Captivity:
But when in Love
We jointly move,
And tenderly embrace,
Like Angels ſhine
And ſweetly join
To one another's Face.

SONG 319.

DO not aſk me charming Phillis,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And Roſes newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the Beauty
Of thoſe Flow'rs that crown the Spring;
'Tis, to--------but I know my Duty,
And I dare not name the Thing.

'Tis, at worſt, but her denying,
Why ſhould I thus fearful be?
Ev'ry Moment gently flying,
Smiles, and ſays, makes uſe of me.

What the Sun does to theſe Roſes,
While the Beams play gently in,
I would -------- but my Fear oppoſes,
And I dare not name the Thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it,
Aſk my Eyes to aſk your own;

And if neither can reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone.
On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
Might I ſpeak what I would do;
I would, with my lovely Phillis,
I would, I would, — ah! would not you?

SONG 320.

DRunk I was laſt Night, that's poz,
My Wife began to ſcold;
Say what I cou'd for my Heart's Blood,
Her Clack ſhe would not hold.
Thus her Chat ſhe did begin,
Is this your Time of coming in?
The Clock ſtrikes One, you'll be undone,
If thus you lead your Life.
My Dear, ſaid I, I can't deny,
But what you ſay is true;
I do intend my Life to mend,
Pray lend's the Pot to ſpew.
Fye, you Sot, I ne'er can bear
To riſe thus ev'ry Night;
Tho' like a Beaſt you never care
What Conſequence comes by't;
The Child and I may ſtarve for you;
We neither can have half our Due;
With Grief I find, you're ſo unkind,
In Time you'll break my Heart:
At that I ſmil'd, and ſaid, dear Child,
I believe you're in the wrong;
But if't ſhould be your Deſtiny,
I'll ſing a merry Song.

SONG 321.

DIogenes ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the Macedon Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Becauſe in good Wine there is Truth:
But growing as poor as was Job,
And unable to purchaſe a Flaſk,
He choſe for his Manſion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Caſk.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
To tipple and cheriſh his Heart,
And when he was maudling, would cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his Quart:
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think,
He wept at Men's Follies and Vice,
When 'twas only his Cuſtom to drink
'Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democritus always was glad
Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,
And would laugh like a Man that was mad,
When over a full flowing Bowl:
As long as his Cellar whs ſtor'd,
The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,
And when he was drunk as a Lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was Wiſdom in Wine,
And thought that a Cup of the beſt
Made Reaſon the brighter to ſhine;
With Wine he repleniſh'd his Veins,
And made his Philoſophy reel,
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

Ariſtotle, that Maſter of Arts,
Had been but a Dunce without Wine,
And what we aſcribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Juice of the Vine:
His Belly ſome Authors agree,
Was big as a watering Trough;
He therefore leapt into the Sea,
Becauſe he'd have Liquor enough.

Old Plato, that learned Divine,
He fondly to Wiſdom was prone;
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits we ne'er ſhould have known:
By Wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes Fancy with Wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſopher's, Poets, or Kings.

SONG 322.

DUmbarton's Drums beat bonny—O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnny O;
How happy am I,
When my Soldier is by,
While he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie—O!
'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me—O,
For his graceful Locks do invite me—O;
While guarded in his Arms,
I'll fear no Wars Alarms,
Neither Danger nor Death ſhall fright me—O.

My Love is a handſome Laddie—O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy—O:
Tho' Commiſſions they are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this Year,
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a Cadie—O.

A Soldier has Honour and Bravery—O,
Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knavery (O:
He minds no other Thing,
But the Ladies or the King;
For every other Care is but Slavery—O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady—O,
Farewell all my Friends and my Daddy—O;
I'll wait no more at Home,
But I'll follow with the Drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready—O.

Dumbarton's Drums ſound bonny—O,
They are ſprightly like my dear Johnny—O;
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my Soldier's Knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie—O!

SONG 323.

DUty and Part of Reaſon,
Plead ſtrong on the Parents Side,
Which Love ſuperior calls Treaſon:
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd;
For now tho' I'm one of the Gentry,
My Conſtancy Falſhood repels;
For Change in my Heart is no Entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

SONG 324.

DUlcy, no more miſpend your Prime,
But wiſely uſe the preſent Time,
Nor truſt a future Day;
In vain you think that lovely Face,
Adorn'd with every blooming Grace,
Will not in Time decay.

Obſerve the Lillies in the Field,
That pleaſant Scents and Proſpects yield,
How ſhort their Beauty laſts;
How ſoon their blooming Whiteneſs fades,
How ſoon they mourn with drooping Heads,
In Winter's chilly Blaſts.

Then to ſome Youth thy Charms reſign,
(Oh! may the happy Fate be mine)
And kindly crown his Joys;
If in your Bloom you yield to Love,
The Swain will ever conſtant prove,
When Age that Bloom deſtroys.

SONG 325.

EARLY one Morn a jolly brisk Tar,
Signal being made for Sailing,
Nimbly ſtept down and told his Dear,
Who was of her Loſs bewailing,
Orders is come we muſt unmoor,
The Boat a-long Side is waiting,
Haſten dear Moll for you muſt go,
For this is no time for prating.

Molly, whoſe Arms was round his Neck,
Look'd as if Life had left her,
To hear ſuch Words from her dear Jack,
Quite of all Speech bereft her.
He ſaw her Face began to look pale,
Laugh'd at the ſilly young Creature,
Until from her Heart the Blood it began
To briſk up every Feature.

Molly, my dear, ſince I muſt go,
Why ſuch Recoils at parting,
You may be happy you very well know,
With other Men's Wives concerning.
No, no, my dear, there's no ſuch Thing,
I ne'er ſhall ceaſe from crying,
I may perhaps rejoice and ſing,
When you on the Deck lie dying.

No ſooner ſhe ſpoke but old Trinkelow's Call
All Hands aloft did rattle,
Jack with a Smile cries come dear Moll,
This is no Time to prattle.

...o the Boat, the Ship's on way,
... Molly crept ſlowly over,
...very Step ſhe cry'd Day-day,
Such did her Fears diſcover.

...o far off with wat'ry Eyes
She ſaw the Ship on ſailing,
...ger ſhe look'd and thus replies,
For the Loſs of her Love bewailing:
...ere he goes, my Dear is gone,
Gone is my Heart's Deſire,
...that the Balls may miſs my John,
...hat is all I require.

SONG 326.

...Nchanted by your Voice and Face,
In pleaſing Dreams I fainting lie:
...bleed, fair Nymph, I bleed apace,
And oh! I languiſh! oh! I die!

...ng, fair Nymph, and let your Eyes!
Upon your proſtrate Slave be ſhed?
...n Angel's Face, an Angel's Voice,
Whene'er they pleaſe can raiſe the Dead.

SONG 327.

...Nough, enough, my Soul, of worldly Noiſe,
Of airy Pomps and fleeting Joys;
...hat does this buſy World provide at beſt,
...brittle Goods that break like Glaſs;
But poiſon'd Sweets, a troubled Feaſt,
And Pleaſures like the Winds, that in a Moment paſs?
Thy Thoughts to nobler Meditations give,
And ſtudy how to die, not how to live.

How frail is Beauty! Ah! how vain,
And how ſhort-liv'd thoſe Glories are,
That vex our Nights and Days with Pain,
And break our Hearts with Care!
In Duſt we no Diſtinction ſee,
Such Helen is, ſuch, Mira, thou muſt be.

How ſhort is Life! Why will vain Courtiers toil,
And croud a vainer Monarch, for a Smile?
What is that Monarch, but a mortal Man,
His Crown a Pageant, and his Life a Span?
With all his Guards, and his Dominions, he
Muſt ſicken too, and die as well as we.

Thoſe boaſted Names of Conquerors and Kings
Are ſwallow'd, and become forgotten Things:
One deſtin'd Period Men in common have,
The Great, the Baſe, the Coward, and the Brave,
All Food alike for Worms, Companions in the Grave.
The Prince and Parraſite together lie,
No Fortune can exalt, but Death will climb as high.

SONG 328.

EUropa fair,
Love's chiefeſt Care,
Gaily ſmiling, hither turn your Eyes
To court your Love;
See mighty Jove,
Thus deſcending from the lofty Skies.

Shew no Diſdain,
To give me Pain,
But yield to Joy
That ne'er will cloy,
And wiſely of my fond Paſſion approve,
And cool the ſcorching Thunder-bolt of Love.

Thus, earthly Fair,
When Mortals dare
Provoke my Rage,
You may aſſuage:
When in your Arms I'm cloſely curl'd,
Kiſſing, preſſing, you will ſave the World.

SONG 329.

FLorella lovely Nymph forebear,
To cloud a Face like thine, (wear,
With Frowns, that nought but Smiles ſhould
To pleaſe, and bleſs Mankind.

With envious Haſte old Time and Care,
Will tarniſh every Bloom,
Then do not by Imprudence mar,
What will be loſt too ſoon.

See with what Pleaſure ev'ry Swain,
The chearful Chloe views;
See with what Joy they wear the Chain;
All pleas'd whom ſhe ſubdues.

Tho' fair her Face, divinely fair,
Yet ſhe her Conqueſts owes,
To that good Nature that appears,
In every Thing ſhe does.

And that will pleaſe, when ev'ry Joy,
That Beauty gave is dead,
And friendly ſmooth the wrinkled brow,
Of Age's hoary Head.

Then give to Smiles, and Mirth the Hour,
Enjoy the preſent Store;
Defraud not Beauty of that Pow'r,
That ſoon will be no more.

SONG 330.

FAireſt of the Vigin Throng,
Doſt thou ſeek thy Swains Abode?
See yon fertile Vale along,
The new worn Path the Flocks have trod,
Purſue the Prints their Feet have made,
And they ſhall guide thee to the Shade,
And they ſhall, &c.

Faireſt of the Virgin Throng,
Doſt thou ſeek thy Swains Abode?
See yon fertile Vale along,
The new worn Path the Flocks have trod,

Perſue the Prints their Feet have made
And they ſhall guide thee to the Shade,
And they ſhall, &c.

SONG 331.

FLy Care to the Winds, thus I blow the away, [ſtay.
I'll drown thee in Wine if thou dar'ſt for to
With Bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll raiſe,
I'll laugh and I'll ſing all the reſt of my Days.

God Bacchus this Moment adopts me his Son,
And inſpir'd, my Breaſt glows with Tranſports unknown.
The ſparkling Liquor new Vigour ſupplies,
And makes the Nymph kind, who before was too wiſe.

Then dull ſober Mortals, be happy as me,
Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree,
Will open your Eyes to ſee Philis's Charms,
And her Coyneſs waſh'd down ſhe'll fly to your Arms.

SONG 332.

FRom London to Scotland,
With Speed the Duke did hie,
All for to face the Rebels,
Or make them for to fly.
But when he came to Sterling,
No Rebels there could find,
Their Magazine blew up,
And their Cannon left behind,

Then Scotland did rejoice,
O that the Youth was come,
The Glory of the Nation,
King George's youngeſt Son.

Reſolved like a Briton,
To conquer or to die,
He marched to Aberdeen,
But before him they did fly,
He croſſed the River Spey,
A Battle did enſue,
But few were left alive,
Rebellion to perſue,
Then Britons all rejoice,
O that the Youth is come,
The Glory of the Nation,
King George's Youngeſt Son.

So, now Peace and Plenty,
Amongſt us all will reign,
In ſpite of a Pretender,
Dupe to France and Spain,
French Soupes we do deſpiſe,
It ſuiteth not our Blood;
Brown Beer and good roaſt Beef,
Is wholeſome Britiſh Food,
Then Britons all rejoice,
O that the Youth is come,
The Deliverer of his Country,
King George's youngeſt Son.

SONG 333.

FRom ſweet bewitching Tricks of Love
Young Men your Hearts ſecure,
Leſt from the Paths of Saints you rove,
In Dotage premature, in Dotage premature.
Look at each Laſs
Thro' Wiſdoms Glaſs,
Don't truſt the naked Eye;
Gallants beware,
Look ſharp, take care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

Not only on their Hands and Necks
The borrow'd White you'll find,
Some Belles when Intereſt directs,
Can ever paint the Mind,
Can, &c.
Joy in Diſtreſs
They can expreſs,
Their very Tears can lie;
Gallants beware,
Look ſharp, take Care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

There's not a Spinſter in the Realm,
But all Mankind can cheat,
Down to the Cottage from the Healm,
The Learn'd, the Brave, the Great;
With lovely Looks,
And golden Hooks,
T' intangle us they try;
Gallants beware,
Look ſharp take, Care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

Cou'd we with Ink the Ocean fill,
Was Earth of Parchment made,
Was every ſingle ſtick a Quill,
Each Man a Scribe by Trade,
To write the Tricks
Of half the Sex,
Wou'd ſuck that Ocean dry;
Gallants beware,
Look ſharp, take Care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

SONG 334.

FRom ſoft, deluding Tales of Love,
Bright Nymphs, your Hearts ſecure;
Nor let your curious Fancy rove
From Thoughts deſcreet and pure:
Thro' Virtue's Eyes, with Caution ſpy
The Great, the Grave, and Gay;
O! truſt not Man, his Tales trapan,
Invented to betray.
The tender Look, and ſilken Smile,
Regard not that, nor this;
Thus Judas fraught with Satans Guile,
Conceal'd it in a Kiſs:
Truſt not his touch, for that is ſuch,
Will ſteal your Soul away.
O! truſt not Man, &c.

Man, ſavage Man, by Nature prone
To Objects daily new,
Vows every preſent Fair alone
Shall find his Paſſion true;
If he's ſincere the leſs he'll ſwear,
The Perjur'd always pray.
O! truſt not Man, &c.

Could each fond fair one view the Mind
Of him who charms her Ear:
Their Infamies of every kind,
Unnumber'd would appear,
The vileſt Cheat, is Man replete,
With Syren Arts to ſlay.
O! truſt not Man, &c.

SONG 335.

FOr a Shape and a Bloom,
And an Air and a Mien,
Myrtila was brighteſt of all the gay Green,
But artful, wild, and affectedly coy,
Thoſe her Beauty invited, her Pride would deſtroy,
Thoſe her Beauty, &c.

By the Flocks as ſhe ſtray'd,
With the Nymphs of the Vale,
Not a Shepherd but woo'd her
To hear his ſoft Tale,
Tho' fatal the Paſſion, ſhe laugh'd at the Swain,
And return'd with Neglect
What ſhe heard with Diſdain,
And, &c.

But Beauty has Wings and too haſtily flies,
And Love unrewarded ſoon ſickens and dies:
The Nymph cur'd by Time, of her Folly and Pride,
Now ſighs in her Turn, for the Bliſs ſhe deny'd,
Now ſighs, &c.

No longer ſhe frolicks it wide o'er the Plain,
To kill with her Coyneſs the languiſhing Swain,
So humbled her Pride, is ſo ſoften'd her Mind,
That tho' courted by none,
She to all wou'd be kind,
That tho' courted, &c.

SONG 336.

FAir is the Swan, the Ermin White,
And fair's the Lilly of the Vale,
The Moon reſplendant Queen of Night,
And Snow that drives before the Gale,
In Fairneſs theſe the reſt excell,
But fairer is my Iſabel.

Sweet is the Violet, ſweet's the Roſe,
And ſweet the Morning Breath of May,
Carnations rich their Sweets diſcloſe,
And ſweet the waveing Wood-Bines play;
In Sweetneſs theſe the Reſt excell,
But ſweeter is my Iſabel.

Conſtant the Poet Calls the Dove,
And am'rous they the Sparrow Call;
Fond is the Skylark of her Love,
And fond the feather'd Choir all,

In Fondneſs theſe, the reſt excell,
But fonder I of Iſabel.

SONG 337.

FAir Phœbe, withdraw thy bright Rays,
And hide thee behind ſome dark Gloom:
Thy Beam my Confuſion betrays,
Which Darkneſs had better become.
See how the chaſte Proſpects inflame,
How glows ev'ry conſcious Buſh!
Each Object ſeems touch'd with my Shame,
The Landſcape appears in a Bluſh.

Kind Eccho, thy Accent reſtrain,
And ſilently hear all my Woes;
Thy Babbling offends my falſe Swain,
And upbraids him with Breach of his Vows.
Tho' the Language that flow'd from his Tongue
Was as falſe as the Wind or the Sea,
Oh! let him not think on the Wrong,
Leſt he become wretched like me.

Ye Roſes, that bluſh on my Cheek,
Why did you not wither away?
Was it kind thus my Ruin to ſeek,
And adorn while you mean to betray?
Ye Traitors no longer appear,
In your Place let Deformity grow;
I'll waſh off your Bloom with my Tear,
Till Death puts an End to my Woe.

On the Ground all alone in the Grove,
By the Side of a murmuring Stream,
Thus Daphne lamented her Love,
And Damon the Falſe was her Theme;
Her Cheeks a wan Colour o'erſpread,
Her Eye-lids were clos'd with a Gloom,
Adieu, my falſe Shepherd, ſhe ſaid,
And breath'd out her Life in a Groan.

SONG 338.

FAir Cælia's Eyes give Love to all,
The Nymph a Goddeſs reigns!
All that durſt look, her Victims fall,
Yet ſhe unmov'd remains.
While happy Strephon in her Arms
Secure, but envy'd lies:
To him ſhe opens all her Charms,
To him unlocks, unlocks,
Unlocks to him, unlocks her Joys.

So the pleas'd Moon on Latmos lay
With her Endymion;
Her Light to all ſhe gave away,
Her Love to him, her Love to him alone.

SONG 339.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny Seaman,
With Tears ſhe ſent him out to roam;
Young Thomas lov'd no other Woman,
But left his Heart with her at Home.

She view'd the Sea from off the Hill,
And while she turn'd the Spinning-wheel,
Sung of her bonny Seaman.
The Winds grew loud, and she grew paler,
To see the Weather-cock turn round;
When lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor
Come singing o'er the fallow Ground:
With nimble Haste he leap'd the Stile,
And Sally met him with a Smile,
And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

Fast round the Waist he took his Sally,
But first around his Mouth wip'd he;
Like home-bred Spark, he could not dally,
But kiss'd and press'd her with a Glee;
Thro' Winds and Waves, and dashing Rain,
Cry'd he, thy Tom's return'd again,
And brings a Heart for Sally.

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant Thomas,
Tho' out of Sight ne'er out of Mind;
Our Hearts tho' Seas have parted from us,
Yet they my Thoughts did leave behind.
So much my Thoughts took Tommy's Part,
That Time, nor Absence from my Heart
Cou'd drive my constant Thomas.

This Knife, the Gift of lovely Sally,
I still have kept for thy dear Sake:
A thousand times, in am'rous Folly,
Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck,
Again this happy Pledge returns,
To tell how truly Thomas burns,
How truly burns for Sally.

This Thimble didst thou give to Sally,
Whilst this I see, I think of you;
Then why does Tom stand, shall I, shall I,
While yonder Steeple's in our View.
Tom, never to Occasion blind,
Now took her in the coming Mind,
And went to Church with Sally.

SONG 340.

FAirest Work of happy Nature,
Sweet without dissembling Art;
Kind in ev'ry tender Feature,
Cruel only in a Heart:
View the Beauties of the Morning,
Where no sullen Clouds appear;
Graces there are less adorning,
Than below, when Cælia's there.

Ev'ry tuneful Breast confesses,
Sounds by you improve their Power;
Ev'ry Tongue in soft Addresses
Humbly tells us his Amour:
Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,
Faithful Strephon ne'er denies;
Such a Treasure in possessing,
All the Bills of Love supplies.

Yet I ſee by ev'ry Trial,
Feeble Hopes my Flames purſue;
Ever finding a Denial,
Where my ſofteſt Love was true:
But my Heart knows no retreating,
No Decay can eaſe my Pain;
Love allows of no defeating,
Tho' the Prize is fought in vain:

For if e'er my Cælia's Treaſure
Muſt her Virgin Sweets reſign,
Love ſhall flow with equal Meaſure,
And I'll boldly call her mine;
'Till her panting, wedding Lover,
Grown uneaſy by my Claim,
Leaves me freely to diſcover
Golden Coaſts without a Name.

SONG 341.

FArewell, ungrateful Traitor,
Farewell my perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again:
The Pleaſure of poſſeſſing
Surpaſſes all expreſſing:
But Joy's too ſhort a Bleſſing,
And Love too long a Pain:
But Joy's too ſhort a Bleſſing,
And Love too long a Pain.

'Tis eaſy to deceive us,
In Pity of your Pain;
But when we love, you leave us
To rail at you in vain:
Before we have deſcry'd it,
There is no Bliſs beſide it;
But ſhe that once has try'd it,
Will never love again.

The Paſſion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you diſdain:
Your Love by ours we meaſure,
Till we have loſt our Treaſure;
But dying is a Pleaſure,
When living is a Pain.

SONG 342.

FArewell the World, and mortal Cares,
The raviſh'd Strephon cry'd,
As full of Joy and tender Tears
He lay by Phillis Side:
Let others toil for Wealth and Fame,
Whilſt not one of mine
At any other Bliſs ſhall aim,
But thoſe dear Arms of thine!

Still let me gaze on thoſe bright Eyes,
And hear thy charming Tongue;
I nothing aſk to ſwell my Joys,
But thus to feel 'em long;

In cloſe Embraces let us lie,
And ſpend our Lives to come;
Then let us both together die,
And be each other's Tomb.

SONG 343.

FAireſt Iſle, all Iſles excelling,
Seat of Pleaſures and of Love,
Venus here will chuſe her Dwelling,
And forſake her Cyprian Grove,
Cupid, from his fav'rite Nation,
Care and Envy will remove,
Jealouſy, that poiſons Paſſion,
And Deſpair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, ſweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love,
Soft Repulſes, kind Deſdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove;
Ev'ry Swain ſhall pay his Duty,
Grateful ev'ry Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe excel in Beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be renown'd for Love.

SONG 344.

FAir Iris I love, and I hourly die,
But not for a Lip, nor a languiſhing Eye;
She's fickle and falſe, and there we agree,
For I am as falſe and as fickle as ſhe;
We neither believe, what either can ſay,
And neither believing, we neither betray.
'Tis civil to hear, and ſays Things of Courſe,
We mean not the taking for Better for Worſe;
When preſent we love, when abſent agree,
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me;
The Legend of Love no Couple can find,
So eaſy to part, or ſo equally join'd.

SONG 345.

FAir Chloe my Breaſt ſo alarms,
From her Power no Refuge I find,
If another I take to my Arms,
Yet my Chloe is then in my Mind.
Unbleſt with the Joy, ſtill a Pleaſure I want,
Which none but my Chloe, my Chloe can grant.

Let Chloe but ſmile, I grow gay,
And I feel my Heart ſpring with Delight:
Oh Chloe I could gaze all the Day,
And Chloe I wiſh for all Night.

Oh! did Chloe but know how I love,
And the Pleaſure of loving again,
My Paſſion her Favour would move,
And in Prudence ſhe'd pity my Pain:
Good Nature and Int'reſt ſhould both make her kind,
For the Joy ſhe might give, and the Joy ſhe might find.

SONG 346.

FArewell, my bonny, bonny, witty, pretty Maggy,
And a' the roſy Laſſes milking on the Down;

Adieu the flowry Meadows aft ſae dear Jocky,
The Sports and merry Glee of Edinborow Town:
Since French and Spaniſh Louns ſtand at Bay,
And valiant Lads a Britain hold 'em play,
My Reap-hook I mun throw quite away,
And fight too like a Man,
Among 'em, for our royal Queen Anne.

Each Carle of Iriſh Mettle battles like a Dragon;
The Germans waddle, and ſtraddle to the Drum;
The Italian and the Butter-bowzy Hogan Mogan:
Good-faith then, Scottiſh Jocky mauna lie at [hame:
For ſince they are ganging to hunt Renown,
And ſwear they'll quickly ding auld Monſieur down,
I'll follow for a Pluck at his Crown,
To ſhew that Scotland can
Excell 'em for our royal Queen Anne.

Then welcome from Vigo,
And cudgelling Don Diego,
With ſtrutting Raſcallions,
And plundering the Galleons:
Each briſk valiant Fellow
Fought at Rondondello,
And thoſe who did meet
With the Newfound-land Fleet;
When for late Succeſſes,
Which Europe confeſſes,
At Land by our gallant Commanders;
The Dutch in ſtrong-Beer,
Shou'd be drunk for a Year,
With their General's Health in Flanders.

SONG 347.

FArewell, ye Hills and Valleys,
Farewell, ye verdant Shades;
I'll take more pleaſant Sallies
To Plays and Maſquerades.
With Joy for Town I'll barter
Thoſe Banks where Flowers grow:
What's Roſes to a Garter?
What's Lillies to a Beau?

Farewell Tom, Dick, and Harry,
Farewell Moll, Nell, and Sue;
No longer muſt I tarry,
But bid you all adieu.
For a Time I will retire
Amidſt the Quality,
Where many a Knight and 'Squire
Will gladly wait on me.

Farewell, ye ſhady Bowers,
Where Lovers often meet,
And paſs the ſilent Hours
With melting Kiſſes ſweet:
Of all the Country Pleaſure
I take a long Adieu;
For I have no more Leiſure
To waſte away with you.

SONG 348.

Fair Silena, Queen of Love,
Deign to hear the captiv'd Swain ;
All he acts or ſays approve,
Strive to mitigate his Pain :
In ſoft Tranſports meet the Boy ;
Mutually diſſolve in Joy.

Sweeteſt Slumbers will compoſe,
Love ſhall animate the whole ;
Each bleſt Minute that we loſe,
Only robs our ſofter Soul :
Gladly then let us embrace,
Each poſſeſſing and poſſeſt.

Hymen's Joys ſhall then unite,
All the Graces too ſhall join ;
Wishing Raptures crown the Night,
Make the Pleaſure all divine :
Tranquil Extaſies confeſs,
All is Tranſport, all is Bliſs.

SONG 349.

Farewell, thou falſe Philander,
Since now from me you rove ;
And leave me here to wander,
No more to think of Love :
I muſt for ever languiſh,
I muſt for ever mourn :
From Love I now am baniſh'd,
And ſhall no more return.

Farewell, deceitful Traitor,
Farewell, thou perjur'd Swain ;
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe your Vows again :
The Paſſion you pretended,
Was only to obtain ;
For now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you diſdain.

SONG 350.

Fair Amoret is gone aſtray,
Purſue, and ſeek her, ev'ry Lover ;
I'll tell the Signs by which you may
The wandring Shepherdeſs diſcover.

Coquet and coy at once her Air,
Both ſtudy'd, tho' both ſeem neglected ;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful Care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect 'em ;
For ſhe'd perſuade they Wound by Chance,
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct them.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates,
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes ;
And while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the Thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

SONG 351.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartſome with thee I've mony a
Day been ;

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
These Tears that I shed, they are a' for my Dear,
And no for the Dangers attending on Weir,
Tho' bore on rough Seas to a far bloody Shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho Hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry Wind,
They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind;
Tho' loudest of Thunder on louder Waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my Love on the Shore:
To leave thee behind me, my Heart is fair pain'd,
By Ease that's inglorious no Fame can be gain'd.
And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then Glory, my Jenny maun plead my Excuse;
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee,
And without thy Favour I'd better not be!
I gae then, my Lass, to win Honour and Fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

SONG 352.

FAir Iris and her Swain
Were in a shady Bower,
Where Thrysis long, in vain
Had sought the happy Hour!

At length his Hand advancing
Upon her snowy Breast,
He said, O kiss me longer,
If you will make me blest.

Iris. An easy yielding Maid
By trusting is undone;
Our Sex is oft betray'd
By granting Love too soon:
If you desire to gain me,
Your Sufferings to redress,
Prepare to love me longer yet, and longer,
Before you shall possess.

Thrysis. The little Care you show
Of all my Sorrows past.
Makes Death appear too slow,
And Life too long to last;
Fair Iris kiss me kindly,
In Pity of my Fate,
And kindly still, and kindly still,
Before it be too late.

Iris. You fondly court your Bliss,
And no Advantage make;
'Tis not for Maids to give,
But 'tis for Men to take:
So you may kiss me kindly,
And kindly still, and kindly,
But do not kiss and tell,
No never kiss and tell.

Th. And may I kiſs you kindly ?
Ir. Yes, you may kiſs me kindly.
Th. And kindly ſtill, and kindly ?
Ir. And kindly ſtill, and kindly.
Th. And will you not rebel ?
Ir. And I will not rebel :
But do not kiſs and tell,
But do not kiſs and tell.

Th. No, no, I'll never kiſs and tell.
No, no, I'll never kiſs and tell.
Both, thus at the Height we love and live,
And fear not to be poor :
We give and we give, we give and we give,
'Till we can give no more :
But what To-day will take away
To Morrow will reſtore.
But what, &c.

SONG 353. Ye Commons, &c.

FAir Venus, they ſay,
On a rainy bleak Day,
Thus ſent her Child Cupid a-packing ;
Get thee gone from my Door,
Like a Son of a Whore,
And elſewhere ſtand bouncing and cracking.

To tell the plain Truth,
Our little blind Youth,
Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, Sir;
Till all Dangers paſt,
By good Fortune at laſt
He ſtumbled into a great Town, Sir.

Then ſtrait to himſelf
Cries this tiny fly Elf,
Since begging brings little Relief, Sir,
A Trade I'll commence
That ſhall bring in the Pence,
And ſtrait he ſet up for a Thief, Sir.

At Play-houſe and Kirk,
Where he ſlily did lurk,
He ſtole Hearts both from young and old People,
'Till at laſt, ſays my Song,
He had like to have ſwung
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

Then with Arrows and Bow
He a Soldier muſt go,
And ſtrait he ſhot Folks without warning ;
He thought it no Sin,
When his Hand once was in,
To kill you his Hundred a Morning.

When he found that he made
Little Gain by his Trade,
What does our fly graceleſs Blinker ?
But ſtrait chang'd his Note,
As well as his Coat,
And he needs muſt paſs for a Tinker.

Have you any Hearts to mend ?
Come, I'll be your Friend,

Or elſe I expect not a Farthing:
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
I'll ſoon make 'em whole;
And maids, is not this a fair Bargain?

But, Maids, have a Care,
Of this Tinker beware,
Shun the Rogue, tho' he ſets ſuch a Face on't,
Where he ſtops up one Hole,
'Tis true, by my Soul,
He'll at leaſt have a Score in the Place on't.

SONG 354.

FAir Maidens, O! beware,
Of uſing Men too well!
Their Pride is all their Care,
They only Kiſs to tell.
How hard the Virgin's Fate!
While ev'ry way undone;
The Coy grow out of Date,
They're ruin'd, if they're won.

SONG 355.

FAir and ſoft, and gay, and young,
All Charms, ſhe play'd, ſhe danc'd, ſhe ſung;
There was no way to 'ſcape the Dart,
No Care cou'd guard a Lover's Heart.

Ah why, cry'd I, and dropt a Tear,
Adoring, yet deſpairing e'er
To have her to myſelf alone;
Was ſo much Sweetneſs made for one?

But growing Bolder, in her Ear
I in ſoft Numbers told my Care;
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And ſeem'd to glow with equal Heat.
Like Heav'n's, too mighty to expreſs,
My Joys could be but known by Gueſs;
Ah Fool, ſaid I, what have I done,
To wiſh her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in View,
Before her Eyes, their Beams withdrew;
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She ſunk into another's Arms.
But ſhe that once cou'd faithleſs be,
Will favour him no more than me;
He too will find himſelf undone,
And that ſhe was not made for one.

SONG 356.

FAir, ſweet and young, receive a Prize
Reſerv'd for your victorious Eyes:
From Crowds, whom at your Feet you ſee,
O pity, and diſtinguiſh me;
As I from thouſand Beauties more
Diſtinguiſh you, and only you adore.

Your Fate for Conqueſt was deſign'd,
Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind;

Angels, when you your Silence break,
Forget their Hymns, to hear you ſpeak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to ſtay with you.

No Graces can your Form improve,
But all are loſt unleſs you love;
While that ſweet Paſſion you diſdain,
Your Voice and Beauty are in vain.
In Pity then prevent my Fate,
For after dying all Reprieve's too late.

SONG 357.

FAlſe tho' ſhe be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er purſue Revenge;
For ſtill the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her Change.

In Hours of Bliſs we oft have met,
They cou'd not always laſt;
And tho' the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG 358.

FAme's an Echo, prattling double,
An empty, airy, glittering Bubble;
A Breath can ſwell, a Breath can ſink it,
The wiſe not worth their Keeping think it.

Why then, why ſuch Toil and Pain,
Fame's uncertain Smiles to gain?

Like her Siſter, Fortune, blind,
To the beſt ſhe's oft unkind,
And the worſt her Favour find.

SONG 359.

FIll all the Glaſſes, fill 'em high,
Drink, drink, and defy all Power but Love:
Wine gives the Slave his Liberty;
But Love makes a Slave of thund'ring Jove.
Drink, drink away,
Make a Night of the Day,
'Tis Nectar, 'tis Liquor divine;
The Pleaſure of Life,
Free from Anguiſh and Striſe,
Are owing to Love and good Wine.

SONG 360.

FIne Ladies with an artful Grace
Diſguiſe each native Feature,
Whilſt flatt'ring Glaſſes ſhew the Face,
As made by Art, not Nature:
But we poor Folks in home-ſpun Grey,
By Patch, nor Waſhes tainted,
Look freſh, and ſweeter far than they
That ſtill are finely painted.

SONG 361.

FYE, Amarillis, ceaſe to grieve,
Fye, fye, fye, fye, ceaſe, ceaſe to grieve,

Fye, fye, fye, fye, ceaſe, ceaſe to grieve,
For him thou never canſt retrieve;
Wilt thou ſigh for one that flies thee,
Wilt thou ſigh for one that flies thee?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, ſcorn the Wretch,
Scorn the Wretch, that Love denies thee,
Scorn the Wretch, ſcorn the Wretch,
That Love, that Love denies thee.

Call Pride to thy Aid, and be not afraid,
Of meeting a Swain that is kind;
As handſome as he, perhaps he may be,
At leaſt, at leaſt a more generous Mind.
As handſome as he, perhaps he may be,
At leaſt a more generous Mind.

SONG 362.

FAncella's Heart is ſtill the ſame,
Hard and cold as Winter's Morning
Tho' my Love is ever burning,
Yet no Frowns or Smiles can ever
Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever,
Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever.

So long I talk and think of Love,
All the Groves and Streams can name her;
All the Nymphs and Echo's blame her,
If ſhe keeps her cruel Faſhion,
Nought but Death can eaſe my Paſſion.

Of all the Charms that Lovers have,
All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguiſh,
All the Looks with which I languiſh
Move not her to any Feeling;
Beauty takes Delight in Killing.

SONG 363. London Ladies.

FOR Gold and not Freedom, thoſe Generals fight,
Who clip from their Veterans Pay, Sir;
For Gold, and not Freedom, thoſe Journaliſts write,
Who rave about deſpotic Sway: Sir:

Would Fate to their Wiſhes propitiouſly deign,
And fill but their Coffers with Gold, Sir;
The Pope then might fight, and the Devil might reign,
For Fighter and Writer are ſold, Sir.

SONG 364.

FOoliſh Woman, fly Men's Charms,
Fly their Cringing, fly their Arms,
For, ſhould you, by chance, comply,
'Tis not they, but you muſt die.

Men with Pleaſure ſoon are cloy'd,
And forſake you when enjoy'd;
Strive their winning Arts to ſhun,
If you ſlight them, they're undone.

When that you them over-pow'r,
Reſerve yourſelf until the Hour

Of the Matrimonial Nooſe,
Then falſe Men you may abuſe.

SONG 365.

FOnd Echo, forbear thy light Strain,
And heedfully hear a loſt Maid?
Go tell the falſe Ear of the Swain,
How deeply his Vows have betray'd:
Go tell him what Sorrows I bear;
See yet if Heart feel my Woe;
'Tis now he muſt heal my Deſpair,
Or Death will make Pity too ſlow.

SONG 366.

FOoliſh Love be gone, ſaid I,
Vain are thy Attempts on me;
Thy ſoft Allurements I defy,
Women, thoſe fair Diſſemblers, fly,
My Heart was never made for thee.

Love heard; and ſtraight prepar'd a Dart;
Myra, revenge my Cauſe, ſaid he:
Too ſure 'twas ſhot, I feel the Smart,
It rends my Brain, and tears my Heart;
O Love! my Conqu'rer, pity me.

SONG 367.

FOrſaken of my kindly Stars,
Within this Melancholy Grove
I waſte my Days and Nights in Tears,
A Victim to ingrateful Love.

The happy ſtill untimely end;
Death flies from Grief, or why ſhould I
So many Hours in Sorrow ſpend,
Wiſhing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye Pow'rs, take Pity of my Pain,
This, only this is my Deſire;
Ah! take from Mira her Diſdain,
Or let me with this Sigh expire.

SONG 368.

FOoliſh Prater, what doſt thou
So early at my Window do
With thy tuneleſs Serenade?
Well't had been, had Tereus made
Thee dumb as Philomel,
There his Knife had done but well.

In thy undiſcover'd Neſt
Thou doſt all the Winter reſt,
And dreameſt on thy Summer Joys,
Free from the ſtormy Seaſon's Noiſe,
Free from the Ill thou'ſt done to me;
Who diſturbs or ſeeks out thee?

Hadſt thou all the charming Notes
Of the Wood's poetick Throats,
All thy Art could never pay
What thou'ſt ta'en from me away.

Cruel Bird, thou'ſt ta'en away
A Dream out of my Arms, to Day;
A Dream that ne'er muſt equall'd be
By all that naked Eyes may ſee.

Thou, this Damage to repair,
Nothing half ſo ſweet or fair,
Nothing half ſo good canſt bring,
Tho' Men ſay thou bring'ſt the Spring.

SONG 369.

FLocks are ſporting, Doves are courting,
Warbling Linnets ſweetly ſing;
Joys and Pleaſure, without Meaſure,
Kindly hail the glorious Spring.

Flocks are bleating, Rocks repeating,
Valleys echo back the Sound;
Dancing, Singing, Piping, Springing,
Nought but Mirth and Joy go round.

SONG. 370.

FLy, fly ye lazy Hours, haſt bring him here,
Swift ſwift as my fond Wiſhes are;
When we love, and love to rage,
Ev'ry Moment ſeems an Age:
When we love, and love to rage,
Ev'ry Moment ſeems an Age.

SONG 371

FOr a Soldier or Poet conſumedly poor,
I procure a ſmart Woman with Pence;
For a Shop-keeper, ready to ſhut up his Door,
A rich Maukin without common Senſe:
For Beaus batter'd and old,
State Miſſes with Gold,
Tho' toothleſs as my Grandmother:
For a Fellow damn'd lewd,
An affected rich Prude;
For like Tallies they hit one another.
Twangdillo.

Any Maid who undutiful Parents has got,
Or a Guardian too rigid upon her,
Any worn-out Miſtreſs, who'd wed and be thought
A Woman of Virtue and Honour;
Any Widow in want
Of a ſturdy Gallant,
Any Wife of her Huſband quite ſick,
To their Wiſhes I grant
A Supply in the Nick;
Thus I pimp, Sir, with Spirit and Honour.
Twangdillo.

SGNG 372. *Room Room for, &c.*

FRail's the Bliſs of Woman,
Fleeting as a Shade;
While we pity no Man,
Goddeſſes we're made:
If our Favour's wanting,
To their Wants we're kind;
Ruin'd by our granting,
We no Favour find.

Birds, for kind complying,
Love their Females more;
We're lov'd for denying,
Scorn'd when we implore:
While on ev'ry Tree,
Cherry, Cherry, ſing the ſmall Birds,
Happier far than we.

SONG 373.

FOoliſh Swain, thy Sighs forbear,
Nothing can her Paſſion move:
Celia, with a careleſs Air,
Laughs to hear the Tales of Love.

Darts and Flames the Nymph defies,
Joys which others Hearts beguile;
Pleaſure ſparkles in her Eyes,
Gay without an am'rous Smile.

Celia, like the feather'd Choir,
Ever on the Wing for Flight,
Hops from this to that Deſire,
Flutt'ring ſtill in new Delight.

Pleas'd ſhe ſeems when you are by,
And when abſent, ſhe's the ſame;
Talks of Love like you or I,
But believes't an empty Name.

Always eaſy, ever kind;
When you think you have her ſure,
Such a Temper you will find
Quick to wound, but ſlow to cure.

SONG 374.

FArewel the Town's ungrateful Noiſe,
Hurry, Striſe, that damps all Joys,
Where Reaſon proud Ambition blinds,
Frenzy of unquiet Minds:
Eaſe and Pleaſure,
Bleſt with Leiſure,
In ſweet Groves my Choice ſhall be;
Cælia ſmiling,
Time beguiling;
Dear Content's a World to me.

Late manag'd Peace does nought avail,
Lawyers bawl, and Parſons rail;
A Friend againſt a Friend muſt be,
And darling Brothers diſagree;
Yet their Stories,
Whigs and Tories,
Both would change did Gain appear;
Both would change did Gain appear;
Charming Graces
In a Place is
Of a thouſand Pounds a Year.

Great Pan has left his foreign Powers,
Where Peace ſat ſmiling, crown'd with Flow-
To govern Albion's ſtubborn Flocks, (ers,
Whoſe Hearts are harder than their Rocks;
He that's royal
Loves all loyal
Hearts like mine from Treaſon free;

Peace when laſting,
Love ne'er waſting,
Is a World to him and me.

O! State and Glory unconfin'd,
Thou burning Fever of the Mind,
I, 'midſt the Grandeur thou doſt bear,
In Content more bleſt appear;
Flow'rs when ſpringing,
Birds when ſinging,
In my rural Shade I ſee;
Plots ne'er making,
Heart ne'er aking;
Dear Content's a World to me.

SONG 375.

FLy, fly, ye happy Shepherds, fly,
Avoid Philiria's Charms?
The Rigours of her Heart deny
The Heav'n that's in her Arms.

Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,
Nor yielding to be bleſt;
Nature, who form'd her Eyes of Fire,
Of Ice compos'd her Breaſt.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe
A Slave, whoſe Zeal you move:
The Gods, alas! your Youth deceive,
The Heaven conſiſts in Love.

In ſpite of all the things you owe,
You may reproach 'em this;
That were they did their Form beſtow,
They have deny'd their Bliſs.

SONG 376.

FLy from Olinda, young and fair,
Fly from her ſoft engaging Air,
All Wit, in Woman found ſo rare:

Altho' her Looks to Love adviſe,
Her yet unconquer'd Heart denies,
And breaks the Promiſe of her Eyes.

SONG 377.

FOr many unſucceſsful Years
At Cynthia's Feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my Tears;
I ſigh'd, but durſt not pray.
No proſtrate Wretch, before the Shrine
Of ſome lov'd Saint above
E'er thought his Goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more awful Love.

Still the diſdainful Nymph look'd down
With coy inſulting Pride,
Receiv'd my Paſſion with a Frown,
Or turn'd her Head aſide.
Then Cupid whiſper'd in my Ear,
Uſe more prevailing Charms,
You modeſt whining Fool, draw near,
And claſp her in your Arms.

With eager Kiſſes tempt the Maid,
From Cynthia's Feet depart;

The Lips he briſkly muſt invade,
That wou'd poſſeſs the Heart.
With that, I ſhook off all the Slave,
My better Fortunes try'd,
When Cynthia in a Moment gave
What ſhe for Years deny'd.

SONG 378.

FOur and twenty Fidlers all in a row,
And there was fiddle, fiddle, and twice fiddle, fiddle,
It is my Lady's Birth-Day,
Therefore we keep Holiday,
And come to be merry.

Four and twenty Drummers all in a row,
And there was Rub a dub, rub, rub, rub,
And there was fiddle, fiddle, &c.

Four and twenty Trumpeters all in a row,
And there was Tantra rara, tantara,
And there was rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty Tabors and Pipes all in a row,
And there was whip and dub,
And tantara rara, &c.

Four and twenty Women all in a row,
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle,
And whip and dub, &c.

Four and twenty Singing-Maſters all in a row,
And there was Fa, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la,
And there was tittle, &c.

Four and twenty Fencing-Maſter all in a row,
And this, and that, and down to the Legs clap, Sir,
And cut 'em off, and Fa, la, &c.

Four and twenty Lawyers all in a row,
And there was *Omne quod exit in um damno, Sed plus damno decorum*; and there was this and that, &c.

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,
And there was rare Claret and White,
I ne'er drank worſe in my Life,
And excellent good Canary,
Drawn off the Lees of Sherry,
If you do not like it, *Omne quod*, &c.

Four and twenty Parliament-Men all in a row,
And there was Loyalty and Reaſon,
Without one Word of Treaſon,
And there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in a row,
And there was Alter Malter Vanter Dyken Shapen Kopen deVan Hogne Rottyck Vanton ſick de Brille Van Boorflyck, Van Foorſtyck, and Soatrag Van Hogan Heſien Van Donk.
Rare Claret and White, &c.

SONG 379.

FOrth from my dark and diſmal Cell,
Or from the dark Abyſs of Hell,

Mad Tom is come to view the World again,
To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd Brain.

Fears and Cares oppreſs my Soul;
Hark! how the angry Furies howl?
Pluto laughs, and Proſerpine is glad,
To ſee poor angry Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day,
To find my ſtraggling Senſes.
In angry Mood I met old Time,
With his Pentateuch of Tenſes:

When me he ſpies away he flies,
For Time will ſtay for no Man;
In vain with Cries I tend the Skies,
For Pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſs I be,
Help! help! or elſe I die!
Hark! I hear Apollo's Team,
The Carman 'gins to whiſtle;
Chaſte Diana bends her Bow,
And the Boar begins to briſtle.

Come Vulcan, with Tools and with Tackle;
And knock off my troubleſome Shackle;
Bid Charles make ready his Wain,
To bring me my Senſes again.

Laſt Night I heard the Dog-ſtar bark;
Mars met Venus in the Dark;
Limping Vulcan heat an Iron-bar,
And furiouſly made at the God of War;
Mars with his Weapon laid about;
Limping Vulcan had got the Gout;
His broad Horns did ſo hang in his Light,
That he could not ſee to aim his Blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble Poſt of Heaven,
Stood ſtill to ſee the Quarrel;
Gorrel-belly'd Bacchus, Giant-like,
Beſtrid a Strong-Beer Barrel;
To me he drank whole Buts,
Until he burſt his Guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor Tom is very dry,
A little Drink for Charity.

Hark! I hear Actæon's Hounds,
The Huntſmen whoop and hollow;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the Chace do follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot;
But a Cup of Malaga Sack
Will fire the Buſh at his Back.

SONG 380.

FOR haughty Phillis Thyrſis pines,
In his pale Cheeks the Roſes fade;
The gaily-chearful Sports reſigns,
And ſeeks the ſweetly-ſoothing Shade.

Now by the Stream ſupine he lies,
Or o'er the Mead does frantic Stray;
Or to the rocky Mountain hies,
As Love directs the various Way.

To Graves, to Streams, to Wilds, alone,
The Fire that thrills his Veins reveals;
Nor to the Rock pours forth his Moan,
Since babling Echo ne'er conceals.

At length the Nymph for Thyrſis burns,
And cools his ſwift-conſuming Flame:
Pleas'd Thyrſis ſmiles, ſad Phillis mourns,
And riſing Bluſhes ſpeak her Shame.

To mute Abodes the perjur'd Youth
No more repeats a Paſſion feign'd;
The Village rings with the ſad Truth,
For Thyrſis boaſts a Conqueſt gain'd.

If only to the Field or Stream,
When the kind Maid his Paſſion eas'd,
Had Thyrſis told the golden Dream,
Then Phillis had not been diſpleas'd.

SONG 381.

FLY me not, Silvia; why do you fly me?
Hear me, fair Silvia,
Tho' you deny me:
You're all my Treaſure,
You're all my Joy, and all my Care.
Pity my Anguiſh;
See how I languiſh,
See how I languiſh, ah! cruel Fair!
Smile then and heal me,
Or frown and kill me,
For Death is better than Deſpair.

SONG 382.

FLY merry News among the Crews
That love to hear of Jeſts;
The oldeſt Sport that e'er was us'd,
Yet chiefly in Requeſt.
If any one do carp at thee,
Or do thee Bawdy call,
Say thou do'ſt write as they delight,
Of Up-tails all.

There hath a Queſtion been of late
Among the youthful Sort;
What Paſtime is the pleaſanteſt,
And what the ſweeteſt Sport?
And it hath been adjudged,
As well by great and ſmall,
That of all Paſtimes none is like
To Up-tails all.

Batchelors will to this Game,
And marry'd Men likewiſe;
Yea Wives, yea Maids, and Widows,
Will uſe it all their Lives:
And old Men they will have a Snatch,
Altho' their Game's but ſmall;

Yet theſe old Colts will have a Bout
At Up-tails all.

If it were unlawful,
Then Lawyers were to blame;
And if it were ungodly,
To Prieſts it were a Shame;
For they, no doubt, do uſe it,
Tho' it a Vice they call;
Yet Prieſts and Lawyers both will play
At Up-tails all.

It cannot be unwholſome,
Phyſicians do it uſe;
And if that it were noiſome,
They would it then refuſe:
And if it hurt the Body,
Then ſure their Skill is ſmall;
For why the beſt of theſe will play
At Up-tails all.

Ladies love the Paſtime,
And do the Pleaſure Crave;
And if it were a baſe Thing,
Then it they would not have:
But yet the faireſt Women
Will ſooneſt for it call;
There is no ſhe but that will play
At Up-tails all.

If it were a coſtly Thing,
Then Beggars could not buy it;
And if it were a loathſome Thing,
Then Genteels would defy it:
But it is a ſweet Thing,
And pleaſing unto all;
There is not one but that will play
At Up-tails all.

SONG 383.

FROM fifteen Years fair Chloe wiſh'd,
She dreamt and ſigh'd in vain;
And hardly knew her Virgin Thoughts
Were hankering after Man.

'Twas long before the harmleſs Maid
Gueſs'd whence her Paſſion grew;
But when ſhe had herſelf ſurvey'd,
The ſecret Cauſe ſhe knew.

To Jove ſhe thus herſelf addreſs'd,
And humbly begg'd his Aid;
He kindly lent a liſt'ning Ear,
While thus the Proſtrate ſaid:

Grant me, great Jove, a Huſband, rich,
Gay, vig'rous, kind and young,
A Churchman hot, a Tory true,
And to his Party ſtrong.

A Grudge the God did bear the Maid,
He therefore thus did grant;
Be match'd, for Life, to an old Whig
Of Merit and of Want.

Enrag'd, the Nymph to Venus fled,
Who eas'd the Devotee,
And yoak'd her to a jolly Swain,
From Want and Party free.

SONG 384. *Ye Commons and Peers.*

FRom good Liquor ne'er ſhrink,
In Friendſhip we'll drink,
And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow:
Let us huſband to Day,
For Time flies ſwift away,
And no one's aſſur'd of to Morrow.

Of all the gay Sages
That grac'd the paſt Ages,
Dad Noah the moſt did excel;
He firſt planted the Vine,
Firſt taſted the Wine,
And nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say, why ſhould not we
Get as boſky as he,
Since here's Lipuor as well will inſpire?
Then fill up my Glaſs,
I'll ſee that it paſs
To the Manes of that good old Sire.

SONG 385.

FRom White's and Will's
To purling Rills
The love-ſick Strephon flies;
There full of Woe
His Numbers flow,
And all in Rhyme he dies.

The fair Coquet,
With feign'd Regret,
Invites him back to Town;
But when in Tears
The Youth appears,
She meets him with a Frown.

Full oft the Maid
This Prank had play'd,
Till angry Strephon ſwore,
And what is ſtrange,
Tho' loath to change,
Wou'd never ſee her more.

SONG 386.

FReedom is a real Treaſure,
Love a Dream, all falſe and vain;
Short, uncertain is the Pleaſure,
Sure and laſting is the Pain.

A ſincere and tender Paſſion
Some ill Planet over-rules;
Ah, how blind is Inclination!
Fate and Women doat on Fools.

SONG 387.

FRom grave Leſſons and Reſtraint,
I'm ſtole out to revel here;
Yet I tremble and I pant,
In the Middle of the Fair.

Oh! wou'd Fortune in my Way
Throw a Lover kind and gay,
Now's the Time he ſoon may move
A young Heart unus'd to Love.
Shall I venture? no, no, no;
Shall I from the Danger go?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no;
I muſt not try; I cannot fly.

Help me, Nature, help me Art,
Why ſhould I deny my Heart?
If a Lover will purſue,
Like the wiſeſt let me do;
I will fit him if he's true,
If he's falſe I'll fit him too.

SONG 388.

FRom roſie Bowers, where ſleeps the God of Love,
Hither ye little waiting Cupids fly; [Love,
Teach me in ſoft melodious Song to move
With tender Paſſion my Heart's darling Joy,
Ah! let the Soul of Muſick tune my Voice,
To win dear Strephon, who my Soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
Is to be briſk and airy,
With a Step and a Bound,
And a Friſk from the Ground,
I'll trip like any Fairy.
As once on Ida dancing
Were three celeſtial Bodies,
With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape and a Grace,
I'll charm like Beauty's Goddeſs.

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
Death and Deſpair muſt end the fatal Pain;
Cold Deſpair, diſguis'd like Froſt and Snow (blow,
and Rain,
Falls on my Breaſt; bleak Winds in Tempeſts
My Veins all ſhiver, and my Fingers glow;
My Pulſe beats a dead March for loſt Repoſe,
And to a ſolid Lump of Ice my poor ſond
Heart is froze.

Or ſay, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myſelf, or drown
Amongſt the foaming Billows,
Increaſing all with Tears I ſhed?
On Beds Ooze and Chryſtal Pillows,
Lay down my love-ſick Head.

No, no, I'll ſtraight run mad,
That ſoon my Heart will warm;
When once the Senſe is fled,
Love has no Pow'r to charm:
Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,
Robes, Locks ſhall thus be tore;
A thouſand Deaths I'll die,
Ere thus in vain adore.

SONG 389.

FRom native Stalk the Province Roſe
I pluckt with green Attire,
But oh! upon its Graces hung
A Flatus to Deſire.

vile, deſtroying, preying Worm,
Who ſhelter'd in the Leaf,
d robb'd me of the priſtine Joy,
And prov'd the lucky Thief.

beauteous Nymphs too oft are found
The vileſt Man to truſt;
hile conſtant Lovers plead in vain,
And die for being juſt.

SONG 390.

Lavia's Eyes, like Fires ſuppreſs'd,
More fiercely flame again,
er can her Beauty be decreas'd,
Or alter'd by her Pain.

Thoſe various Charms which round her play,
And do her Face adorn,
ill as they ripen, fall away,
Freſh Beauties ſtill are born.

o doth it with the Lovers fare,
Who do the Dame adore;
One Fit of Love kill'd by Deſpair,
Another rages more.

SONG 391.

From Place to Place forlorn I go,
With downcaſt Eyes, a ſilent Shade;
bidden to declare my Woe;
To ſpeak, 'till ſpoken to, afraid.

My inward Pang, my ſecret Grief,
My ſoft conſenting Looks betray;
He loves, but gives me no Relief;
Why ſpeaks not he who may?

SONG 392.

FRom Tyrant Laws and Cuſtoms free,
We follow ſweet Variety,
By Turns we drink, and dance, and ſing,
Love for ever on the Wing.
Why ſhould niggard Rules controul
Tranſports of the jovial Soul?
No dull ſtinting Hour we own;
Pleaſure counts our Time alone.

SONG 393.

FRom France, from Spain, from Rome I come,
And from all Parts of Chriſtendom;
For to cure all ſtrange Diſeaſes,
Come take Phyſick he that pleaſes:

Come ye broken Maids that ſcatter,
And can never hold your Water,
I can teach you it to keep;
And other Things are very meet,
As groaning backward in your Sleep.

Come an ugly dirty Whore,
That is at leaſt threeſcore or more,
Whoſe Face and Noſe ſtands all awry,
As if you'd fear to paſs her by:

I can make her plump and young,
Lusty, lively, and also strong;
Honest, active, fit to wed,
And can recal her Maidenhead;
All this is done as soon as said.

If any Man has got a Wife,
That makes him weary of his Life,
With scolding, yewling in the House,
As tho' the Devil was turned loose;
Let him but repair to me,
I can cure her presently:
With one Pill I'll make her civil,
And rid her Husband of that Evil,
Or send her headlong to the Devil.

The Pox, the Palsy, and the Gout,
Pains within, and Aches without;
There is no Disease but I
Can find a present Remedy;
Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,
Are the easiest Wounds I cure;
Nay, more than that I will maintain,
Break your Neck, I'll set it again,
Or ask you nothing for my Pain.

Or if any Man has not
The Heart to fight against the Scot;
I'll put in one, if he be willing,
Shall make him fight, and ne'er fear killing;
Or any that has been dead
Seven long Years and buried,
Or I can him to Life restore,
And make him as sound as he was before,
Else let him trust me more.

If any Man desire to live
A thousand Ages, let him give
Me a thousand Pounds, and I
Will warrant him Life until he die;
Nay more, I'll teach him a better Trick,
Shall keep him well, if he'll ne'er be sick;
But if I no Money see,
And he with Diseases troubled be,
Then he may thank himself, not me.

SONG 394.

FLora, Goddess sweetly blooming,
Ever airy, ever gay,
All her wonted Charms resuming,
To Spring-Garden calls away.
With this blissful Spot delighted,
Here the Queen of May retreats;
Belles and Beaux are all invited
To partake of vary'd Sweets.

See a grand Pavillion yonder,
Rising near embow'ring Shades;
There a Temple strikes with Wonder,
In full View of Colonnades.
Art and Nature (kindly lavish)
Here their mingled Beauties yield:

Equal here the Pleaſures raviſh,
Of the Court, and of the Field.
Hark! what heav'nly Notes deſcending
Break upon the liſt'ning Ear:
Muſick all its Graces lending,
O! 'tis Extaſy to hear!
Nightingales the Concert joining,
Breath their Plaints in melting Strains:
Vanquiſh'd now, their Groves reſigning,
Soon they fly to diſtant Plains.
Lo! what Splendors round us darting,
Swift illume the charming Scene;
Chandeliers their Lights imparting,
Pour freſh Beauties o'er the Green.
Glitt'ring Lamps in Order planted,
Strike the Eye with ſweet Surprize:
Adam ſcarce was more inchanted,
When he ſaw the Sun firſt riſe.
Now the various Bands are ſeated,
All diſpos'd in bright Array;
Buſ'neſs o'er, and Cares retreated,
With gay Mirth they cloſe the Day.
Thus, of old, the Sons of Pleaſure
Paſs'd in Shades their fav'rite Hours;
(Nectar chearing their ſoft Leiſure)
Bleſs'd by Love, and crown'd with Flow'rs.

SONG 395.

FREE from Confinement and Strife,
I'll plow thro' the Ocean of Life,
To ſeek new Delights,
Where Beauty invites,
But ne'er be confin'd to a Wife.

The Man that is free,
Like a Veſſel at Sea,
After Conqueſt and Plunder may roam;
But when either confin'd
By Wife or by Wind,
Tho' for Glory deſign'd,
No Advantage they find,
But rot in the Harbour at Home.

SONG 396.

GOD ſave great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God ſave the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God ſave the King.
O Lord our God ariſe,
Scatter his Enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their Politicks,
Fruſtrate their knaviſh Tricks,
On him our Hopes we fix,
God ſave us all.
Thy choiceſt Gifts in ſtore,
On George be pleas'd to pour,

Long may he reign;
May he defend our Laws,
And ever give us Cauſe,
To ſay with Heart and Voice,
God ſave the King.

Oh! grant that Marſhal Wade
May, by thy mighty Aid,
Victory bring;
May he Sedition huſh,
And like a Torrent ruſh,
Rebellious Scots to cruſh,
God ſave the King.

Confound tall Jemmy's Plot,
Pope, French, and Spaniſh Knot,
Confound them all;
Villains notorious,
Their Fears inglorious,
Never ſhall conquer us,
Confound them all.

O Lord look down, and ſave
Thy Servant George, the brave,
Our noble King;
Protect our Church and State,
And make true Britons hate
Prieſts with bald-headed Pates,
Of the French King.

Oh! now ſome People ſay,
Young Charles is run away,
Over to France;
'Cauſe he was ſore afraid,
Of valiant Marſhal Wade,
For if that he had ſtaid,
He'd ſtood no Chance.

Since this good News we bring,
Britons rejoice, and ſing
God ſave the King;
And the royal Family,
O may they multiply,
Sing till the Day we die,
God ſave the King.

Let's drink a Health to them,
Fill your Glaſs to the Brim,
God ſave the King;
Heavens grant the Wars to ceaſe,
That Trading may encreaſe,
Unite in Love and Peace,
God ſave the King.

SONG 397.

GOD bleſs our noble Duke,
Long live our noble Duke,
God ſave the Duke;
Since it has been his Lot,
To conquer Rebel's Scot,
Ne'er let him be forgot,
God ſave the Duke.

He's made 'em turn their Tails,
And fly o'er Hills and Dales,

God ſave the Duke;
Them he has bang'd about,
And caus'd that Rabble-rout,
Once more to feed on Grout,
God ſave the Duke.

Perkin may ſigh and weep,
And now in Corners creep,
Great be his Fall;
And for his Rebel-crew,
As they bake let 'em brew,
Let Tyburn have its due,
Hang 'em up all.

Guardian of Britain's Iſle,
Once more propitious ſmile,
Genius ariſe;
Let War and Tumults ceaſe,
Grant us a laſting Peace,
Wealth and Trade to encreaſe,
And crown our Joys.

SONG 398.

GOddeſs of Eaſe leave Lethe's Brink,
Obſequious to the Muſe and me;
For once endure the Pain to think,
O ſweet Inſenſibility.
Siſter of Peace and Indolence,
Bring Muſe, bring Numbers ſoft and ſlow,
Laborately void of Senſe,
And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them flow.
And ſweetly, &c.

Near to ſome Couſlips painted Mead,
There let me doze away dull Hours,
And under me let Flora ſpread
A Sopha of her ſofteſt Flowers;
Where Philomel, your Notes you breathe
Forth, from the neighbouring Pine,
Whilſt Murmurs of the Streams beneath
Still flow in Union with thine.
Still flow, &c.

For thee, Oh Idleneſs! the Woes
Of Life we patiently endure;
Thou art the Source whence Labour flows,
We ſhun thee but to make thee ſure:
For who'd endure War's Toil and Waſte,
Or who th' hoarſe thund'ring of the Sea,
But to be idle at the laſt,
And find a pleaſing End in thee.
And find, &c.

SONG 399.

GO Roſe my Chloe's Boſom grace,
My Chloe's Boſom grace:
How happy ſhould I prove,
How happy ſhould I prove,
Might I ſupply that envied Place
With never fading Love,
With never fading Love;

There Phœnix like beneath her Eye,
Involv'd in Fragrants, burn and die,
In Raptures burn and die.

Know, hapleſs Flow'r, that thou ſhalt find
More fragrant Roſes there,
More fragrant Roſes there;
I ſee thy with'ring Head reclin'd,
With Envy and Deſpair;
With Envy and Deſpair;
One common Fate we both muſt prove.
You die with Envy, I with Love.
You die, &c.

SONG 400.

GAY, kind, and airy, ſweet is a Lover,
Sweet is a Lover, gay, kind, and airy;
But when we marry,
Too ſoon we vary,
Courting and ſporting are all over.

SONG 401.

GAY Myra has two Winters been,
The Flame of all the Town;
By all admir'd where'er ſhe's ſeen,
By all ador'd when known.
No Beauty, be ſhe e'er ſo fair,
With Myra dares diſpute;
The very Prudes all ſilenc'd are,
And Envy's Self is mute.

Tho' Thouſands own her pow'rful Eyes,
Thouſands for Pity ſue;
The Nymph old Conqueſts does deſpiſe,
And ſighing longs for new.
Thus Philip's Son, the World ſubdu'd,
To true Enjoyment blind,
Wept, as the abject Earth he view'd,
And others wiſh'd to find.

A thouſand Kingdoms own'd him Lord,
None felt his milder Reign;
In forc'd Obedience all accord,
All join to curſe his Chain:
Much longer, happier he'd have rul'd
O'er a ſelected Part.
Then Myra, e'er my Love be cool'd,
Select a faithful Heart.

By Gratitude, thus join'd to Love,
My Flame will ſtronger grow;
By Age, your Face a Change muſt prove,
No Change my Heart ſhall know:
Perſuaded, if againſt Threeſcore
This Remedy you'll try,
Believe that none e'er lov'd you more,
Or longer ſhall, than I.

SONG 402.

GAffer and Gammer were faſt in their Neſt,
And all the young Fry of their Crib were poſſeſt,

, Whitefoot, and Puſs, in the Aſhes were laid,
a blinking Ruſh-Candle juſt over their Head.
was ſcouring her Diſhes and Platter,
aring to make her good Friend, the Hog, fatter;
'd up to the Elbow, as much to the Eye,
her embroider'd Clothes were ready to fry,
the Plowman i'th' Chimney lay ſnoring,
Cupid, ſore vex'd at his clowniſh adoring,
ſtraightway convey to the great Logger-head
whiſp'ring News, that they were all a-bed.
ſtarted Roger, and rubbing his Eyes,
ight to his dear Urſla in Paſſion he hies;
leaning his Elbow on Urſla's broad Back,
plain'd that his Heart was ready to crack.
, being vex'd at the Weight of her Love,
y'd, Cupid, who doſt thou thus treacherous prove?
angry Mood then ſhe turn'd her about,
the Diſh-clout lapt over the Face of the Lout.
b'ing angry at ſuch an Affront,
ot at all minding of what might come on't,
ve her a Kick, with ſuch wond'rous (Mettle,
bl'd poor Urſla quite over the Kettle.

This Noiſe and Rumbling ſet Gaffer awaking,
And fearing, leſt Thieves had been ſtealing his Bacon,
With a Pur down the Stairs, in a trice he came ſtumbling,
Where he found Roger gaping, while Urſla lay tumbling.
Pox take you, quoth he, for a Rogue and a Whore;
So turn'd the poor Lovers quite out of the Door,
Not minding the Rain, nor the cold windy Weather,
To finiſh their Loves in a Hog-ſtye together.

SONG 403.

GAY Bacchus, liking Eſtcourt's Wine,
A noble Meal beſpoke;
And for the Gueſts that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Joke.

The God near Cupid drew his Chair,
And Joke near Comus plac'd;
Thus Wine make Love forget its Care,
And Mirth exalts a Feaſt.

The more to pleaſe each ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging Grace
Put on ſome Cloaths to come abroad,
And took a Waiter's Place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry Glaſs,
A Lady of the Sky,
While Bacchus ſwore he'd drink the Laſs,
And had it Bumper high.

Fat Comus toſt his Brimmer o'er,
And always got the moſt;
For Joke took Care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miſs'd the Toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry Touch,
Then fill'd and drank again;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid, they did ſo then.

Free Jeſts run all the Table round,
And with the Wine conſpire,
(While they by ſly Reflection wound)
To ſet their Heads on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid ſtung,
By reck'ning his Deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his ſtamm'ring Tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring Gaits.

Joke droll'd on Comus' greedy Ways,
And Tales without a Jeſt;
While Comus call'd his witty Plays
But Waggeries at beſt.

Such Talk ſoon ſet them all at Odds,
And had I Homer's Pen,
I'd ſing ye how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.

To part the Fray, the Graces fly,
Who make them ſoon agree;
And had the Furies ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appear'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his Bow;
But kept ſome Dart to ſtir the Cup,
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Joke, taking Comus's roſy Crown,
In Triumph wore the Prize;
And thrice in Mirth he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then Cupid ſought the Myrtle Grove
Where Venus did recline,
And Beauty, cloſe embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at Wine.

And Comus loudly curſing Wit,
Roll'd off to ſome Retreat,
Where boon Companions gravely ſit
In fat unwieldy State.

Bacchus and Joke, who ſtay behind,
For one freſh Glaſs prepare:
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time, whoever hear,
This our inſtructive Song:
For tho' ſuch Friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

SONG 404.

Gentle Air, thou Breath of Lovers,
Vapour from a ſecret Fire,
Which by thee itſelf diſcovers,
E're yet daring to aſpire.

Softeſt Note of whiſper'd Anguiſh,
Harmony's refined Part,
Striking, while thou ſeem'ſt to languiſh,
Full upon the Liſt'ner's Heart.

Sweeteſt Meſſenger of Paſſion,
Stealing thro' a Croud of Spies,
Who conſtrain the outward Faſhion,
Cloſe the Lips, and guard the Eyes.

Shapeleſs Sigh, we ne'er can ſhow thee,
Form'd but to aſſault the Ear;
Yet e'er to their Coſt they know thee,
Every Nymph may read thee——here.

SONG 405.

Gentle Zephyrs, ſilent Glades,
Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,
Senſes pleaſing,
Pains appeaſing,
Love each tender Breaſt invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,
Here the warbling Choriſts ſing;
Love inſpiring,
All deſiring
To adorn the infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,
Free from Anguiſh, free from Pains;
Nymphs complying,
Cares defying,
Venus ſmiling glads the Plains.

Let us not, too charming Fair,
Be the only hapleſs Pair:
O relieve me!
Ceaſe to grieve me;
Eaſe your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love;
'Tis, my Dear, no tattling Grove;
Not revealing,
But concealing;
All to Love propitious prove.

In thy Air and charming Face
Dwells an irreſiſtleſs Grace,
Ever charming,
Love allarming,
To purſue the bliſsful Chace.

Let me touch this panting Breaſt;
Here for ever let me reſt,
Bliſs enjoying,
Never cloying,
Ever loving, ever bleſt.

SONG 406.

GEntle Love, this Hour befriend me,
To my Eyes resign thy Dart;
Notes of melting Musick lend me,
To dissolve a frozen Heart.

Chill as Mountain Snow her Bosom,
Tho' I tender Language use;
'Tis by cold Indiff'rence frozen
To my Arms, and to my Muse.

See my dying Eyes are pleading
Where a broken Heart appears,
For thy Pity interceding
With the Eloquence of Tears.

While the Lamp of Life is fading,
And beneath thy Coldness dies,
Death, my ebbing Pulse invading,
Take my Soul into thy Eyes.

SONG 407.

GAther your Rose-buds, while you may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And that same Flow'r that smiles To-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his Race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best, that is the first,
While Youth and Blood are warmer;
Expect not then—the last and worst
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your Time,
And while you may go marry;
For having once but lost your Prime,
You may for ever tarry.

SONG 408.

GEnius of England, from thy pleasant Bow
of Bliss
Arise, and spread thy sacred Wings.
Guard, guard from Foes the British Sea
Thou, on whose Smiles do wait
Th' uncertain happy Fate
Of Monarchies and Kings.

Then follow, brave Boys, then follow, bra
Boys, to the Wars;
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follo
Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wa
Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wa
The Laurel you know is the Prize,
The Laurel you know is the Prize,
Who brings home the noblest, the noblest,
The noblest Scars, looks finest in Celia's Ey

Then shake off your slothful Ease,
Let Glory, let Glory, let Glory inspire y
Hearts;

member a Soldier, in War and in Peace,
member a Soldier, in War and in Peace,
s the nobleſt of all other Arts;
member a Soldier, in War and in Peace,
member a Soldier, in War and in Peace,
s the nobleſt of all other Arts.

SONG 409.

tly touch the warbling Lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclin'd to Reſt;
r Soul with fond Deſire,
eſt Notes will ſooth her Breaſt:
g Dreams aſſiſt in Love:
em all propitious prove.

moſſy Bank ſhe lies,
ture's verdant Velvet Bed,)
ous Flowers meet her Eyes,
ning Pillows for her Head:
s waft their Odours round,
dulging Whiſpers ſound.

SONG 410.

le Zephyr come away!
On this ſweet, this ſilent Grove,
ed to the Muſe and Love,
eſt whiſper'd Murmurs play.

let thy ſoft thy balmy Breeze
ſe the vernal Sweets around
prouting Flow'rs, and bloſſom'd Trees,
e echoing Hills and Vales refound
With Notes, which wing'd Muſicians ſing
In Honour to the Bloom of Spring.

Lovely Seaſon of Deſire!
Nature ſmiles with Joy to ſee
The am'rous Months led on by thee,
That kindly wake genial Fire.

The brighteſt Object in the Skies,
The faireſt Lights that ſhine below,
The Sun, and Myra's charming Eyes,
At thy Return more charming grow;
With double Glory they appear
To warm and grace the infant Year.

SONG 411.

GEn'rous Wine, and a Friend in whom I can confide,
And a cleanly Bright Girl I wou'd have for my Bride:
I'll keep a Brace of Geldings,
An eaſy Pad to pleaſe my Spouſe;
Kind Fate, what more I aſk,
Ne'er to want my dear Flaſk,
And in friendly Bumpers ever briſkly carouſe.

SONG 412.

GEntle God of pleaſing Pains,
God of Love and ſoothing Joys,
Fly where Flora matchleſs reigns;
Tell her Strephon loving dies.
On her cold and ſnowy Breaſt
Let thy ſilken Pinions reſt.

In melting Whiſpers, moving Sounds,
Softeſt Wiſhes, gentle Sighs,
Tell her, ſhe reſiſtleſs wounds
With the Lightning of her Eyes:
Sweetly pleading, pity move,
Pleaſing, painful God of Love!

Whilſt for me you're fondly ſuing,
Gentle God of Love beware,
Leſt you meet your own Undoing,
Flora's ſo divinely fair.
What, if ſhe thyſelf diſarms?
She has more than Pyſche's Charms!

SONG 413.

GEntly hear me, charming Fair,
Ever kind, and ever dear:
All my dying Pains remove,
Chloe, ſmile, and ſay, you love.
On your Boſom let me lay,
Sigh and gaze my Soul away.

Balmy Kiſſes, pow'rful Joys,
Such as Death, nor Time deſtroys,
Oh! my deareſt fair one, give,
So I ever bleſt ſhall live,
More than Gods in Heav'n can be;
Thou alone art Heav'n to me.

SONG 414.

GI'e me a Laſs with a Lump of Land,
And we for Life ſhall gang the gither,
Tho' daft or wiſe, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair it makſna whether.
I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
And Blood alone is no worth a Shilling;
But ſhe that's rich, her Market's made,
For ilka Charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a Laſs with a Lump of Land,
And in my Boſom I'll hug my Treaſure:
Gin I had anes her Gear in my Hand,
Should Love turn dowf, it will find Pleaſure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my Hand,
I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
Unleſs they bring Caſh, or a Lump of Land,
They'ſe ne'er get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,
And Siller and Gowd's a ſweet Complexion;
But Beauty and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,
Have tint the Art of gaining Affection:
Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
And Caſtles and Riggs, and Muirs and Meadows,
And nathing can catch our modern Sparks,
But well-tocher'd Laſſes or jointer'd Widows.

SONG 415.

GIve me but a Friend and a Glaſs, Boys,
I'll ſhew ye what 'tis to be gay;
I'll not care a Fig for a Laſs, Boys,
Nor love my briſk Youth away:

me but an honeſt Fellow,
's pleaſanter when he is mellow,
e'll live twenty-four Hours a Day.

Woman in Chains does bind, Boys,
t 'tis Wine that makes us free ;
Woman that makes us blind, Boys,
t Wine makes us doubly ſee.
Female is true to no Man,
it is inherent in Woman,
t none in a Brimmer can be.

SONG 416.

ye meet a bonny Laſſie,
Gi'e her a Kiſs, and let her gae ;
ye meet a dirty Huſſy,
gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

e ye dinna quat the Grip
ilka Joy, when ye are young,
auld Age your Vitals nip,
d lay you twafald o'er a Rung.

Youth's a blyth a hartſome Time,
en, Lads and Laſſes, whilk 'tis May,
u' the Gowan in its Prime,
ore it whither and decay.

the faſt Minutes of Delyte,
en Jenny ſpeaks beneath her Breath,
Kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
you, if ſhe kep ony Skaith.

ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
l worry me, ye greedy Rook ;
Syne frae your Arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,
Where lies the Happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your Face,
Nineteen Na-ſays ore haff a Grant.

Now to her heaving Boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a Kiſs ;
Frae her fair Finger whup a Ring,
As Taiken of a future Bliſs.

Theſe Beniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are to the Gods indulgent Grant ;
Then, ſurly Carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining Cant.

SONG 417.

GHoſt of ev'ry Occupation,
Ev'ry Rank, and ev'ry Nation,
Some with Crimes all foul and ſpotted,
Some to happier Climes allotted,
Preſs the Stygian Lake to paſs.

Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,
Prates of Wenches, Wine, and Plunder:
Stateſmen here the Times accuſing ;
Poets Senſe for Rhimes abuſing ;
Lawyers chatt'ring,
Courtiers flatt'ring,
Bullies ranting,
Zealots canting,
Knaves and Fools of e'ery Claſs !

SONG 418.

GLide gently on, thou murm'ring Brook,
And ſooth my tender Grief:
'Tis here the fatal Wound I took,
'Tis here I ſeek Relief.
With Sylvio on this verdant Shore
I fondly ſat reclin'd;
Believ'd the charming Things he ſwore,
Too credulouſly kind.
Too credulouſly, &c.

While thus he ſaid. This purling Stream
Back to its Spring ſhall flow,
O Paſtorella, e'er my Flame
The leaſt Decay ſhall know.
Ye conſcious Waves roll back again,
Back to your chryſtal Head;
The falſe, ungrateful, perjur'd Swain
Has broke the Vows he made.
Has broke, &c.

Perhaps ſome fairer Shepherdeſs
His faithleſs Breaſt has warm'd,
And thoſe kind Vows, and ſoft Addreſs,
Her guiltleſs Heart has charm'd.
But tell the Nymph, thou gentle Stream,
If e'er ſhe viſits thee;
The treach'rous Youth has vow'd the ſame,
Yet broke his Faith with me.
Yet broke, &c.

SONG 419.

GLide ſwiftly on, thou Silver Stream,
Purſue the Lad I love:
In gentle Murmurs tell my Flame,
And try his Heart to move.

So may thy Banks be always green,
Thy Chanel never dry:
If e'er thy Spring be failing ſeen,
My Tears ſhall that ſupply.

May gilded Carps thy Surface ſkim,
In place of uſeleſs Weeds;
May painted Flow'rs adorn thy Brim,
And Knots of bended Reeds.

SONG 420.

GOd proſper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all;
A woful Hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chaſe befal.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl Piercy took his way;
The Child may rue, that is unborn,
The Hunting of that Day.

The ſtout Earl of Northumberland
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleaſure in the Scottiſh Woods,
Three Summer's Days to take.

The chiefeſt Harts in Chevy-Chaſe
To kill and bear away.
The Tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who ſent Earl Piercy preſent Word,
He would prevent his Sport.
The Engliſh Earl not fearing this,
Did to the Woods reſort.

With fifteen Hundred Bow-men bold,
All choſen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in Time of Need,
To aim their Shaft aright.

The gallant Greyhounds ſwiftly ran,
To chaſe the Fallow-Deer:
On Monday they began to hunt,
When Day-light did appear:

And long before High-Noon they had
An Hundred fat Bucks ſlain;
The having din'd, the Drovers went
To rouze them up again.

The Bow-men muſter'd on the Hills,
Well able to endure;
Their Backſides all, with ſpecial Care,
That Day were guarded ſure.

The Hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the Woods,
The nimble Deer to take;
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Echo ſhrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the Quarry went,
To view the tender Deer;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promiſed
This Day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I ſtay.
With that, a brave young Gentleman,
Thus to the Earl did ſay;

Lo! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His Men in Armour bright;
Full twenty Hundred Scottiſh Spears,
All marching in our Sight;

All Men of pleaſant Teviotdale,
Faſt by the River Tweed.
Then ceaſe your Sport, Earl Piercy ſaid,
And take your Bows with Speed:

And now with me, my Countrymen,
Your Courage forth advance;
For never was there Champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on Horſeback come,
But, ſince my Hap it were,
I durſt encounter Man for Man,
With him to break a Spear.

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white Steed,
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company,
Whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold:

Shew me (he ſaid) whoſe Men you be,
That hunt ſo boldly here;
That, without my Conſent, do chaſe,
And take my Fallow-Deer?

The Man that firſt did anſwer make,
Was noble Piercy he;
Who ſaid, we liſt not to declare,
Nor ſhew whoſe Men we be:

Yet we will ſpend our deareſt Blood,
Thy chiefeſt Hart to ſlay.
Then Douglaſs ſwore a ſolemn Oath,
And thus in Rage did ſay;

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art;
Lord Piercy, ſo am I.

But truſt me, Piercy, Pity it were,
And great Offence to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs Men;
For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battle try,
And ſet our Men aſide.
Accurs'd be he, Lord Piercy ſaid,
By whom this is deny'd.

Then ſtept a gallant 'Squire forth;
With'rington was his Name,
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
To Henry, our King, for Shame,

That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,
And I ſtood looking on.
You be two Earls, ſaid With'rington,
And I a 'Squire alone:

I'll do the beſt that do I may,
While I have Pow'r to ſtand:
While I have Pow'r to wield my Sword,
I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

Our Engliſh Archers bent their Bows,
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the firſt Flight of Arrows ſent,
Full Threeſcore Scots they ſlew.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl Douglas had the Bent;
A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,
Their Spears to Shivers ſent.

They clos'd full faſt on ev'ry Side,
No Slackneſs there was found;
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gaſping on the Ground.

O Chriſt! it was a Grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear
The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
And ſcatter'd here and there.

At laſt theſe two ſtout Earls did meet,
Like Captains of great Might;
Like Lions mov'd, they laid on Load,
And make a cruel Fight:

fought until they both did ſweat,
ith Swords of temper'd Steel,
the Blood, like Drops of Rain,
ey trickling down did feel.

d thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas ſaid ;
n Faith I will thee bring,
ere thou ſhalt high advanced be
y James our Scottiſh King :

y Ranſom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
art the moſt courageous Knight
hat ever I did ſee.

Douglas quoth Earl Piercy then,
Thy Proffer I do ſcorn ;
will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

ith that, there came an Arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh Bow,
hich ſtruck Earl Douglas to the Heart
A deep and deadly Blow :

ho never ſpoke more Words than theſe ;
Fight on, my merry Men all ;
r why, my Life is at an End :
Lord Piercy ſees me fall.

hen leaving Life, Earl Piercy took
The dead Man by the Hand ;
nd ſaid, Earl Douglas, for thy Life
Would I had loſt my Land.

O Chriſt ! my very Heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy ſake ;
For ſure, a more renowned Knight
Miſchance did never take.

A Knight amongſt the Scots there was,
Which ſaw Earl Douglas die,
Who ſtrait in Wrath did vow Revenge
Upon the Earl Piercy :

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a Spear moſt bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the Fight ;

And paſs'd the Engliſh Archers all,
Without all Dread or Fear ;
And thro' Earl Piercy's Body then
He thruſt his hateful Spear :

With ſuch a veh'ment Force and Might
He did his Body gore,
The Spear went through the other Side
A large Cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both theſe Nobles die,
Whoſe Courage none could ſtain.
An Engliſh Archer then perceiv'd
The noble Earl was ſlain ;

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a truſty Tree ;
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Up to the Head drew he :

Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his Shaft he ſet,
The grey Gooſe-wing that was thereon,
In his Heart's Blood was wet.

This Fight did laſt from Break of Day,
Till ſetting of the Sun;
For when they rung the Ev'ning-Bell,
The Battle ſcarce was done.

With the Earl Piercy there was ſlain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold Baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both Knights of good Account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was ſlain,
Whoſe Proweſs did ſurmount.

For with With'rington needs muſt I wail,
As one in doleful Damps;
For when his Legs were ſmitten off,
He fought upon his Stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was ſlain
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Currel, that from the Field
One Foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliffe, too,
His Siſter's Son was he;
Sir David Lamb, ſo well eſteem'd;
They ſaved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in likewiſe,
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottiſh Spears
Scarce fifty five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Engliſh Men
Went home but fifty three;
The reſt were ſlain in Chevy-Chaſe
Under the Green-wood Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come,
Their Husbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their Wounds in briniſh Tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies, bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas ſuddenly
Was with an Arrow ſlain.

Oh heavy News! King James did ſay,
Scotland can Witneſs be,
I have not any Captain more
Of ſuch Account as he.

Like Tidings to King Henry came,
Within as ſhort a Space,
That Piercy, of Northumberland,
Was ſlain in Chevy-Chaſe.

ow God be with him, said our King,
ith 'twill no better be;
trust I have within my Realm
Five hundred as good as he:
Yet shall not Scot, nor Scotland say,
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Piercy's Sake.

This Vow full well the King perform'd
After on Humbledown;
In one Day, fifty Knights were slain,
With Lords of great Renown.
And of the rest, of small Account,
Did many Thousands die:
Thus ended the Hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Piercy.

God save the King, and bless the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul Debate
'Twixt Noblemen may cease.

SONG 420.

GO tell Aminta, gentle Swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful Voice, with Numbers join,
Thy Voice will more prevail than mine:
For Souls oppress'd and drown'd with Grief,
The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief:
That Musick should in Sounds convey
What dying Lovers dare not say.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'd give,
But Love on Pity cannot live;
Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid:
Tell her my Pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past Redress:
For ah! the Wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

SONG 421.

GO, go, go, go, falsest of thy Sex be gone,
Leave, leave, ah leave, leave me to myself alone!
Why would you strive by fond Pretence,
Thus to destroy my Innocence?
Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

Young Cælia you too late betray'd,
Then thus you did the Nymph upbraid,
"Love like a Dream usher'd by Night,
"Flies the Approach of Morning Light.
Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

She that believes Man when he swears,
Or least regards his Oaths and Prayers,
May she, fond she, be most accurst,
Nay more, be subject to his Lust.
Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

SONG 422.

GO, lovely Roſe,
Tell her that waſtes her Time and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her Graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In Deſarts, where no Men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the Worth
Of Beauty from the Light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

SONG 423.

GO, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kiſs,
Salute a Virgin's Hand;
Go, ſenſeleſs Thing, and reap a Bliſs
Thou doſt not underſtand:
Go, for in thee, methinks I find
('Tho' 'tis not half ſo bright)
An Emblem of her beauteous Mind,
By Nature clad in white.
Securely thou may'ſt touch the Fair,
Whom few ſecurely can,
May'ſt preſs her Breaſt, her Lips, her Hair,
Or wanton with her Fan;
May'ſt Coach it with her to and fro,
From Maſquerades to Plays;
Ah! could'ſt thou hither come and go,
To tell me what ſhe ſays!

Go then, and when the Morning Cold
Shall nip her lilly Arm,
Do thou (oh! might I be ſo bold)
With Kiſſes make it warm.
But when thy gloſſy Beauty's o'er,
When all thy Charms are gone,
Return to me, I'll love thee more
Than e'er I yet have done.

SONG 424.

GO vind the Vicar of Taunton-Dean,
And he'll tell you the Banns were aſk
A good vat Capon he had ver's Pains,
And I zent it home in a Baſket.
And Friday Night I was, by right,
To have prov'd if ſhe were a Maden;
And now ſhe's run with a Soldier to Tow
Heydledom, deydledum, cudden;
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

My Mother ſhe zold her blue Game-Cock,
And a dainty Brood of Chicken:
Then bought herſelf a Canvas Smock,
And rack'd it up in the Kitchen:

She bought me a Cambrick Band,
With a Bumpkin Pair of Breeches:
Not thinking but Joan
Would have made me her own:
But I'faith she'd have none of those Vetches.
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

I'll take a Hatchet and hang my zelf,
Before I'll endure these Losses:
Or else a Rope in a dolesome Well,
For I never can bear these Crosses:
Or I'll go to some Beacon high,
For I'vaith I am welly wooden,
And throw my zelf down, her Kindness to try.
Heydledom, deydledom, &c.

If she can think 'tis a better Trade,
This shooting of Guns, and flashing,
She'll find herself but a simple Jade,
For there's more to be got by Threshing.
I ne'er shall beg without a Leg,
Nor Occasion have vor a wooden;
Nor Cripple become,
By vollowing a Drum,
Deydledom, deydledom, cudden.
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

SONG 425.

Great Alexander's Horse,
Bucephalus by Name;
That long has been enroll'd
Within the Books of Fame:
But Sir Credulous Easy's Mare
So far did him excel;
She ne'er run for the Plate,
But she bore away the Bell:
With a Nighy, Wheeky, Yeopoop-a,
Full Caper and Career;
All England cannot shew you
Sic another Mare.

And to Brentford she did come,
And an Alehouse she did find;
She could not pass it by,
For she knew her Master's Mind:
And as he call'd for a Pot,
She would be, would be sure of twain:
Which made her such a Sot
She ne'er could run again.
With a Nighy, &c.

Since last I saw her Face,
I heard Report is spread,
With drinking in that Place,
This bonny Mare is dead:
And the last Words she did say,
As she came down the Hill;
Was, ah! that Bowl had broke her Heart,
And so she made her Will:
With a Nighy, &c.

Her Fore-Hoof ſhe bequeath'd
To ſome religious Fool,
Who after her untimely Death,
Begs Pardon for her Soul:
And her Hinder-Hoof, with which
She play'd full many a Trick;
She gave to thoſe curs'd Wives,
That 'gainſt their Husbands kick;
With a Nighy, &c.

At the Burial of this Mare,
Her Maſter wept full ſore;
Becauſe it was reported,
He ne'er ſhould ſee her more:
But that which comforted him
For his departed Friend,
Was, after all his great Loſs,
She made ſo good an End.
With a Nighy, &c.



SONG 426.

GReat Jove once made Love like a Bull, a Bull,
With Leda a Swan was in vogue;
And to perſevere in that Rule, that Rule,
He now does deſcend like a Dog:
For when I to Cælia would ſpeak,
And on her Breaſt ſigh what I mean,
My Heart-ſtrings are ready to break;
For there I find Monſieur le Chien, le Chien,
Le Chien, Monſieur, Monſieur le Chien.

For Knowledge of modiſh Intrigues,
Or managing well an Amour,
I defy any one with two Legs,
But here I am rival'd by four:
Diſtracted all Night with my Wrongs,
I cry! cruel Gods! what d'ye mean!
That what to my Merit belongs,
You beſtow upon Monſieur le Chien,
For Feature, or Niceneſs in Dreſs,
Compare with him ſurely I can;
Nor vainly myſelf ſhould expreſs,
To ſay, I am much more a Man;
To the Government firm too as he,
The former I cunningly mean;
And if he religious can be,
I've as much ſure as Monſieur le Chien.
But what need I publiſh my Parts,
Or idly my Paſſion relate;
Since Fancy, that captivates Hearts,
Reſolves not to alter my Fate:
I may ſing, caper, ogle, and ſpeak,
And make a long Court, auſſi bien,
And yet with one paſſionate Lick,
I'm out-rival'd by Monſieur le Chien.

SONG 427.

GReat God of Sleep, ſince it muſt be,
That we muſt give ſome Hours to thee,
Invade me not while the free Bowl
Glows in my Cheeks, and warms my Soul;

Be my only Time to ſnore,
When I can laugh, and drink no more;
Short, very ſhort, be then thy Reign,
For I'm in Haſte to laugh and drink again.

But oh! if melting in my Arms,
In ſome ſoft Dream, with all her Charms,
The Nymph belov'd ſhould then ſurprize,
And grant what waking ſhe denies;
Then, gentle Slumber, prithee ſtay,
Slowly, ah! ſlowly bring the Day;
Let no rude Noiſe my Bliſs deſtroy,
Such ſweet Deluſion's real Joy.

SONG 428.

GRoves and Woods, high Rocks and Mountains,
Springs and Floods, clear Brooks and Fountains,
Birds and Beaſts that range with Pleaſure,
Hear, hear the Charm of my Voice;
Make haſte and appear to dance a gay Meaſure,
And Phœbus pleaſe with Nature and Art's
valu'd Treaſure,
Haſte and ſee that no Sluggard refuſes:
Flora delightful as bluſhing Aurora,
To baniſh the Peſt of Pandora,
I ſummon thine Jeſſamine and Roſes;
Ye pretty young Nymphs with your Poſies,
Come away when I ſing and play.
No Creature in Nature,
Be late here, but wait here;
From Vulcan's hot Bellows,
Air, Neptune and Tellus,
The Thruſhes from Buſhes,
And Prickets from Thickets,
Come whiſk it and friſk it,
And ſkip it and trip it,
In Honour of Love and the Muſes.

SONG 429.

GUardian Angels now protect me,
Send to me the Swain I love;
Cupid, with thy Bow direct me,
Help me, all ye Pow'rs above.
Bear him my Sighs, ye gentle Breezes,
Tell him I love and I deſpair.
Tell him, for him I grieve,
Say, 'tis for him I live,
O may the Shepherd be ſincere!

Thro' the ſhady Groves I'll wander,
Silent as the Bird of Night:
Near the Brink of yonder Fountain,
Firſt Leander bleſs'd my Sight;
Witneſs, ye Groves and Falls of Water,
Ecchoes repeat the Vows he ſwore;
Can he forget me,
Will he neglect me,
Shall I never ſee him more!

Does he love and yet forſake me,
To admire a Nymph more fair?

If 'tis ſo, I'll wear the Willow,
And eſteem the happy Pair.
Some lonely Cave I'll make my Dwelling,
Ne'er more the Cares of Life purſue:
The Lark and Philomel
Only ſhall hear me tell
What makes me bid the World adieu.

SONG 430.

HOw happy is the Maid,
Who lives a rural Life,
By no falſe Views betray'd,
To know domeſtic Strife.
No Paſſion ſways her Mind,
Or wiſhes to be great,
To humble Hopes confin'd,
She ſhuns the flatt'ring Bait.
To humble Hopes, &c.

Her ſoul with cold diſdain,
Above the Pomp of Pride,
Beholds the rich and Vain
In gilded Fetters tied.
While Titles, Wealth, and Power,
The gaudy Scene diſplay,
And Pageants of an Hour,
In Darkneſs glide away.

But if ſome gentle Boy
Her faithful Boſom ſhare,
He doubles all her Joy,
And leſſens all her Care;
There Moments on the Wing,
The mutual Bliſs improve,
And give perpetual Spring,
To Virtue truth and Love.

SONG 431.

HOw gentle was my Damon's Air,
Like ſunny Beams his golden Hair,
His Voice was like the Nightengale's,
More ſweet his Breath than flow'ry Vales;
How hard ſuch Beauties to reſign,
And yet that cruel Taſk is mine.

On ev'ry Hill in ev'ry Grove,
Along the Margin of each Stream,
Dear conſcious Scenes of former Love,
I mourn and Damon is my Theme.
The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain,
The Hills, &c.

From Hill, from Dale each Charm is fled,
Groves, Flocks, and Fountains pleaſe no
Each Flow'r in Pity droops its Head; (more
All Nature does my Loſs deplore,
All, all reproach the faithleſs Swain,
Yet Damon ſtill I ſeek in vain,
All, all, &c.

SONG 432.

HAd I but the Wings of a Dove,
Enraptur'd I'd haſten away,

And quickly repair to my Love,
Whoſe Beauties enlivens the Day.
Bring ſoon from the Hamlets again,
Ye Gods, her I aſk for my Wife,
Without her I'm ever in Pain,
And reliſh no Pleaſure in Life.

Ah! cruel Decree of hard Fate,
To keep me ſo long from my Fair,
Come pity my deſolate State,
And baniſh all Thoughts of Deſpair.
With her, Oh! what Scenes I enjoy,
Of Mirth and Good-humour all Day,
Such Bleſſings as never will cloy,
Nor ceaſe till our Souls leave the Clay.

SONG. 433.

HAil Windſor, crown'd with lofty Tow'rs,
Where Nature wantons at her Will,
Decks ev'ry Vale with Fruits and Flowers,
With waving Trees adorns each Hill:
Like Mars with Venus in his Arms;
Like his thy Strength, like hers thy Charms,
Like his, &c.

When o'er thy Plains I ſtretch mine Eyes,
Pleas'd with thy Proſpects unconfin'd,
A thouſand Scenes before me riſe,
A thouſand Beauties charm my Mind:
Tho' different each, yet each agrees,
Nor this, nor that, but all Things pleaſe.

Thus Strephon views his lovely Fair,
From Charm to Charm in Raptures toſt,
Yet not her Face nor Shape nor Air,
Nor yet her Eyes tranſport him moſt,
But 'tis the Heavenly finiſh'd whole,
With matchleſs Grace delights his Soul.

SONG 434.

HAil Greenwich crown'd with ſweet Delight,
Throughout thy Parks diſplay'd,
There Nature's laviſh Charms invite
Each Youth and blooming Maid,
To taſte the Joys of rural Shade,
Where nought but Love and Mirth invade,
Where nought, &c.

Thy ranging Groves of lofty Trees,
With ſpreading Shades repell
The Heat of Phæbus ſultry Rays,
There feather'd Songſters dwell:
In pleaſing Emblems of true Love,
Melodious warbling thro' the Grove.

Each riſing Hill new Proſpects yields,
And captivates the Mind,
The grazing Flocks the pleaſant Fields
Yield Raptures unconfin'd.
Fair Flora paints the verdant Scene,
And decks with fragrant Sweets the Green.

The ſilver Thames glides gently by
With Peace and Plenty crown'd,

Its glitt'ring Surface chears the Eye,
Green Oziers mantling round,
With wanton wavings as it goes,
In various Forms new Beauties ſhews.

From Hill to Dale from Dale to Grove,
Thy Splendours ſhine around,
That viewing each we fully prove
Tranſporting Joys abound;
Whilſt extacy inſpires the Soul,
And praiſing one, we praiſe thy whole.

SONG 435.

HOw happy a State does the Virgin poſſeſs,
Whoſe innocent Boſom no Trouble diſtreſs,
She's ever briſk, airy, good-humour'd, and gay,
No Cares to moleſt her by Night or by Day.

Uncontroul'd by an Huſband her Actions are free,
Of herſelf and her Fortune ſole Miſtreſs is ſhe,
In Freedom and Pleaſure ſhe paſſes her Life,
If ſo happy a Virgin, who would be a Wife.

No Bantlings to teaze her or break her night Reſt,
With Peace and Contentment her Moments are bleſt,
She ſleeps till it is Time in the Morning to riſe,
And every new Day ſome new Pleaſure ſupplies.

Surrounded abroad with a Croud of ſmart Beaus,
Who are proud to attend her wherever ſhe goes,
About her they ſwarm like the Bees to their Hives
If ſo happy when Virgins, then who wou'd be Wives.

Let the Wife boaſt of conjugal Bliſs if ſhe pleaſe,
Which is bought at th' Expence of her Freedom and Eaſe,
Confin'd by her Cares ſtill at home ſhe muſt ſtay,
While abroad we can range to the Park or the Play.
Thro' amaze of ſoft Pleaſure our Actions we ſteer,
And when we come home we've no Huſband to fear,
To teaze us and vex us and tire our Lives,
If ſo happy when Virgins, then who wou'd be Wives.

SONG 436.

HOw bleſt has my Time been,
What Days have I known,
Since Wedlock's ſoft Bondage
Made Jeſſy my own:
So joyful my Heart is, ſo eaſy my Chain,
That Freedom is taſtleſs and Roving a Pain.
That freedom, &c.

Thro' walks, grown with Woodbines,
As often we ſtray,

ound us our Boys and Girls frolick and play,
w pleaſing the Sport is, the wanton ones
ſee?
d borrow their Looks from my Jeſſy and me,
d borrow, &c.
try her ſweet Temper, oft-times am I ſeen,
Revels all Day, with the Nymphs of the
Green:
o' painful my Abſence, my Doubts ſhe be-
guiles,
d meets me at Night with Compliance and
Smiles,
d meets, &c.
at tho' on her Cheeks the Roſe loſes its hue,
Eaſe and good-Humour bloom all the Year
thro'.
e ſtill, as it flies, adds Increaſe to her Truth,
d gives to her Mind what ſhe ſteals from
her Youth,
d gives to, &c.
Shepherds ſo gay who make Love to inſnare,
d cheat with falſe Vows the too credulous
Fair,
earch of true Pleaſure, how vainly you
roam,
hold it for Life, you muſt find it at home,
hold, &c.

SONG 437.

OW few amongſt the thouſand Pair,
By Wedlock doom'd to conſtant Cares;
Are fit the Yoke to bear,
Are fit, &c.
The Husband claims his ſov'reign Right,
The Wife runs counter out of Spight,
And does her Vows forſwear,
And does, &c.
But ſome there are, whom mutual love
Does prompt with free Conſent to move,
Submiſſive to their Fate.
Submiſſive, &c.
Thrice happy is that prudent he,
Thrice happy is that prudent ſhe,
Bleſt with ſo kind a Mate.
Bleſt with, &c.
Should I and Cælia ever join,
I would be hers, and ſhe'd be mine,
For we two would be one,
For we, &c.
Complying with each other's Will,
Of gen'rous love would take our fill,
Our Joys ſhould ne'er be done,
Our Joys, &c.

SONG 438.

HAppy Hours all Hours excelling,
When retir'd from Crowds and Noiſe,
Happy is that ſilent Dwelling,
Fill'd with ſelf poſſeſſing Joys.
Happy is that contented Creature,
Who with feweſt Things is pleas'd,

And conſults the Voice of Nature,
When of roving Fancy 's eas'd.
Every Paſſion wiſely moving,
Juſt as Reaſon turns the Scale,
Every State of Life improving,
That no anxious Thoughts prevail.

Happy Man who thus poſſeſſing,
Life with ſome Companion dear,
Joy imparted ſtill increaſes,
Grief when told ſoon diſappear.

SONG 439.

HOw bleſt were Mortals wou'd they know,
How bleſt were Mortals wou'd they know
The Favours which the Gods beſtow,
But partial Paſſions ſtep between,
And quite confound the charming Scene.

Wiſhing, whining, ſtill repining,
Wiſhing, whining, ſtill repining,
Every Wretch creates his Pains, creates his his Pains,
And then of Heaven and Fate complain.

Vain are Riches, vain is Glory,
Nature ſpreads her Gifts before ye,
Kind Heaven enough to all hath ſent,
Then take your Share and be content.

Joy and Pleaſure without Meaſure,
For your kind Acceptance wait,
Then ſeize your Bliſs and ſmile at Fate.

SONG 440.

HOT Charley the Quixot of Northy,
With highland, rebellious raſh Tools,
Now ſcatters Manifeſtos ſo frothy,
The Bird-lime of Knaves, to catch Fools.
A Proteſtant Prince, who'll believe him;
The Laws of old England he'll keep,
To wrong you would certainly grieve him,
Thus Britons he'll lull you to Sleep.

CHORUS.

Sing O my Charly, my Charly,
And O my Charly my Deary,
Such a ſweet Baby as this,
There is not far nor near ye,
He has been tutor'd by France,
And all the Papiſh Crew;
The Pope is as bad as the reſt,
The Devil a one of 'em true,

His Meaning is eaſy expounded,
Your Church and your Laws he'll ſupport,
Not thoſe which Elizabeth founded.
But Mary's and Bonner's damn'd Sport,
His Heart is wrap'd up in this Nation,
He'll forget Monſieur, Don and the Pope,
And fain would exalt your low Station,
By Tortures, by Faggot and Rope,
By Tortures, &c.

The Credit of Bank and of Stocks,
Will be better than ever before,

xcise-men be turn'd out by Flocks,
Nay you ne'er ſhall be tax'd any more,
rade will increaſe by a Charm,
And Fairies defend you from Foes,
hy will you miſtake the Alarm,
Come yield and be led by the Noſe,
Come yield, &c.

o Man need to ſtudy or labour,
The Cart will ſupply all you want,
ou may Dance to the Pipe and the Tabor,
Do nothing but revel and rant,
hen who would not fight for this Kingy,
f all he ſays here appear true,
not let us ſcourge the baſe Thingy,
And all his jeſuitical Crew,
And all his, &c.

SONG 441.

HArk, hark o'er the Plains how the merry Bells ring,
Aſleep while my Charmer is laid,
Aſleep while my Charmer laid ;
e Vilage is up and the Day on the Wing.
dPhillis may yet die a Maid, my poor Girl,
d Phillis may yet die a Maid my poor Girl,
d Philis &c.

. Tis hardly yet Day and I cannot away,
Damon I'm young and afraid,
-morrow my dear I'll to the Church without Fear,
But let me to Night lie a Maid, my dear Boy,
But let, &c.

He. The Bride Maids are met,
And Mamma's on the Fret :
All all my coy Phillis upbraid,
By Midnight my Dear ſhall be eas'd of her Fear,
Nor grieve ſhe's no longer a Maid, my poor Girl,
Nor grieve, &c.

She. Dear Shepherd forbear and to morrow I ſwear,
I'll open the Door and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a Maid, my dear Boy,
Nor cry, &c.

He. No, no Phillis no, on thy Boſom of Snow
To Night ſhall Your Shepherd be laid,
Faſt lock'd up in Arms you ſhall yield up your Charms,
Nor wiſh to live longer a Maid my dear Girl,

She. Then open the Door, 'twas unbolted before,
'Twas Damon his Bliſs that delay'd.
To Church let us go, and if there I ſay no,
O then let me die an old Maid,
My dear Boy, &c.

CHORUS.

Away then away, and to love give the Day,
Ye Nymphs let Example perſwade,
Let Beauty be kind, when the Swain's in the Mind,
Tis foliſh to die an old Maid,
My dear Girl, &c.

SONG 442.

HE comes, he comes, the Hero's come!
Sound, ſound the Trumpet, beat, beat the Drum;
From Port to Port, let Cannons Roar,
He's welcome to the Britiſh Shoar.

Prepare, prepare, your Songs prepare;
Loud, loudly render echoing Air:
From Pole to Pole your Joys Reſound,
For Vertue's his, with Glory crown'd.

SONG 443.

HAil Burgundy, thou Juice Divine,
Inſpirer of my Song;
The Praiſes giv'n to other Wine,
To thee alone belong.

Of manly Wit and female Charms
Thou can'ſt the Pow'r improve:
Care of its Sting thy Balm diſarms,
Thou nobleſt Gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the Parent Vines,
From whence thy Current ſtreams,
Smiling amidſt the Tendrils ſhines,
And laviſh darts his Beams.

The pregnant Grapes receive his Fire,
And all his Pow'r retain;
With the ſame Warmth our Brains inſpire,
And lead the ſprightly Strain.

From thee, fair Chloe's potent Eye
New ſparkling Beams receives;
Her Cheeks imbibe a roſier Dye,
New Fires her Boſom heaves.

Summon'd to Love, by thy Alarms,
Oh! with what nervous Heat,
Worthy the Maid we fill her Arms;
How oft that Love repeat!

The Stoick, prone to Thought intenſe,
Thy Softneſs can unbend;
A chearful Gaiety diſpence,
And make him taſte a Friend.

His Brow grows clear, he feels Content,
Forgets his penſive Strife,
And well concludes our Span well ſpent
In honeſt, ſocial Life.

Ev'n Fops—thoſe doubtful gender Things,
Wrapt up in Selves and Dreſs,
Quite loſt to the Delight that ſprings
From Senſe—thy Pow'r confeſs.

Each fooliſh, puling, maudlin Face,
That dares but deeply drink,
Forgets his Cue, and ſtiff Grimace,
Grows free, and ſeems to think,

SONG 444.

HAil to the Myrtle Shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Field;
Kings will not here invade,
Tho' Virtue all Freedom yield,

uty here opens her Arms,
o ſoften the languiſhing Mind,
d Phillis unlocks her Charms :
h Phillis ! ah ! why ſo kind ?

llis, the Soul of Love,
The Joy of neighb'ring Swains :
llis that crowns the Grove,
And Phillis that gilds the Plains :
llis that ne'er had the Skill
To paint, or to patch, or be fine ;
Phillis, whoſe Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature has made divine.
llis, whoſe charming Tongue
Makes Labour and Pain a Delight ;
llis that makes the Day young,
And ſhortens the live-long Night :
llis, whoſe Lips, like May,
till laugh at the Sweets they bring,
here Love never knew Decay,
ut ſets with eternal Spring.

SONG 445.

All Maſonry, thou Craft divine !
Glory of Earth, from Heav'n reveal'd ;
ich doth with Jewels precious ſhine,
rom all but Maſons Eyes conceal'd.
r. Thy Praiſes due who can rehearſe,
In nervous Proſe, or flowing Verſe ?
Men from Brutes diſtinguiſh'd are,
A Maſon other Men excels ;
For what's in Knowledge choice and rare,
But in his Breaſt ſecurely dwells ?
Chor. His ſilent Breaſt, and faithful Heart,
Preſerve the Secrets of the Art.

From ſcorching Heat, and piercing Cold,
From Beaſts whoſe Roar the Foreſt rends :
From the Aſſaults of Warriors bold,
The Maſons Art Mankind defends.
Chor. Be to this Art due Honour paid,
From which Mankind receive ſuch Aid.

Enſigns of State, that feed our Pride,
Diſtinctions troubleſome and vain !
By Maſons true are laid aſide,
Art's free-born Sons ſuch Toys diſdain.
Chor. Enobled by the Name they bear,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the Badge they wear.

Sweet Fellowſhip, from Envy free,
Friendly Converſe of Brotherhood,
The Lodge's laſting Cement be,
Which has for Ages firmly ſtood.
Chor. A Lodge thus built, for Ages paſt,
Has laſted, and will ever laſt.

Then in our Songs be Juſtice done
To thoſe who have enrich'd the Art,
From Jabel down to Burlington,
And let each Brother bear a Part.
Chor. Let noble Maſons Healths go round,
Their Praiſe in lofty Lodge reſound.

SONG 446.

HAppy we, who free from Love,
Have no Cares to break our Sleep;
Who thro' pleasant Meadows rove,
Watching of our harmless Sheep.
When we feel the Ev'ning's Air,
And the Night invites us home;
To our Cottage we repair,
Where Content delights to come.

SONG 447.

HAppy the youthful Swain,
That feels no Love-sick Smart;
But without Grief or Pain,
Can win a Virgin's Heart;
Happy beyond expressing
Is he who can obtain
That most transporting Blessing,
Which others seek in vain.

Love, and the Graces, smiling,
In all his Actions meet;
Cupid, the Fair beguiling,
Still makes his Conquest sweet;
Love is his only Treasure,
Beauty's his only Gain;
Ever he finds his Pleasure,
But never feels the Pain.

SONG 448.

HAppy the Time when free from Love,
I rang'd the Woods and ev'ry Grove;
I minded not the Great One's Fall,
Nor whom Ambition did enthral,
I minded not, &c.

My only Care was how to keep
From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep:
But tho' from Wolves my Sheep I kept,
None could my Heart from Love protect;
But tho', &c.

There is not one upon these Plains,
That loves likes me, of all the Swains;
But I have learnt now, to my Cost,
That who love's best must suffer most,
But I have, &c.

SONG 449.

HAppy Insect! what can be
In Happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with Nourishment Divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle Wine!

Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant Cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread:
For Nature's Self's thy Ganymede!

Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest King!

he Fields which thou doſt ſee,
he Plants belong to thee.

l the Summer Hours produce,
e made with early Juice;
for thee does ſow and plough,
er he, and Landlord thou.

hou innocently doſt enjoy,
does thy Luxury deſtroy;
Joy the Shepherd heareth thee
ore harmonious ſing than he!

ree Country Hinds with Gladneſs hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
Phœbus loves, and does inſpire;
t Phœbus is himſelf thy Sire!

o thee, of all things upon Earth,
is no longer than thy Mirth.
py Inſect! thrice happy thou!
neither Age nor Winter know?

when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung,
fill, thy flow'ry Leaves among,
with thy Summer Feaſt,
retir'ſt to endleſs Reſt.

SONG 450.

ppy the Man whoſe Wiſh and Care,
A few paternal Acres bound;
nt to breathe his native Air
in his own Ground.

Whoſe Herds with Milk, whoſe Fields with Bread,
Whoſe Flocks ſupply him with Attire;
Thoſe Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
In Winter Fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find,
Hours, Days, and Years, ſlide ſoft away;
In Health of Body, peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day,

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Eaſe
Together mixt, ſweet Recreation
And Innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
with Meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die:
Steal from the World, and not a Stone
Tell where I lye.

SONG 451.

HAppy's the Love which meets Return,
When in ſoft Flames Souls equal burn;
But Words are wanting to diſcover
The Torments of a hopeleſs Lover.
Ye Regiſters of Heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot, the Flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
Her Love the Gods above muſt ſhare;
While Mortals with Deſpair explore her,
And at a Diſtance due adore her.

O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a Smile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar-a
Sighing Swain the Banks of Yarrow.

But huſh, ye Fears, I'll not deſpair,
My Mary's tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:
With Succeſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky;
When Mary Scot's become my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradiſe on Yarrow.

SONG 452.

HAppy is a Country Life,
Bleſt with Content, good Health and Eaſe;
Free from Faction, Noiſe, and Strife,
We only Plot ourſelves to pleaſe;
Peace of Mind our Days delight,
And Love our Welcome Dreams at Night.

Hail green Fields, and ſhady Woods!
Hail Springs and Streams, that ſtill run pure!
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only dwells ſecure:
Free from Vice, and free from Care,
Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

SONG 453.

HARK! the bonny Chriſt-Church Bells,
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
They ſound ſo woundy great,
So wond'rous ſweet,
And they troul ſo merrily, merrily,
Hark the firſt and ſecond Bell,
That every Day at four and ten,
Cries come to Pray'rs,
And the Virger troops before the Dean.
Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the ſmall Bell at Nine
To call the Beerers home;
But the Dev'l a Man
Will leave his Cann,
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

SONG 454.

HArk! hark! the Cock crows, 'tis Day all abroad,
And looks like a jolly, fair Morning:
Up Roger and James, and drive out your Teams,
Up quickly to carry the Corn in.
Davy the Drowſy, and Barnaby Bowſy,
At Breakfaſt we'll flout and we'll jeer, Boys,
Sluggards ſhall chatter with Small-Beer and Water,
While you ſhall tope off the March-Beer, Boys.
Laſſes that ſnore, for ſhame give it o'er;
Mouth open, the Flies will be blowing:
To get us ſtout Hum 'gainſt Chriſtmas draw come,
Away, where the Barley is mowing.

your Smock Sleeves go bind up the Sheaves too,
With nimble young Rowland and Harry,
hen when Work's over, at Night give each Lover
A Hug and a Buſs in the Dairy. (Plough,
here's two for the Mow, and two for the
Is then the next Labour comes after;
n ſure I hir'd four, but if you want more,
I'll ſend you my Wife and my Daughter.
ger the luſty, tell Rachel the truſty,
The Barn's a rare place to ſteal Garters;
Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mowthen,
And take it at Night for your Quarters.

SONG 455.

HArk! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd Horn:
Calls the Hunters all up in the Morn:
o the Hills and the Wood-lands they ſteer,
o unharbour the out-lying Deer.

CHORUS of Huntſmen.

And all the Day long
This, this is our Song;
Still hollowing,
And following,
So frolick and free;
Our Joys know no Bounds,
While we're after the Hounds,
No Mortals on Earth are ſo jolly as we.

Round the Woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the Hills they all echo Hillo!
With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
Then our Shouts they reſound to the Skies;
And all the Day long, &c.
When when we ſweep o'er the Vallies, or climb
Up the Health breathing Mountain ſublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
And all the Day long, &c.

SONG 456. *While the Town*, &c.

HArk, Lucinda, to the Wooing,
Murm'ring Turtles am'rous Cooing;
Shelly Grotts their Love rebound:
Streams along the Pebble trilling,
Hearts with trembling Pleaſure filling,
Sweetly anſwer to the Sound. S.
Twiſted Boughs above combining,
Loving Joy around them twining,
Guard thee with a mingled Shade:
Purple Violets, bluſhing Roſes,
Od'rous Flow'rs in various Poſies,
Dreſs thy Boſom and thy Head.

See! their tender Beings flying,
Quickly fading quickly dying!
Beauty ne'er was fram'd to laſt:
Let the Lover once adviſe thee,
To improve the Good that flies thee;
Soon, ah! ſoon, the Seaſon's paſt,

Air with hollow Tempeſts ſwelling,
Gath'ring Clouds a Storm foretelling,
Shroud in Night the faireſt Day:
Springing Beauty, gaily blooming,
Sees not lowry Winter's coming,
To December changing her May.

SONG 457.

HArk! how the Trumpet ſounds to Battle!
Hark! how the thund'ring Cannons rattle!
Cruel Ambition now calls me away,
While I have ten thouſand ſoft kind Things to ſay:
While Honour alarms me,
Young Cupid diſarms me,
And Cælia ſo charms me,
I cannot away.

Hark again, Honour calls me to Arms!
Hark! how the Trumpet ſweetly charms!
Cælia no more then muſt be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring, and Enſigns diſplay'd;
The Thoughts of Promotion,
Inſpire ſuch a Notion,
Of Cælia's Devotion
I'm no mor afraid,

Guard her for me, celeſtial Powers,
Ye Gods, bleſs the Nymph with happy Hours;
Oh! may ſhe ever to love me incline!
Such lovely Prefections I cannot reſign,
Firm Conſtancy grant her,
My true Love ſhall haunt her,
My Soul cannot want her,
She's all ſo divine.

SONG 458.

HArk, hark on ev'ry Spray,
The warbling Throng,
In grateful Song,
Salute and hail the new-born Day.

Why ſit we ſo mute, when early Linnets ſing
And warbling Philomel ſalutes the Spring?
Why ſit we ſad when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear
And laviſh Nature paints the purple Year?
Revive, revive, like Birds be gay,
To-morrow's Light
May prove our Night,
Then let's enjoy the preſent Day.

SONG 459.

HArk, hark, the Huntſman ſounds his Horn
A Call ſo muſical chides the Drone,
Ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton.

The Clangor wakes the drowſy Morn,
The Woods re-echo the ſprightly Tone,
Ton, ton, &c.

The loud-tongu'd Cries the Concert fill,
Our Steeds with Neighing ſalute the Dawn,
Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
en ſwift deſcending we ſweep the Lawn,
Ton, ton, &c.
The diſtant Stag our Accent hears,
r Accent's fatal to him alone,
Ton, ton, &c.
He rouſing ſtarts, and wing'd with Fears,
ſakes the Thicket to ſeek the Down,
Ton, ton, &c.
Altho' Diana claims the Field,
e Woods and Foreſts tho' all her own,
Ton. ton, &c.
The Groves to Venus let her yield,
here we may follow her ſportive Son,
Ton, ton, &c.
What Joy to trace the blooming Laſs
ro' darkſome Grotto's with Moſs o'er (grown,
Ton, ton, &c.
What Harmony can ours ſurpaſs,
hen joining Chorus with Dove-like Moan.
Ton, ton, &c.
In various Sports the Day thus ſpent,
igu'd with Pleaſures when Night comes on.
Ton, ton, &c.
Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Hearts content,
ith Wine regaling, all Cares we drown.
Ton, ton, &c.

SONG 460.

HARD Fate to ſigh, to ſigh in vain,
Deſpairing Sylvia cries;
Debarr'd the Freedom to complain,
But through a Lover's Eyes.

And thoſe unguarded ever ſpeak,
Betrayers of my Heart;
For ah! our Wiles are all too weak,
Theſe to diſguiſe by Art.

Thus hopeleſs muſt I e'er remain,
Like Ghoſt about their Treaſure;
Till ſpoke to firſt ne'er ſpeak again,
Still waiting Strephon's Leiſure.

Dear thoughtleſs Man, a Stranger to
The Secrets of this Breaſt;
That's his from Inc'ination true,
More conſtant than 'tis bleſt.

There could he ſee, and conſcious know
The Torments of Neglect,
They ſoon would teach him how to ſhew
More Love, and leſs Reſpect.

SONG 461.

HAVE you e'er ſeen the Morning Sun
From fair Aurora's Boſom run?
Or have you ſeen on Flora's Bed,
The Eſſences of white and red?
Then you may boaſt, for you have ſeen
My fairer Chloris, Beauty's Queen.
Have you e'er pleas'd your ſkilful Ears
With the ſweet Muſick of the Spheres?

Have you e'er heard the Syrens ſing,
Or Orpheus play to Hell's black King?
If ſo, be happy, and rejoice,
For thou haſt heard my Chloris Voice.

Have you e'er ſmelt what Chymic Skill
From Roſe or Amber doth diſtil?
Have you been near that Sacrifice
The Phœnix makes before ſhe dies?
Then you can tell, (I do preſume)
My Chloris is the World's Perfume.

Have you e'er taſted what the Bee
Steals from each fragrant Flow'r or Tree?
Or did you ever taſte that Meat,
Which Poets ſay the Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt,
But you have found my Chloris out.

SONG 462.

HAVE you any Pots or Pans,
Or any broken Chandlers?
I am a Tinkler to my Trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As ſcant of Siller as of Grace,
Disbanded, we've a bad Run;
Gar tell the Lady of the Place,
I'm come to clout her Caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have Wark for me,
I'll do't to your Contentment,
And dinna care a ſingle Flie
For any Man's Reſentment;
For, Lady fair, tho' I appear
To every ane a Tinker,
Yet to your ſell I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle Jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a Swan
Turn'd, for his lovely Leda;
He like a Bull o'er Meadows ran,
To carry aff Europa,
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argos Blinker,
And win your Love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a Tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning Man,
But this fine Plot you'll fail in;
For there is neither Pot nor Pan
Of mine you'll drive a Nail in.
Then bind your Budget on your Back,
And Nails up in your Apron;
For I've a Tinkler under Tack
That us'd to clout my Caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, &c.

SONG 463.

HAVE you ſeen Battledore Play,
Where the Shuttlecocks fly to and fro con

Or, have you noted an April Day, now raining,
Now ſhining, now warming, now ſtorming?
Ah! juſt, juſt ſuch as theſe is a Woman.
Love and true Merit do ſeldom prevail,
For always we hold a wet Eel by the Tail;
Their Tongue's ne'er are idle, their Humour's (wheedle;
a Riddle;
They prick with their Needle, and ogle and
And if they have Charms,
'Tis rarely that Beauty is true t'ye,
For few or none you are ſure are your own,
But in your Arms.

SONG 464.

HANG this whining Way of Wooing,
Loving was deſign'd a Sport:
Sighing, talking, without doing,
Makes a ſilly, idle Court.

Don't believe that Words can move her,
If ſhe be not well inclin'd:
She herſelf muſt be the Lover,
To perſuade her to be kind.

If at laſt, ſhe grants the Favour,
And conſents to be undone:
Never think your Paſſion gave her
To your Wiſhes, but her own.

SONG 465.

HAſte, haſte, dear Youth, and tell the Fair
My Love-ſick Soul is all Deſpair:
Sigh to her Pity, that ſhe may
Accept the Offering I'll her pay:
For oh! 'tis better not to be,
Than thus to live in Miſery.

If ſhe frowns, then ſhalt thou be
Baniſh'd from Love for wounding me;
But if ſhe ſmiles, then I will raiſe
Arches triumphant to your Praiſe:
And all my future Days ſhall be
Like an eternal Extaſy.

SONG 466.

HERE are People and Sports,
Of all Sizes and Sorts,
Coach'd Damſel and 'Squire,
And Mob in the Mire,
Tarpaulins, Trugmallions,
Lords, Ladies, Sows Babies,
And Loobies in Scores;
Some hawling, ſome bawling,
Some leering, ſome fleering,
Some loving, ſome ſhoving,
With Legions of furbelow'd Whores.

To the Tavern ſome go,
And ſome to the Show,
See Poppets and Moppets,
Jack-Puddens for Cuddens,
Rope-dancing, Mares prancing,

Boats flying, Quacks lying,
Pick-Pockets, Pick-Plackets,
Beasts, Butchers, and Beaus:
Fops prattling, Dice rattling,
Rooks shamming, Putts damning,
Whores painted, Masks tainted,
In Tally-mens furbelow'd Clothes.

The Mob's Joys wou'd you know,
To yon Musick-House go,
See Taylors and Sailors,
Whores, Molly and Dolly,
Here Musick makes you sick;
Some skipping, some tripping,
Some smoking, some joking,
Like Spigget and Tap;
Short Measure, strange Pleasure,
Thus swilling and billing,
Some yearly get fairly,
For Fairings, Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

SONG 467.

HERE lies old Hare, worn out with Care,
Who oft times toll'd the Bell;
Cou'd dig a Grave, and set a Stave,
And say Amen full well.

For sacred Song, he'ad Hopkins' Tongue,
And Sternhold's eke also;
With Cough and Hem he'd stand by them,
As far as Lungs would go.

Full many a Feast for Worms he dress,
Himself still wanting Bread;
But ah! he's gone with Skin and Bone,
To starve them now he's dead.

Here take his Spade, follow his Trade,
Now he is out of Breath;
Cover the Bones of one who once
Wrought Journey-work for Death.

SONG 468.

HERE's to thee, my Boy,
My Darling, my Joy,
For a Toper I love as my Life,
I love as my Life;
Who ne'er baulks his Glass,
Nor cries like an Ass,
To go home to his Mistress or Wife,
To go home to his Mistress or Wife.

But heartily quaffs,
Sings Catches and laughs,
All the Night he looks jovial and gay,
Looks jovial and gay;
When Morning appears,
Then homeward he steers,
To snore out the rest of the Day,
To snore out the rest of the Day.

He feels not the Cares,
The Griefs, nor the Fears,

That the Sober too often attend,
Too often attend;
Nor knows he a Loſs,
Diſturbance, or Croſs,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend.

SONG 469.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
With a gen'rous Bowl and a Toaſt,
May he in Bridewell be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a Poſt.

Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here:
For who can know where we ſhall go,
To be merry another Year?

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his Glaſs in courſe,
May he be oblig'd to drink ſmall Beer,
With ne'er a Penny in's Purſe.
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a Comp'ny of jolly Boys,
May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding Wife,
To confound him with her Noiſe.
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his Miſtreſs in his Bed,
Let him be bury'd in the Church-yard,
And me put in his Stead.
Let him be merry, &c.

SONG 470.

HEre end my Chains, and Thraldom ceaſe;
If not in Joy, I'll live in Peace;
Since for the Pleaſures of an Hour
We muſt endure an Age of Pain,
I'll be this abject Thing no more;
Love, give me back my Heart again.

Deſpair tormented firſt my Breaſt,
Now Falſhood, a more cruel Gueſt.
O, for the Peace of human Kind,
Make Women longer true, or ſooner kind!
With Juſtice or with Mercy reign,
O love! or give me back my Heart again.

SONG 471.

HEar me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.

My Vows and Sighs, like ſilent Air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny Buſh aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That Day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder;

I thought my ſelf the luckieſt Lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews Diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny Buſh bloom'd fair in May,
Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,
Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Deſpair,
My Paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the Buſh aboon Traquair,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

SONG 472. *Away you Rover.*

HE that has the beſt Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life;
But for her that will ſcold and will quarrel;
Let him cut her off ſhort
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel,

SONG 473.

HE, who for ever,
Wou'd hope for Favour,
He muſt endeavour
To charm the Fair:
He dances, he dances,
He da-a-a-a-a-nces,
Ae ſighs, and glances,
He makes Advances,
He ſings, and dances,
And mends his Air.

SONG 474.

HElp me, each harmonious Grove,
Gently whiſper all ye Trees,
Tune each warbling Throat to love,
And cool each Mead with ſofteſt Breeze;
Breathe ſweet Odours, ev'ry Flow'r,
All your various Painting ſhow;
Pleaſing Verdure grace each Bow'r,
Around let ev'ry Bleſſing flow.

Glide, ye limpid Brooks along;
Phœbus, glance thy mildeſt Ray:
Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,
And tell what Colin dare not ſay.

Celia comes! whoſe charming Air,
Fires with Love the rural Swains;
Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,
That Colin dies, if ſhe diſdains.

SONG 475.

HEre's a Whim-wam new come over,
And who will prick at my Lottery-Book,
'Tis ſpick and ſpan new to Dover,
From France where it lately took:
'Twill eaſe you of all your Troubles, ho!
By a chemical, new, chemerical Way;
But, firſt of all down with the Bubbles, ho!
For this is the faireſt Play.
Come Jenny, the Chambermaid, trudge it;
Come Tinker, and pawn thy Budget,
And Gillian no longer amble on Foot.
For Lords ſhall look like Aſſes;
For ſee ye how Stock advances up to't,
And Footmen ride in their Places;
Then Chimney-ſweep, ſell thy ſoot.
Jump off thy Board, bungling Botcher,
And leave the Plough, truſty Roger,
And Teague, with thy Gramace ſneaſh it
Tip, Cicely, trudge it with Mary, (away:
And gaed muckle Sawney Lad donna ſtay;
And Dorothy ſlight thy Dairy,
For we are blith as May.
Come hither each pretty Fellow,
And Country 'Squire, thou Booby nob Head;
Here's Harlequin, Punchinello,
So nimbly, archly tread;
Here's Mynheer van Gundy Gut Guzzle too,
To raſe or fall as Knav'ries meet;
Meſs John, come help us to puzzle too;
And throw thy Cloak o'er the Cheat:
Thy Canting will ſafely fold us,
When Air is too hot to hold us.
Then prithee now Colly refuſe me no More,
Nor vamp a queer Reviſal;
For Water, Sir, never will turn into Gold,
And a Fool ſhould have no Rival,
Till C——y's great Stock be ſold.
Let every Trick be a clean one,
Fat Sorrow is better than lean one:
Then friſk it about, and jerk it away,
For here's no Sign of Sorrow;
Unleſs Mr. Knight ſhould darken the Day,
'Twill be at twelve hundred To-morrow,
And we underſtand the Lay.

SONG 476.

HEre's a Health to the Tacker's, my Boys,
But mine A-ſe for the Tackers about,
May the brave Engliſh Spirits come in,
And the Knaves and Fanaticks turn out:
Since the Magpyes of late are confounding the State,
And would pull our Eſtabliſhments down,
Let us make 'em a Jeſt, for they ſhit in their Neſt,

And be true to the Church and the Crown.
Let us chuſe ſuch Parliament-Men,
As have ſtuck to their Principles tight;
And would not their Country betray
In the Story of Aſhby and White:
Who care not a T—d for a Whig, or a Lord,
That wont ſee our Accounts fairly ſtated;
For C—ll ne'er fears the Addreſs of thoſe Peers,
Who the Nation of Millions have cheated.

The next Thing adviſeable is,
Since Schiſm ſo ſtrangely abounds,
To oppoſe ev'ry Man that's ſet up
By Diſſenters, in Corporate Towns:
For High-Church, and Low-Church, that brought us to No-Church,
And Conſcience ſo bubbl'd the Nation;
For who is not ſtill for Conformity Bll,
Will be ſurely a R——on Occaſion.

SONG 477.

HE's a Man ev'ry Inch, I aſſure you,
Stout, vigorous, active, and tall;
There's none can from Danger ſecure you,
Like brave, gallant Moor of Moor-Hall.
No Giant or Night ever quell'd him,
He fills all their Hearts with Alarms:
No Virgin yet ever beheld him,
But wiſh'd herſelf claſp'd in his Arms:
But wiſh'd, &c.

SONG 478.

HE that is reſolv'd to wed,
And be by the Noſe by Woman led,
Let him conſider't well e'er he be ſped;
For that lewd Inſtrument, a Wife,
If that ſhe be inclin'd to Strife,
Will find a Man ſhrill Muſick all his Life,
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when ſhe's vext,
Nearer than the Parſon does his Text,
He's ſure to have enough of what comes next;
And by our Grammar Rules we ſee,
Two different Genders can't agree,
Nor without Soleciſms connected be,
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
That Wedlock, or 'tis much bely'd, (try'd:
Is a good School, in which Man's Virtue's
And this Convenience Woman brings,
That when her Angry Mood begins,
The Huſband never wants a Sight of's Sins,
The Huſband never, &c.

If he by Chance offend the leaſt,
His Pennance ſhall be well encreaſt,
She'll make him keep a Vigil without Feaſt;
And when's Confeſſion he is framing,
She will not fail to make's Examen,
He has nothing elſe to do but ſay Amen,
He has nothing, &c.

SONG 479.

HE himſelf courts his own Ruin,
That with too great Paſſion ſues 'em;
hen Men whine too much in Wooing,
Women will like Coquets uſe 'em:
me by this Way of addreſſing,
Have the Sex ſo far tranſported,
hat they'll fool away the Bleſſing
For the Pride of being courted.
t and ſmile when we adore 'em,
While ſome Blockhead buys the Favour;
reſents have more Power o'er 'em
Than all our ſoft Love and Labour.
hus like Zealots, with ſcrew'd Faces,
We our Fooling make the greater;
hile we cant long-winded Graces,
Others they fall to the Creature.

SONG 480.

ER Eyes are like the Morning Bright,
Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,
Her Cheeks like Roſes fair;
r Breaſts like water'd Lilies white,
r Breaſts like water'd Lilies white,
Like Silk her flowing Hair:
r Breaſts like water'd Lilies white,
r Breaſts like water'd Lilies white,
Like Silk her flowing Hair.
r Breath's as ſweet as Odours blown
By Zephyrs o'er the Vales;
Her Skin's as fine and ſoft as Down,
Her Voice like Nightingale's.
Where'er ſhe breathes, where'er ſhe ſings,
How happy are the Groves!
How bleſt! how much more bleſt than Kings,
The Shepherd that ſhe loves.
With gentle Steps let's beat the Ground,
In gladſome Couples join'd;
For Joy that your Dorinda's found,
And ev'ry Lover kind.

SONG 481. *Of a noble Race was* Shinkin.

HEAR all you Friends to Knighthood,
A Tale will raiſe your Wonder,
How Caitiff vile,
By baſeſt Wile,
An hardy Knight did plunder.
How from this Pritiſh Worthy,
This Knave, a Pox light on hur!
Did once purloin
The only Sign
And Badge he had of Honour.
Oh! had you ſeen our Hero!
No Knight cou'd e'er look bigger,
Unleſs his Size
My Song belies,
Than M——n of Tredegar.

A Ribbon grac'd his Shoulder,
A Star ſhone on his Breaſt, Sir;
With ſmart Toupee,
Fort bien poudré,
And Cockade on his Creſt, Sir.

This Ribbon held a Bauble,
Which his kind Stars decree him;
With which he'd play,
Both Night and Day,
'Twould do you good to ſee him.

Tho' I a Bauble call it,
It muſt not thus be ſlighted;
'Twas one of the Toys,
Bob gave to his Boys,
When firſt the Chits were knighted.
Hur was the Flow'r of Knighthood,
You ne'er ſaw ſuch a gay Thing;
But Engliſh Rogue,
Confound the Dog,
Was rob hur of hur Play-thing.
Rouze ug, ye brave Knights Errant,——
Ne'er give this Catif Quarter,
Yet Knights of the Toaſt,
Or Knights of the Poſt,
Or Thiſtle, Bath, or Garter.

Learn hence ye courtly Lordlings,
Who hear this fatal Story;
On how ſlight Strings
Depend thoſe Things,
Whereon ye hang your Glory.

SONG 482.

HERE's to thee, my Damon, let's drink and be merry, (Sherry;
And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of
Commit ev'ry Care to the Guardians above,
And we'll live like Immortals in Pleaſure and Love.
Here's Phillis's Health: Lo! the Liquor flows higher;
'Tis Phillis's Name that awakens that Fire:
Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence ſhine,
And Fancy be briſk, as the ſparkling Wine.
Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye Swains, (Plains;
Go pluck the ſweet Roſes, the Pride of the
Pluck only ſuch Roſes as worthy the Fair,
And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care;
While to yon cool Poplar's kind Shade we retire,
To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire;
In languiſhing Bliſſes we'll live and we'll die,
She'll melt in the Flames, that I catch at her Eye.

SONG 483.

HEre's a Health to the Laſs with a rowling Eye,
That won't any Gentleman twice deny,
But on reaſonable Terms will ſoon comply,
And a Fig for the coy diſſembling Punk,

re's a Health to the Lad that loves a brisk Lass,
d scorns in his turn to refuse his Glass,
by his stiff Airs show the World he's an Ass,
But will with an honest good Friend be drunk.

when in his Head the Wine is got,
No Emperor can be so great as he;
is the Dunce that won't drink shall be counted a Sot,
And we'll ne'er think him fit for good Company.

en up to the Brim each fill his Glass,
And drink to the Healths that I nam'd before,
the Prig that loves not both his Bottle and Lass,
May he die in a Ditch, a Son of a Whore.

SONG 484.

ID from himself, now by the Dawn,
He starts as fresh as Roses blawn,
ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn
After his bleeting Flocks.
thful, and innocently gay,
chants and whistles out the Day;
ught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly Weathercocks.

happy, from Ambition free,
and vile Hypocrisie,
re Truth and Love with Joys agree,
Unsullied with a Crime,
Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
In propping of their Pride and State,
He lives, and unafraid of Fate,
Contented spends his Time.

SONG 485.

HOld, hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
And hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,
And my Pot, and thy Pot,
Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom.
'Tis Malt will cure the Maw, Tom,
And heal thy Distempers in Autumn,
Felix quem facient,
I prithee be patient,
Aliena pericula cautum.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom,
Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom;
There's no Parson nor Vicar,
But will toss off his Liquor,
Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom.

SONG 486.

HOw blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses, (Alarms:
While Drums and Trumpets are sounding
Over our lowly Sheds all the Storm passes,
And when we die, 'tis in each other's Arms:
All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing,
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, with Graces attended,
Let not your Days without Pleasure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
All Men will praise you, but none will desire:
Let not Youth fly away without contenting,
Age will come time enough for your repenting.
Let not Youth, &c.

SONG 487.

HOw calm, Eliza are these Groves,
How sweet to entertain our Loves?
Free from Sorrow, free from Care,
Jealousy and black Despair.
In these sweet Elysian Groves
Calmly we enjoy our Loves.

SONG 488.

HOw happy are we when the Wind is abaft,
And the Boatswain he pipes, haul both our Sheets aft.
Steady, steady, says the Master, it blows a fresh Gale. (doth not fail.
We'll soon reach our Port, Boys, if the Wind
Then drink about, Tom, altho' the Ship roll,
We'll save our rich Liquor by slinging our Bowl.

SONG 489.

HOw brimful of Nothing's the Life of a Beau: (to do;
They've Nothing to think of, they've Nothing
Nor Nothing to talk of, for Nothing they know.
Such, such is the Life of a Beau, &c.

For Nothing they rise but to draw the fresh Air,
Spend the Morning in Nothing but curling their Hair,
And do Nothing all Day, but sing, saunter, and stare:
Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing, at Night, at the Play-house they crowd,
To mind Nothing done there, they always are proud:
But to bow, and to grin, and talk Nothing aloud:
Such, such is, &c.

For nothing they run to th' Assembly and Ball,
And for nothing, at Cards, a fair Partner they call;
For they still must be beasted, who've—nothing at all:
Such, such is, &c.

For nothing, on Sundays, at Church they appear;
For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing to fear:
They can be nothing no where, who—nothing are here;
Such, such is, &c.

SONG 490.

HOW sweetly smells the Simmer green!
Sweet taste the Peach and Cherry,
Painting and Order please our Een,
And Claret make us merry:

ut fineſt Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
And Wine, tho' I be thirſty,
oſe a' their Charms and weaker Pow'rs,
Compar'd with thoſe of Chriſty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park,
No nat'ral Beauty wanting,
ow lightſome is't to hear the Lark,
And Birds in Conſort chanting?
ut if my Chriſty tunes her Voice,
I'm wrapt in Admiration;
y Thoughts with Extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale Creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy Omen,
nd after mint to make Advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a Woman:
ut, dubious of my ain Deſert,
My Sentiments I ſmother;
ith ſecret Sighs I vex my Heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

hus ſang blate Edie by a Burn,
His Chriſty did o'er-hear him;
he daughtna let her Lover mourn,
But ere he wiſt drew near him.
he ſpake her Favour with a Look,
Which left na room to doubt her.
e wiſely this white Minute took,
And flang his Arms about her,
y Chriſty! — witneſs, bonny Stream,
Sic Joys frae Tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a Dream;
O Love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for Tauk;
This Point of a' his Wiſhes
He wadna with ſet Speeches bauk,
But war'd it a'on Kiſſes.

SONG 491.

HOW wretched is a Maiden's Fate,
When Love invades her Heart;
In ſecret ſhe deplores her State,
Nor dares reveal the Smart.

If Love a Shepherd's Breaſt engage,
No nicer Forms reſtrain:
He wooes, he ſighs, and Sighs aſſuage
The agonizing Pain.
We born to love, and be belov'd,
A Fate like Echo's try:
Ah! worſe; for when we're ſtrongeſt mov'd,
We heſitate and die.

Then point out, Love, the happy way
To make our Wiſhes known;
Our Hearts uncenſur'd to diſplay,
And all thy Rigour own.

SONG 492.

HOW can I well deſcribe the Joy,
When firſt I ſet my Eyes
On her who only could employ
My Thought in great Surprize!

Charming Face,
Love exciting;
Comely Grace,
All delighting;
Who can look on one so fair,
And not the Force of Love declare!

But when I labour'd to addreſs
The Tenour of my Suit,
Fear did my fault'ring Speech oppreſs,
And I continued mute:
But my Smart more abounded;
Cupid's Dart has me wounded,
And I longer can't conceal
The Anguiſh for your Sake I feel.

Yet, if you diſregard my Pain,
I bid this World adieu:
For all my Hopes of Life are vain,
If not ſuſtain'd by you.
With Diſdain do not grieve me,
See my Pain, and relieve me;
Sure you can't ſeverely treat
A Lover dying at your Feet.

Pity and Love ſhould, in the Fair,
Inſeparably join,
To extricate from Deſpair
Such am'rous Hearts as mine.
Sweet replies,
Kind Behaviour,
Pleaſing Eyes,
Gentle Favour,
Are what Lovers muſt implore,
Or elſe they can exiſt no more.

SONG 493.

HOneſt Man John Ochiltree,
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake! I wont to do!
Ohon, Ohon! I wont to do!
Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae ſilly auld John Ochiltree.

Honeſt Man John Ochiltree,
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,
And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!
To whoſt and hirple o'er my Tree,
My bony Moor-powt is a' I may do.

Walaways John Ochiltree,
For mony a Time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade ſae faſt by Sea and Land,
And wadna keep a Bridle-hand;
Thou'd tine the Beaſt, thy ſell wad die,
My ſilly auld John Ochiltree.
Come to my Arms, my bony Thing,
And chear me up to hear thee ſing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For Thoughts maun now my Life ſuſtain,

ae thy ways John Ochiltree:
Hae done! it has nae ſa'r wi' me.
I'll ſet the Beaſt in throw the Land,
She'll may be ſa' in a better Hand.
Ev'n ſit thou there, and think thy ſill,
For I'll do as I wont to do ſtill.

SONG 494.

HOneſt Lover whoſoever,
If in all thy Love there ever
Was one wav'ring Thought; if thy Flame
Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

If when ſhe appears i'th' Room,
Thou doſt not quake, and art ſtruck dumb;
And in ſtriving this to cover,
Doſt not ſpeak thy Words twice over:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou doſt not miſtake,
And all Defects for Graces take;
Perſuade'ſt thyſelf that Jeſts are broken,
When ſhe hath little or nothing ſpoken:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'ſt to be within,
Thou lett'ſt not Men aſk and aſk again;
And when thou anſwer'ſt, if it be
To what was aſk'd thee properly:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

If when thy Stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'ſt not Fingers 'ſtead of Meat,
And with much gazing on her Face
Didſt not riſe hungry from the Place:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou doſt diſcover
That thou art no perfect Lover,
And deſiring to love true,
Thou doſt begin to love anew:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs;
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

SONG 495.

HOw ſhall I be ſad when a Huſband I have,
That has better Senſe than any of the

Sour weak ſilly Fellows, that ſtudy like Fools
That ſink their ain Joy, and makes their Snools.
The Man who is prudent ne'er light lies his Wife.
Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
He praiſes her Virtues, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall Failing, but find an Excuſe.

SONG 496.

HOW happy a State does the Miller poſſeſs,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs.
On his Mill and himſelf he depends for Sup-(port,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at Court.
What tho' he all duſty, and whiten'd does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a Beau;
A Clown in his Dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a Courtier who ſtruts in his Gartar and Star.
Than, &c.
Tho' his Hands are ſo daub'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean;
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
Gold in Handling will ſtick to the Fingers like Meal.
What if then a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs without Scruple from other Men's Sacks;
In this of right noble Example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.
Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an Eſtate,
In this too he mimicks the Tools of the State;
Whoſe Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill.
As all his Concern's to bring Griſt to his Mill.
He eats when he's Hungry and drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lye;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

SONG 497.

HOW pleaſant a Sailor's Life paſſes;
Who roams o'er the wat'ry Main?
No Treaſure he ever Amaſſes,
But chearfully ſpends all his Gain.
We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
To Honour and Honeſty true,
And wou'd not commit a baſe Action,
For Power and Power in view.
Chor. Then why ſhould we quarrel for Riches,
Or any ſuch glittering Toys?
A light Heart and a thin Pair of Breeches
Goes thorough the World, brave Boys.

The World is a beautiful Garden,
Enrich'd with the Bleſſings of Life,
The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.

When Terrible Tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous Billows affright,
No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful Induſtry ſteers right.
Chor. Then why ſhould, &c.

The Courtier's more ſubject to Dangers,
Who Rules at the Helm of the State,
Than we, who to Politicks Strangers,
Eſcape the Snares laid for the Great.
The various Bleſſings of Nature,
In various Nations we try;
No Mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Chor. Then why ſhould, &c.

SONG 498.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we,
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms;
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All human Kin'd are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile Reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then ſhrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er ſince our Grandame's Evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves, we Book-worms name;
The Blockhead is a Slow-Worm;
The Nymph whoſe Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.
The Fops are painted Butter-flies,
That flutter for a Day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their Riſe,
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows;
Some Worms ſuit all Conditions;
Miſers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches, Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen,
By all their winding Play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah! Moore, thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain would riſe,
If thou couldſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

Oh learned Friend of Abchurch Lane,
Who ſet'ſt our Entrails free!
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'ſt adjourn
Some few ſhort Years, no more!
Ev'n Button's Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG 499.

HOw bleſt are Beggar Laſſes,
Who never toil for Treaſure?

We know no Care, but how to ſhare
Each Day ſucceſſive Pleaſure.
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars ſtill with Bliſs abound;
Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilſt the ſparkling Glaſs goes round.

A Fig for gaudy Faſhions.
No want of Clothes oppreſs us:
We live at Eaſe with Rags and Fleas;
We value not our Dreſſes.
Drink away, &c.

We ſcorn all Ladies Waſhes.
With which they ſpoil each Feature:
No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint;
We live in ſimple Nature.
Drink away, &c.

No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours
At Morn or Ev'ning teaze us;
We drink not Tea, or Ratafie;
When ſick, a Dram can eaſe us.
Drink away, &c.

What Ladies act in private,
By Nature's ſoft Complaiſance,
We think no Crime, when in our Prime,
To kiſs without a Licence.
Drink away, &c.

We know no Shame or Scandal,
The Beggars Law befriend us:
We all agree in Liberty,
And Poverty defend us.
Drink away, &c.

Like jolly Beggar-wenches
Thus, thus, we drown all Sorrow;
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our Pleaſure till to-morrow.
Drink away, &c.

SONG 500.

HOw cruel is a Parent's Care,
Who Riches only prizes,
When finding out ſome Booby Heir,
He thinks he wond'rous wiſe is,
While the poor Maid to ſhun her Fate,
And not to prove a Wretch in State,
To 'ſcape the Blockhead ſhe muſt hate,
She weds where ſhe deſpiſes.

The harmleſs Dove thus trembling flies,
The rav'nous Hawk purſuing,
A while her tender Pinions tries,
'Till doom'd to certain Ruin:
Afraid her worſt of Foes to meet,
No Shelter near, no kind Retreat,
She drops beneath the Faulk'ner's Feet,
For gentler Uſage ſuing.

SONG 501.

HOw hardly I conceal my Tears!
How oft did I complain,

hen many tedious Days my Fears
Told me, I lov'd in vain.
t now my Joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd;
rrow may make a ſilent Moan,
But Joy will be reveal'd.

ell it to the bleating Flocks,
To ev'ry Stream and Tree,
d bleſs the hollow murm'ring Rocks,
For echoing back to me.

hus you may ſee, with how much Joy
We want, we wiſh, believe;
is hard ſuch Paſſion to deſtroy,
But eaſy to deceive.

SONG 502.

OW happy am I,
The fair Sex can defy,
d can ev'ry Day ſay my Heart is my own;
For I never ſaw yet
That Beauty or Wit,
t I lov'd, if I pleas'd, or could let it alone.

I thought that my Flame
Would ſtill prove the ſame,
t beautiful Cælia, while Cælia was true;
But Love was ſo blind,
When Cælia was kind,
hang'd her for Mopſa, for Mopſa was new.

SONG. 503.

HOw wretched is the Slave to Love,
Who can no real Pleaſures prove,
For ſtill they're mix'd with Pain:
When not obtain'd, reſtleſs is the Deſire;
Enjoyment puts out all the Fire,
And ſhews the Love was vain.

It wanders to another ſoon,
Wanes and increaſes, like the Moon,
And, like her, never reſts; (Tears,
Brings Tides of Pleaſure now, and then of
Makes Ebbs and Floods of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wav'ring Breaſts.

But, ſpite of Love, I will be free,
And triumph in the Liberty,
I without him enjoy:
I'th'worſt of Priſons I'll my Body bind,
Rather than change my Free-born Mind
For ſuch a fooliſh Toy.

SONG 504.

HOw ſilly's the Heart of a Woman,
When courted by many, to fly?
But when ſhe is follow'd by no Man,
For one ſhe will languiſh and die;
Beguiling,
And ſmiling;
Now coying,
Then toying,

She'll her Fancy purſue;
Deſigning,
Or whining,
She'll vex ye,
Perplex ye,
And all that purſue her undo.

SONG 505.

HOw bleſt are Lovers in Diſguiſe?
Like Gods they ſee,
As I do thee,
Unſeen by human Eyes:
Expos'd to View,
I'm hid from you;
I'm alter'd, yet the ſame;
The Dark conceals me,
Love reveals me,
Love which lights me by its Flame.
Were you not falſe, you me wou'd know;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not deviſe,
Your Heart had told you ſo:
Your Heart wou'd beat
With eager Heat,
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might ſee
One chang'd like me;
Falſe Love is only blind.

SONG 506.

HOw bleſs'd he appears (Yea
That revels and loves out his hap
That fiercely ſpurs on till he finiſh his Race,
And, knowing Life's ſhort, chuſes living
pace,
To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly
doubt it; (our
Then love and rejoice, there's no living wi
Each Day we grow older,
But as Fate approches, the Brave ſtill are bolde
The Joys of Love with our Youth ſlide awa
But yet there are Pleaſures that never decay
When Beauty grows dull, and our Paſſio
grow cold,
Wine ſtill keeps it Charms, and we ca
when we're old.

SONG 507.

She. HOld, John, ere you leave me, i'f
I will know,
Whither ſo ſmugg'd up, thus early, you
With clean Hands and Face,
Beſt Band with a Lace,
Your Sunday's Apparel, when you ſho
go plough, (Man no
So trim, none would think ye a man
Man now.
But, John, ere you leave, &c.
He. Go, Joan, I won't tell you; to lea
ſweet Life.

I've learnt of my Betters, to ſteal from my Wife. (away
Mayhap with my Neighbour I'll duſt it
Mayhap play at Putt, or ſome other ſuch play. (Day.
I gueſs at what Game you'd be playing
Don't plague me, the Devil's in Woman I think: (to drink.
I tell thee, Joan, I'm going, I'm going
Come, prithee don't think that I've no more Grace; (Face.
Nay, go! or I'll hit thee a Dowce in the
You! I'll find ſomebody then ſhall ſtrike in your Place.
Why ſhould you deny me, I never did you?
Becauſe I a'n't new, you won't give me my Due:
But troth if you won't another ſhall do.
If thus, if thus, if thus you e'er do,
Oh! how I'll belabour, oh! how I'll belabour your Booby and you.
Oh! how I'll belabour oh! how I'll belabour your Trollop and you.
If thus, if thus, &c.

Well, John, do not go,
And I won't do ſo;
Do not go, do not go, my Johnny,
My Dear, my Precious, my Honey,
Oh! pray do not go,
I won't, I won't do ſo.

He. Adſnigs! by that Buſs I'm inveigled to ſtay;
Come, Joan, come and ſpoil my Straying to Day.
She. Come, John, give's thy beſt Band,
And lend me thy Hand.
He. Here, Joan take my beſt Band,
And give me thy Hand.
Thus 'tis with you Women.
She. 'Tis juſt ſo with you Men.
He. Whene'er you fall out,
She. Whene'er you fall out,
Both. It is to fall in again;
Whene'er we fall out,
Whene'er we fall out,
It is to fall in again.

SONG 508.

HOw hard is the Fate of all Womankind,
For ever ſubjected, for ever confin'd;
Our Parents controul us, until we are Wives;
Our Huſbands enſlave us, the reſt of our Lives.
If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But ſecretly languiſh, compell'd to conceal;
Deny'd e'ery Freedom of Life to enjoy,
We're blam'd if we're kind, and condemn'd if we're coy.

SONG 509. *O the Broom, &c.*

HOw blythe was I each Morn to ſee
My Swain come o'er the Hill;

He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me:
I'ſe met him with Good-will.
I neither wanted Yew nor Lamb,
When his Flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
And chear'd me all the Day.
He tun'd his Pipe, and play'd ſo ſweet,
The Birds ſat liſt'ning by;
And the dull Cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.
He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but grateful be;
He won my Heart, cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
Hard Fate! that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Go heavily and mourn,
'Cauſe I oblig'd the kindeſt Swain
That ever yet was born.

SONG 510.

HOw well may Life be term'd a Play,
The World be call'd a Stage,
On which all, having caſt their Parts,
Turn Players of the Age.
And a ſtrolling they will go, &c.
In th' World, as on the Theatre,
'Tis hard for to excel,
Where there are Twenty that act ill,
There's ſcarce One can act well.
Tho' a ſtrolling, &c.
Few their own Characters expoſe,
But follow common Rule:
Dull formal Blockheads great Men play,
And great Men play the Fool.
Thus a ſtroling, &c.
Like Heroes, Politicians
In Pomp their Part rehearſe:
But ſhould you look behind the Scenes,
'Tis all but humble Farce.
Tho' a ſtroling, &c.
Since then that we are Actors all,
On us your Cenſure ſpare,
And, in Indulgence to the Stage,
Support a Brother Play'r.
Or a ſtrolling, &c.
Hold, hold, the Audience I'll harangue,
Ere that the Curtain fall:
This rhyming Sing-ſong Poet here,
Perhaps, has damn'd us all.
And a ſtrolling, &c.
Unleſs this ſmall Attempt to pleaſe,
You with your Favour crown.
No feigned Play-houſe we ſhall lett,
But e'en muſt let our own.
And a ſtrolling, &c.

SONG 511. *A lovely Laſs*

HOw do they err who throw their Love
On Fate or Fortune wholly,
Whom only Rants and Flights can move,
And Rapture join'd with Folly:
For how can Pleaſure ſolid be,

Where Thought is out of Seaſon?
I love you, or you love me,
My Dear, without a Reaſon?
Sense then rightly we'll employ,
No Paradiſe expecting;
Or envying none the trifling Joy
That will not bear reflecting:
Wiſdom's Power, ſince after all,
E'en Life is paſt the curing,
Makes the worſt that can befal,
And makes the beſt enduring.

SONG 512.

HOw happy are we,
Who from Thinking are free,
That curbing Diſeaſe of the Mind,
Can indulge ev'ry Taſte,
Love where we like beſt,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd.
When we're young, fit to toy,
Gay delights we enjoy,
And have Crowds of new Lovers ſtill wooing;
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Still in every Age we are doing.
If a Cully we meet,
We ſpend what we get,
Ev'ry Day, for the next never think;
When we die, where we go,
We have no Senſe to know,
For a Bawd always dies in her Drink.

SONG 513.

HOw, court Dorinda! who the Devil
Wou'd ever prove ſo tame a Sot?
If you're kind, then ſhe's uncivil;
When you would love, then ſhe will not.

To contradict is all her Pleaſure,
Her utmoſt Virtue to deny;
Her Modeſty, that boaſted Treaſure,
Is to give herſelf the Lie.

Then ne'er, miſtaken Youth, ſtand doating
On Woman for her Beauty's Sake;
Nor for a ſilly Prize lie plotting,
Which ſhe'll not give, but you muſt take.

Summon out all the Pow'rs within her,
Then boldly puſh, ſhe can't withſtand;
You'll find the ſureſt Way to win her,
Is to engage with Sword in Hand.

SONG 514.

HOw happy's that Huſband who after few Years,
Of Railing and Brawling, Confuſion and (Folly,
Shall ſee his Xantippe drown'd in her Tears,
Then prithee Alexis be jolly, be jolly,
Then prithee Alexis be jolly.

SONG 515.

HOw long will Cynthia own no Flame,
And my warm Suit diſprove?
Our Ages mutually proclaim,
'Tis now the Time to love.

Ah! think, how ſwift each Minute flies;
How Years will Form conſume:
No Lover, when you wither, dies;
We ſicken, when you bloom.
Minerva, rough, and bred in War,
The Nuptial Joys declin'd:
But had ſhe been, like Venus, fair,
She'd been like Venus, kind.

In vain you force ſevere Replies,
And willing Nature wrong;
While Cupids languiſh in your Eyes,
Who can believe your Tongue?

Half to forbid, and half comply,
Nor damps, nor blows Deſire;
In Looks, as well as Words, deny,
Or put out Fire with Fire.

SONG 516.

CHLORIS.

HYlas, oh Hylas! why ſit we mute,
Now that each Bird ſaluteth the Spring!
Wind up the ſlacken'd Strings of thy Lute,
Never canſt thou want Matter to ſing:
For Love thy Breaſt does fill with ſuch a Fire,
That whatſoe'er is fair moves thy Deſire.

HYLAS.

Sweeteſt! you know, the ſweeteſt of Things
Of various Flow'rs the Bees to compoſe;
Yet no particular Taſte it brings
Of Violet, Wood-bind, Pink, or Roſe:
So Love the Reſult is of all the Graces,
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral Faces.

CHLORIS.

Hylas! the Birds which chant in this Grove
Could we but know the Language they u
They would inſtruct us better in Love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe:
For Love their Breaſt does fill with ſucha Fa
That what they once do chuſe bounds th
Deſire.

HYLAS.

Chloris! this Change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm Seaſon hither does bri
Time from myſelf does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay Spri
She that like Lightning ſhin'd while her Fa
laſted,
The Oak now reſembles which Lightni
hath blaſted.

SONG 517.

HE that a Cucklold is, let it not grieve hi
For in his Wants there is one to relie
him,
He may ſleep quietly while his Wife's waki
And may be free from care; void of pa
taking,

And his Condition is not to be ſcorned,
Cæſar and Pompey were both of them horned,
And his Condition is not to be ſcorned,
Cæſar and Pompey were both of them horned.

e Captain upon the Sea prays for fair Wea-
ther,
hilſt his Wife and the Maſt ſail both together,
r-gazing on her Back at the Moon's Motion,
hilſt the poor Cuckold is at his Devotion.
Yet his Condition, &c.

e Merchant beyond the Seas ſearching for
Treaſure,
nd tho' his Merchandize be out of Meaſure,
t if he kiſs a Girl, while he is ranging,
s Wife repays him a Bill of Exchanging.
Yet his Condition, &c.

e greateſt Lawyer that ever was lent us,
en returns his Wife Non eſt inventus,
d if he ever ſo wiſe in his Place is,
will ſtill find that a Flaw in his Caſe is.
Yet his Condition, &c.

e greateſt Stateſman that e'er was applauded,
eds not laugh at a Citizen horned,
if 'tis true, as in ancient Relations,
e City Dames do obey the Court Faſhions.
Yet their Condition, &c.

hile the poor Parſon with Zeal is expound-
ing,
ling the People their Sins are abounding,
Many a luſty Lad pay their Tithes to his Wife,
While he's preaching Amendment to their
Lives.
Yet his Condition, &c.

You that are Cuckolds, let this be your Com-
fort,
There are few others between this and Rum-
ford,
Brethren all in a Row ſhake Hands together,
Never diſdain for to wear the Bull's Feather.
For your Conditions, &c.

SONG 518.

I Sing not of Battles that now are to ceaſe,
Nor carrols my Muſe in the praiſe of a
Peace;
To ſhew that's ſhe's oft in good Company ſeen,
She humbly begs leave to ſing Monſieur Pan-
tin.
She humbly, &c.

Examine all round, and at length you will own,
His Likeneſs daily are met with in Town;
Then let me my Song undiſturbed begin,
And ſhew all his Brothers to Monſieur Pantin.
And ſhew, &c.

And firſt, pray obſerve that ſtrange thing made
for ſhew,
That Compound of Powder and Nonſenſe, a
Beau;

So limber his Joints, and ſo ſtrange is his Mien,
That you cry, as he walks, look you, there's a Pantin.
That you cry, &c.

How oft have we heard that the Ladies love Change,
And from one Entertainment to t'other will range;
In this they are conſtant, what Difference was ſeen,
When they laid down the Fribble, and took the Pantin.

Then all ye fair Laſſes who bloom like the Morn,
Who ſeek not your Beauties by Art to adorn;
When I ſee on your Boſom this little Machine,
I own I am jealous of happy Pantin.
I own, &c.

Ye Youths who have Parts, tho' ye often wear Lace,
No longer let Foplings your Merits diſgrace,
But attack the fair Maid with a reſolute Mien,
Till ſhe claſps her young Lover, and burns her Pantin.
Till ſhe, &c.

SONG 518.

IF Truth can fix thy waiv'ring Heart,
Let Damon urge his Claim;
He feels the Paſſion void of Art,
The pure and conſtant Flame.

Tho' ſighing Swains their Torments tell,
Their ſenſual Love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous Shell,
But ſlight the inward Gem.

Poſſeſſion cures the wounded Heart,
Deſtroys the tranſient Fire;
But when the Mind receives the Dart,
Enjoyment wets Deſire.

Your Charms each ſlaviſh Senſe controul
A Tyrant's ſhort-liv'd Reign,
But milder Reaſon rules the Soul,
Nor Time can break the Chain.

By Age your Beauties will decay,
Your Mind improves with Years,
As when the Bloſſoms fade away,
The rip'ning Fruit appear.

May Heaven and Sylvia grant my Suit,
And bleſs each future Hour,
That Damon who can taſte the Fruit,
May gather ev'ry Flower.

SONG 520.

IF you my wand'ring Heart would find,
That Heart you ſay is like the Wind,
That varies here, that wanders there,
To ev'ry Nymph that's kind and fair:
I ſay, if you this Heart would find,
Turn to your own unſettl'd Mind;

e'er it wanders, 'tis to be
wand'ring conſtantly with thee.

ow can it ſettle when you fly,
nd ſhun this faithful Votary;
oft a Nymph that's fair doth find,
t never yet the Nymph that's kind.
you would fix this wand'ring Heart,
n it with yours, 'twill ne'er depart,
t in the Pangs of Death will prove,
wand'red but to fix your Love.

SONG 519.

OHN the Quaker did invent,
A wicked Calculation;
o ſink our Funds to 3 per Cent,
And beggar half the Nation;
o Remorſe it breeds in him,
Thouſands ſink, ſo he but ſwim,
a Bumper to the Brim,
And drink his Recantation.

him bellow, foam, and roar,
Or crack with ſoft Perſuaſion,
wo and one can ne'er make four,
For all his ſly Evaſion;
nk a Bumper to Succeſs,
hoſe who ſav'd us from Diſtreſs,
d above for ever bleſs
All Lovers of this Nation.

SONG 521. *Montroſe's Lines.*

I Toſs and tumble thro' the Night,
And wiſh th' approaching Day,
Thinking when Darkneſs yields to Light,
I'll baniſh Care away:
But when the glorious Sun doth riſe,
And chears all Nature round,
All thought of Pleaſure in me dies,
My Cares do ſtill abound.

My tortur'd and uneaſy Mind
Bereaves me of my reſt;
My Thoughts are to all Pleaſure blind,
With Care I'm ſtill oppreſt:
But had I her within my Breaſt,
Who gives me ſo much Pain,
My raptur'd Soul would be at reſt,
And ſofteſt Joys regain.

I'd not envy the God of War,
Bleſs'd with fair Venus' Charms,
Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter,
In fair Alcmena's Arms:
Paris with Helen's Beauty bleſt,
Would be a Jeſt to me;
If of her Charms I were poſſeſt,
Thrice happier I would be.

But ſince the Gods do not ordain
Such happy Fate for me,

I dare not 'gainſt their Will repine,
Who rule my Deſtiny.
With ſprightly Wine I'll drown my Care,
And cheriſh up my Soul;
Whene'er I think on my loſt Fair,
I'll drown her in the Bowl.

SONG 522. *A Rock and a wee pickle Tow.*

I Have a green Purſe and wee pickle Gow'd,
A bonny Piece Land and Planting on't,
It fattens my Flocks, and my Barns it has ſtow'd;
But the beſt Thing of a's yet wanting on't:
To grace it, and trace it,
And gi'e me Delight;
To bleſs me, and kiſs me,
And comfort my Sight,
With Beauty by Day, and Kindneſs by Night,
And nae mair my lane gang ſauntring on't.

My Chriſty ſhe's charming and good as ſhe's fair;
Her Een and her Mouth are enchanting ſweet,
She ſmiles me on Fire, her Frowns gi'e Deſpair;
I love while my Heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou faireſt, and deareſt,
Delight of my Mind,
Whoſe gracious Embraces
By Heaven were deſign'd
For happieſt Tranſports, and Bliſſes refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting Sweet.

For thee, bonny Chriſty, my Shepherds and Hinds
Shall carefully make the Year's Dainties (thirs
Thus freed frae leigh Care, while Love fills our Minds,
Our Days ſhall with Pleaſure and Plea (thou
Then hear me, and cheer me,
With ſmiling Conſent;
Believe me, and give me
No Cauſe to lament:
Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou be Content,
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he ſhall be mines.

SONG 523. *Tune, Sally, &c.*

I Am in Truth,
A Country Youth,
Unus'd to London Faſhions:
Yet Virtue guides,
And ſtill preſides
O'er all my Steps and Paſſions.
No courtly Leer,
But all ſincere,
No Bribe ſhall ever blind me;

If you can like
A Yorkſhire Tike,
oneſt Man you'll find me.
Tho' Envy's Tongue
With Slander hung,
oft belye our County,
No Men on Earth
Boaſt greater Worth,
ore extend their Bounty.
Our Northern Breeze
With us agrees,
d does for Buſineſs fit us;
In publick Cares.
In Love's Affairs,
h Honour we acquit us.

A noble Mind
Is ne'er confin'd
ny Shire or Nation;
He gains moſt Praiſe,
Who beſt diſplays
enerous Education:
While Rancour rolls
In narrow Souls,
rrow Views diſcerning;
The truly Wiſe
Will only prize
Manners, Senſe, and Learning.

SONG 524. *The Kirk wad let me be.*

I Was anes a well-tocher'd Laſs,
My Mither left Dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor Paſs,
My Step-dame has gart them flee.
My Father he's aften frae hame,
And ſhe plays the Deel with his Gear;
She neither has Lateth nor Shame,
And keeps the hale Houſe in a Steer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftleſs, and baul'd,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, haff naked, and cauld,
I ſee her deſtroy what's mine:
But ſoon I might hope a Revenge,
And ſoon of my Sorrows be free,
My Poorteth to Plenty wad change,
If ſhe were hung up on a Tree.

Quoth Ringan, who lang Time had loo'd
This bonny Laſs tenderly,
I'll take thee, ſweet May, in thy Snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only your Sell that I want,
Your Kindneſs is better to me,
Than a' that your Step-mother, ſcant
Of Grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young Farmer it's true,
And ye are the Sweet of a Laird;

But I have Milk-cattle enew,
And Rowth of good Rucks in my Yard:
Ye ſhall have naithing to faſh ye,
Sax Servants ſhall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy Coats, my Laſſie,
And gae thy Ways hame with me.

The Maiden her Reaſon employ'd,
Not thinking the Offer amiſs,
Conſented;—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a Kiſs.
And now ſhe ſits blythly ſingan,
And joking her drunken Step-dame;
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her Good-wife at hame.

SONG 525. *Nancy's to the green Wood gane.*

I Yield, dear Laſſie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as Light flows frae the Sun,
Frae Love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or ſay,
'Gainſt Love, nae Thinker heeds us;
They ken our Boſoms lodge the Fae,
That by the Heart-ſtrings leads us.

SONG 526. *The undetermin'd Swain.*

I Prithee ſend me back my Heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then ſhould you keep mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lye,
To ſend it me were vain,
For thou'ſt a Thief in either Eye,
Will ſteal it back again.

SONG 527. *Duke of —— March.*

I Sing mighty Markham's Gullet;
For when to his Head
He claps a Bottle of Red,
No Devil like him can pull it:
His Fame ſhall never be dead;
He topes off Nantz by the Flagon,
Till he ſpits out Fire, like a Dragon;
He was never heard te ſay,
He'd enough, and away,
But would ſtay till he'd ſpent ev'ry Ragon.
Damn'd Niggards, I can't abide 'em;
The Canaries, and the Rhine
Can't furniſh me with Wine;
Drawer, fetch me a Hogſhead to ſtride on,
And call me the God of the Vine.
With Cluſters of Grapes come crown me,
Let a Deluge of Liquor flow round;
For my Living I could chuſe
In an Element of Booze,
For an Ocean of it can't drown me

the Dutch and the Germans thunder,
Revel Sun from Sun,
Drink Tun upon Tun,
make the d——d Dogs knock under;
Still as freſh as when I begun.
Bacchus, come drink, and be poxed,
Your Noſe ſhall ſoon be foxed:
Sipping Gallons at a Draught,
can't ſerve my thirſty Throat,
for I never tope leſs than a Hogſhead.

SONG 528. *Pretty Miſtreſs.*

Know I'm no Poet, my Song it will ſhew it,
My Sorrow it flows like a Spring;
Altho' you may Shame me, the World cannot blame me,
While I thus dolefully ſing.
My Loſs it is great, and ſuch a Defeat
No Mortal had ever before;
She had ev'ry Feature, a ſweet pretty Creature;
And what Man can ſay any more,
And what Man, &c.

Her Lips they were true, of a Coventry Blue,
Her Hair of a Rain-bow Dye;
Her Statue was low, but her Noſe was not ſo,
It was a moſt delicate high:
Her upper Lip thin, which fairly turn'd in,
Her Teeth were as black as a Coal;
Her under ſtood out, to receive from her Snout
The Droppings that fell from each Hole.
The Droppings, &c.

No Needle or Pin were more ſharp than her Chin,
Which her Noſe did moſt lovingly Meet;
Like Siſter and Brother, they kiſſed each other;
It was a great Pleaſure to ſee't.
No Globe could be found ſo perfectly round,
As her Back was to all that did mind her;
To give her her Due, her Head turn'd like a Screw,
To ſtudy the Globe behind her.
to ſtudy, &c.

Tho' ſome Teeth ſhe wanted, the reſt were well planted,
'Cauſe Nature ſhould have no Neglect;
What in one ſhe deny'd, ſhe in t'other ſupply'd,
Becauſe there ſhould be no Defect.

It's common, you know, Teeth ſtand in a Row,
The beſt, and the neweſt Way;
Yet without all doubt, her's ſtood in and out,
As if they'd been dancing the Hay.
As if they'd, &c.

Her Breath very ſtrong; one Leg ſhort, t'other long,
To make up her perfect Shape;
Her Cheeks were like Lent, when 'tis almoſt Spent,
She had a delicate Face like an Ape;

Her Skin might be taken for a Gammon of Bacon,
Her Breaſts like a Trencher, ſo flat;
She had a fine Mouth, which ſtood North and South;
Oh! ſhe'd delicate Eyes like a Cat.
Oh! ſhe, &c.

Now I think it meet to talk of her Feet,
I'll tell you how fine they were made;
If you'll believe me, I will not deceive ye,
They were the true Shape of a Spade:
So broad and ſo flat, that when ſhe did pat,
So good a Guard ſhe did keep, (did go,
With her Legs high and low, that when ſhe
You'd ſwear ſhe'd been playing Boh-peep.
You'd ſwear, &c.

But this long Narration breeds ſuch Moleſtation
Within my unfortunate Breaſt,
I'll now give it o'er, and ſo ſay no more,
But leave you to gueſs at the reſt.
Search the World round, no ſuch can be found,
So well ſhe pleaſed my Fancy; (Wife,
I ſhall pine all mine Life, for the loſs of my
And there is an End of poor Nancy.
And there is an End of poor Nancy.

SONG 529. *King John*, &c.

I Said to my Heart, between ſleeping and waking, (aching,
Thou wild Thing, that always are leaping or
What black, brown, or fair, in what Cli
or Nation,
By Turns, has not taught thee a Pit-a-pa
ation? Derry down, &
Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this fol
Reply: (o
See the Heart without Motion, tho' Cælia paſ
Not the Beauty ſhe has, nor the Wit that i
borrows,
Gives the Eyes any Joys, or the Heart a
Sorrows. Derry down, &
When our Sapho appears, ſhe whoſe Wit's
refin'd, (kind
I'm forc'd to applaud, with the reſt of Ma
Whatever ſhe ſays is with Spirit and Fire;
Ev'ry Word I attend, but I only admire.
Derry down, &
Prudentia, as vainly would put in her Clai
Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' Man is her A
'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up
Eyes;
Thoſe Stars of this World are too good for t
Skies. Derry down, &
But Chloe, ſo lively, ſo eaſy, ſo fair,
Her wit ſo gentel, without Art, without Ca
When ſhe comes in my Way, the Motion, t
Pain,
The Leapings, the Achings, return all agai
Derry down, &

wonderful Creature! a Woman of Reaſon!
ver grave out of Pride, never gay out of Seaſon:
hen ſo eaſy to gueſs who this Angel ſhou'd be,
ou'd one think Mrs. H—d ne'er dreamt it
it was ſhe! Derry down, &c.

SONG 530.

Am a poor Shepherd undone,
And cannot be cur'd by Art,
r a Nymph as bright as the Sun
Has ſtole away my Heart;
nd how to get it again,
There's none but ſhe can tell,
o cure me of my Pain,
By ſaying ſhe loves me well;
nd alas! poor Shepherd, alack, a well-a-day,
efore I was in Love, oh! every Month was May.

to Love ſhe could not incline,
I told her I'd die in an Hour.
o die, ſays ſhe, 'tis in thine,
But to Love is not in my Pow'r.
ſk'd her the Reaſon why
She could not of me approve?
e ſaid, 'Twas a Taſk too high
To give any Reaſon for Love.
nd alas! &c.

e aſk'd me of my Eſtate;
I told her a Flock of Sheep;
he Graſs whereon they Gaze,
here ſhe and I might ſleep;
Beſides a good ten Pound,
In old King Harry's Groats;
With Hooks and Crooks abound,
And Birds of ſundry Notes.
And alas! &c.

SONG 531.

I Never ſaw a Face till now,
That could my Paſſion move:
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a Vow,
But durſt not think of Love.

'Till Beauty, charming every Senſe,
An eaſy Conqueſt made;
And ſhew'd the Vainneſs of Defence,
While Phillis does invade.

But oh! her colder Heart denies
The Thoughts her Looks inſpire;
And while in Ice that frozen lies,
Her Eyes dart only Fire.

Betwixt Extremes I am undone,
Like Plants too Northward ſet,
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
Or chill'd for Want of Heat.

SONG 532.

I Will awa' wi' my Love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my Kin had ſworn and ſaid,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her Conſent,

I dinna care a Strae;
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.
For now ſhe's Miſtreſs of my Heart,
And wordy of my Hand;
And well I wat we ſhanna part
For Siller or for Land.
Let Rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And Beaus admire fine Lace;
But my chief Pleaſure is to blink
On Betty's bonny Face.
I will awa', &c.
There a' the Beauties do combine,
Of Colour, Treats, and Air;
The Saul that ſparkles in her Een
Makes her a Jewel rare:
Her flowing Wit gives ſhining Life
To a' her other Charms;
How bleſt I'll be, when ſhe's my Wife,
And lock'd up in my Arms!
I will awa', &c.
There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her Sweets I range;
I'll cry, your humble Servant, King,
Shameſa' them that wa'd change.
A Kiſs of Betty, and a Smile,
Albeit ye wad lay down
The Right ye hae to Britain's Iſle,
And offer me ye'r Crown.
I will away, &c.

SONG 533.

I Am come to lock all faſt,
Love without me cannot laſt;
Love, like Counſels of the wiſe,
Muſt be hid from vulgar Eyes;
'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we muſt, we muſt
conceal it,
They profane it, they profane it, who re-
veal it.
They profane it, &c.

SONG 534. *Ye Commons*, &c.

I Had rather enjoy
A Girl that is coy,
Than one who is eaſy perſuaded;
For tho' for a while
She ſcarcely will ſmile,
Yet at length her Fort is invaded.

When then ſhe's poſſeſt,
You doubly are bleſt,
Tho' from Pleaſure awhile you're confin'd;
The Heart is on fire
With zealous Deſire,
And the Joy of a Lover refin'd.

The Pleaſure's not full,
But damnably dull,
When too willing a Miſtreſs we find;
I'd have her firſt frown,
Her Paſſion diſown,
And begin by Dgrees to be kind.

SONG 535. *City Ramble.*

1. Man. I Once was a Poet at London,
I kept my Heart ſtill full of Glee;
There's no Man can ſay that I'm undone,
For Begging's no new Trade to me.
Tol derol, &c.

2. Man. I once was an Attorney at Law,
And after a Knight of the Poſt:
Give me a briſk Wench in clean Straw,
And I value not who rules the Roaſt.
Tol derol, &c.

3. Man. Make room for a Soldier in Buff,
Who valiantly ſtrutted about,
'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
And then he moſt wiſely---fold out.
Tol derol, &c.

4. Man. Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face;
Now railing is all his Delight, Sir,
Becauſe he miſs'd getting a Place.
Tol derol, &c.

5. Man. I ſtill am a merry Gut-ſcraper,
My Heart never yet felt a Qualm;
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And ſing any Tune but a Pſalm.
Tol derol, &c.

6. Man. I was a fanatical Preacher,
I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd,
But my Hearers half ſtarv'd their Teacher,
For they believ'd not one Word that I ſaid.
Tol derol, &c.

1. Man. Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him liſt, and from us he may learn:
In Palaces who ſhall you ſee
Half ſo happy as we in a Barn?
Tol derol, &c.

Chorus of all.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him liſt, and from us he may learn:
In Palaces who ſhall you ſee
Half ſo happy as we in a Barn?
Tol derol, &c.

SONG 536.

I Met with the Devil in the Shape of a Ram,
Then over and over the Sow-gelder came
I roſe and halter'd him faſt by the Horns,
And pickt out his Stones, as you would pick out Corns;
Maa, quoth the Devil; with that out he ſlunk,
And left us a Carcaſs of Mutton that ſtunk.

I chanc'd to ride forth a Mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in Diſguiſe of a Calf;
I bound him and gelt him e'er he did any Evil,
For he was at the beſt but a young ſucking Devil:

Maa, yet he cries, and forth he did ſteal,
And this was ſold after for excellent Veal.

Some half a Year after, in the Form of a Pig,
I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big;
I caught at his Leg, laid him down on a Log,
Ere a Man could fart twice I made him a Hog.
Huh, huh, quoth the Devil, and gave ſuch a Jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of that Pork.

In Woman's Attire I met him moſt fine;
At firſt Sight I thought him ſome Angel divine:
But viewing his Crab Face I fell to my Trade,
I made him forſwear ever acting a Maid:
Meaw, quoth the Devil, and ſo ran away,
Hid himſelf in a Friar's old Weeds, as they ſay.

I walk'd along, and it was my good Chance,
To meet with a Black-coat that was in a Trance,
I ſpeedily grip'd him, and whipt off his Cods,
'Twixt his Head and his Breech I left little Odds.
Oh! quoth the Devil, and ſo away ran,
Thou oft will be curſt by many Woman.

SONG 537.

I Tell thee, Charmion, could I Time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I ſhould my earlieſt Off'ring give;
I know my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
And I ſhould all my Oaths and Vows renew
But to be plain, I never would be true.

For by our weak and weary Truth I find,
Love hates to enter in a Point aſſign'd,
But runs with Joy the Circle of the Mind:
Then never let us chain what ſhould be free,
But for Relief of either Sex agree,
Since Women love to change, and ſo do we.

SONG 538.

I Sigh'd and own'd my Love;
Nor did the Fair my Paſſion diſapprove:
A ſoft engaging Air,
Not often apt to cauſe Deſpair,
Declar'd ſhe gave Attention to my Pray'r.
Shee ſeem'd to pity my Diſtreſs,
And I expected nothing leſs,
Than what her very Look does now confeſs.

But oh! her Change deſtroys
The charming Proſpect of my promis'd Joys:
She's robb'd of ev'ry Grace,
That argu'd Pity in her Face,
And cold forbidding Frowns ſupply their Place.
But while ſhe ſtrives to chill Deſire,
Her brighter Eyes ſuch Warmth inſpire,
She checks the Flame, but cannot quench the Fire.

SONG 539.

I Smile at Love and all its Arts,
The charming Cynthia cry'd;

Take heed, for Love has piercing Darts,
A wounded Swain reply'd.
Once free and bleſt as you are now,
I trifled at his Charms;
I pointed at his little Bow,
And ſported with his Arms:
Till urg'd too far, Revenge, he cries;
A fatal Shaft he drew,
It took its Paſſage thro' your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.
To tear it thence I try'd in vain;
To ſtrive, I quickly found,
Was only to increaſe the Pain,
And to inlarge the Wound.
Ah! much too well, I fear, you know
What Pain I'm to endure,
Since what your Eyes alone could do,
Your Heart alone can cure.
And that (grant Heav'n I may miſtake)
I doubt, is doom'd to bear
A Burden for another's Sake,
Who ill rewards its Care.

SONG 540.

Burn, my Brain conſumes to Aſhes:
Each Eye-ball too like Lightning flaſhes:
Within my Breaſt there glows a ſolid Fire,
Which in a thouſand Ages can't expire.
Blow the Winds, great Ruler, blow;
Bring the Po and the Ganges hither,
'Tis ſultry Weather.
Pour them all on my Soul,
It will hiſs like a Coal,
But never be the cooler.
'Twas Pride hot as Hell
That firſt made me rebel;
From Love's awful Throne a curs'd Angel I fell:
And mourn now my Fate,
Which myſelf did create,
Fool, Fool, that conſider'd not when I was well.

Adieu, tranſporting Joys;
Off, ye vain fantaſtick Toys,
That dreſs their Face and Body to allure.
Bring me Daggers, Poiſon, Fire,
Since Scorn is turn'd into Deſire;
All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I, endure.

SONG 541.

I Am a jolly Toper,
I am a ragged Soph,
Known by the Pimples in my Face,
With taking Bumpers off,
And a toping we will go, &c.

Come let's ſit down together,
And take our Fill of Beer,
Away with all Diſputes,
For we'll have no wrangling here,
And a toping, &c.

With Clouds of Tobacco
We'll make our Noddles Clear,
We'll be as great as Princes
When our Heads are full of Beer.
And a toping, &c.

With Juggs, Muggs, and Pitchers,
And Bellarmines of Stale,
Daſh'd lightly with a little,
A very little Ale,
And a toping, &c.

A Fig for the Spaniards,
And for the K—g of France;
Kind Heav'n preſerve our Juggs and Muggs,
And King from all Miſchance,
And a toping, &c.

Againſt the Preſbyterians
Pray give me leave to rail,
Who ne'er had thirſted for King's Blood,
Had they been drunk with Stale,
And a toping, &c.

Againſt the Low-Church Saints,
Who ſlily play their Parts,
Who rail at the Diſſenters,
Yet love 'em in their Hearts,
And a toping, &c.

Here's a Health to the King,
Let's Bumper's take in Hand,
And may Prince F———'s Roger
Grow ſtiff again and ſtand,
And a toping, &c.

Oh! how we toſs about
The never-failing Cann,
We drink and piſs, and piſs and drink,
And drink to piſs again,
And a toping, &c.

O that my Belly
It were a Tun of Stale,
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap
To run when I did call,
And a toping, &c.

Of all ſorts of Topers,
A Soph is far the beſt;
'Till he can neither go nor ſtand,
By Jove, he's ne'er at reſt,
And a toping, &c.

We fear no Wind or Weather,
When good Liquor dwells within;
And ſince a Soph does live ſo well,
Then who would be a King?
And a toping, &c.

Then dead drunk we'll march, Boys,
And reel into our Tombs,
That jollier Sophs (if ſuch there be)
May march into our Rooms,
And a toping, &c.

SONG 542.

I Grant a thouſand Oaths I ſwore,
I none would love but you:
But not to change would wrong me more,
Than breaking them can do.

Yet you thereby a Truth will learn
Of much more worth than I;
Which is, that Lovers which do ſwear,
Do always uſe to lie.

Chloris does now poſſeſs that Heart
Which to you did belong:
But, tho' thereof ſhe brags a while,
She ſhall not do ſo long.

She thinks, by being fair and kind,
To hinder my Remove,
And ne'er ſo much as dreams that Change,
Above both thoſe, I love.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
My Change is a Diſgrace:
For tho' it robs you of one Slave,
It leaves another Place:

Which your bright Eyes will ſoon ſubdue
With him does them firſt ſee:
For if they could not conquer more,
They ne'er had conquer'd me.

SONG 543.

I Have been in Love, and in Debt, and in Drink,
This many and many a Year:
And thoſe are three Plagues enough, I ſhould think,
For one poor Mortal to bear.
'Twas Love made me fall into Drink,
And Drink made me fall into Debt;
And tho' I have ſtruggl'd, and ſtruggl'd, and ſtrove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but Money can cure me,
And rid me of all my Pain;
'Twill pay all my Debts,
And remove all my Letts;
And my Miſtreſs, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking again.

SONG 544.

I Go to the Elyſian Shade,
Where Sorrow ne'er ſhall wound me,
Where nothing ſhall my Reſt invade,
But Joy ſhall ſtill ſurround me.

I fly from Cælia's cold Diſdain,
From her Diſdain I fly;
She is the Cauſe of all my Pain,
For her alone I die.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid-day Sun,
When he but half his radiant Courſe has run,
When his Meridian Glories gaily ſhine,
And glad all Nature with a Warmth divine.

See yonder River's flowing Tide,
Which now so full appears:
Those Streams, that do so swiftly glide,
Are nothing but my Tears.

There have I wept, till I could weep no more
And curs'd mine Eyes, when they have shed their Store;
Then, like the Clouds that rob the azure Main,
I've drain'd the Flood, to weep it back again.

Pity my Pains,
Ye gentle Swains;
Cover me with Ice and Snow,
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow,:
Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me
To the dismal Shades below;
Where Yelling, and Howling,
And Grumbling and Growling,
Strike our Ears with horrid Woe.

Hissing Snakes,
Fiery Lakes,
Would be a Pleasure and a Cure;
Not all the Hells
Where Pluto dwells,
Can give such Pains as I endure.

To some peaceful Plain convey me,
On a mossy Carpet lay me;
Fan me with ambrosial Breeze,
Let me die, and so have Ease.

SONG 545. *Ye Nymphs and Silvan Gods.*

I Hate those cowardly Tribes,
Who by mean sneaking Bribes,
By Trick and Disguise,
By Flattery and Lies,
To Power and Grandeur rise.
Like Heroes of old,
You are greatly bold,
The Sword your Cause supports:
Untaught to fawn,
You ne'er were drawn
Your Truth to pawn
Among the Spawn
Who Practice the Frauds of Courts.

SONG 546.

I Gently touch'd her Hand; she gave
A Look that did my Soul enslave;
I prest her rebel Lips in vain,
They rose up to be prest again:
Thus happy I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd and Innocent.
On her soft Breasts my Hand I laid,
And a quick, light Impression made;
They with a kindly Warmth did glow,
And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow:
Yet trust me, I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd and Innocent.
On her Eyes my Eyes did prey,
O'er her smooth Limbs my Hand did stray;

h Senſe was raviſh'd with Delight,
d my Soul ſtood prepar'd to Flight:
me me not, if at laſt I meant,
re to be pleas'd, than innocent.

SONG 547.

I Love thee, by Heav'ns, I cannot ſay more;
Then ſet not my Paſſion a-cooling;
If thou yield'ſt not at once, I muſt e'en give thee o'er,
For I'm but a Novice at Fooling.

What my Love wants in Words, it ſhall make up in Deeds,
Then why ſhou'd we waſte Time in Stuff, Child? (ceeds;
A Performance, you wot well, a Promiſe ex-
A Word to the Wiſe is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known,
But I hate all proteſting and arguing:
Had a Goddeſs my Heart, ſhe ſhou'd ev'n lye alone,
If ſhe made many Words to a Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond Eyes have been ſaying;
Pr'ythee be thou ſo too, ſeek for no better Term,
But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a Chancery Suit,
The Age of a Patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it one way or other an Ending.
Long Courtſhip's the Vice of a phlegmatick Fool,
Like the Grace of fanatical Sinners,
Where the Stomachs are loſt, and the Victuals grow cool,
Before Men ſit down to their Dinners.

SONG 548.

I Sigh'd and I writ,
And employ'd all my Wit,
And ſtill pretty Sylvia deny'd;
'Twas Virtue I thought,
And became ſuch a Sot,
I ador'd her the more for her Pride.
'Till maſk'd in the Pit,
My coy Lucrece I met,
A Croud of gay Fops held her Play,
So briſk and ſo free,
With her ſmart Repartee,
I was cur'd, and went bluſhing away.
Poor Lovers miſtake
The Addreſſes they make,
With Vows to be Conſtant and True;
Tho' all the Nymphs hold
For the Sport that is old,
Yet their Play-mates muſt ever be new.

Each pretty new Toy
They would die to enjoy,
And then for a newer they pine;
But when they perceive
Others like what they leave,
They will cry for their Bauble again.

SONG 549.

I Look'd and saw within the Book of Fate,
Where many Days did low'r,
When lo! one happy Hour
Leap'd up, and smil'd to save thy sinking State.

A Day shall come, when in thy Pow'r
Thy cruel Foes shall be:
Then shall the Land be free,
And thou in Peace shalt reign;
But take, oh! take that Opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again.

SONG 550.

I Anthe the lovely, the Joy of her Swain,
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,
Their Pleasure was equal, and equal their Care:
No Time, no Enjoyment, their Dotage withdrew, (grew.
But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain: (vade
Some swore 'twould be pity their Loves to in
That the Lovers alone for each other were made:
But all, all consented, that none ever knew
A Nymph yet so kind, or a Shepherd so true.
Love saw them with Pleasure, and vow'd to take Care
Of the faithful, the tender, and innocent Pair;
What either did want, he bid either to move;
But they wanted nothing, but ever to love:
Said, 'Twas all that to bless 'em his Godhead could do,
That they still might be kind, and they still might be true.

SONG 551.

IF Phillis denies me Relief,
If she's angry, I'll seek it in Wine;
Tho' she laughs at my amorous Grief,
At my Mirth why should she repine?

The sparkling Champaign shall remove
All the Grief my dull Soul has in Store,
My Reason I lost when I lov'd,
By drinking what can I do more?

Would Phillis but pity my Pain,
Or my amorous Vows would approve,
The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but Love.

SONG 552. *Cold and raw, &c.*

She be not kind as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
ve her, ſhe's only worth the Care
Of ſome ſpruce Jack-a-dandy.

would not have thee ſuch an Aſs,
Had'ſt thou ne'er ſo much Leiſure,
ſigh and whine for ſuch a Laſs
Whoſe Pride's above her Pleaſure.

SONG 553.

F any Wench Venus Girdle wear,
Though ſhe be never ſo ugly;
ies and Roſes will quickly appear,
And her Face look wond'rous ſmugly.
eneath the left Ear ſo fit but a Cord,
(A Rope ſo charming a Zone is)
The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord,
And we cry, There dies an Adonis!

SONG 554. *Why is your faithful Swain diſdain'd?*

IF Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
How, like a Moth, the ſimple Maid
Still plays about the Flame!
If ſoon ſhe be not made a wife,
Her Honour's ſing'd, and then for Life,
She's - - - - - what I dare not name.

SONG 555.

IF Wine and Muſick have the Pow'r
To eaſe the Sickneſs of the Soul,
Let Phœbus ev'ry String explore,
And Bacchus fill the ſprightly Bowl.

Let them their friendly Aid employ,
To make my Chloe's Abſence light,
And ſeek for Pleaſures to deſtroy
The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But ſhe to morrow will return;
Venus be thou to-morrow great,
Thy myrtles ſtrew, thy Odours burn,
And meet the fav'rite Nymph in State.

Kind Goddeſs, to no other Pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's Bleſſings own;
Thy darling Loves ſhall guide the Hours,
And all the Day be thine alone.

SONG 556. *Ye Commons, &c.*

IF any ſo wiſe is,
That Sack he deſpiſes,
Let him drink his ſmall Beer, and be ſober;
Whilſt we drink Wine, and ſing
As if it were Spring,
He ſhall droop like the Trees in October.
But be ſure, over Night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a Warning,
Soon as out of your Bed,
To ſettle your Head,
Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning.
And not be ſo ſilly
To follow old Lilly;

For there's nothing but Wine that can tune us;
Let his *ne aſſueſcas*
Be put in his Cap-caſe,
And ſing *bibito vinum jejunus.*

SONG 557.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my Fate in a Country Town:
May I have a warm Houſe, with a Stone at my Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.
May I govern my Paſſions with an abſolute Sway,
And grow wiſer and better as my Strenght wears away;
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.
In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at diſtance on which I may look;
With a ſpacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an eaſy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern, &c.
With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more,
Of the beſt Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Diſh of Roaſt-Mutton, not Ven'ſon nor Teal,
And clean, tho' coarſe Linnen, at every Meal.
May I govern, &c.
With a Pudding on Sunday, and ſtout humming Liquor,
And a Remnant of Latin to puzzle the Vicar
With a hidden Reſerve of Burgundy-Wine,
To drink the King's Health as oft as we dine.
May I govern, &c
With a Courage undaunted may I face my (laſt Day
And when I am dead may the better Sort ſay,
In the Morning when ſober, in the Evening when mellow,
He is gone, and han't left behind him his Fel(low.
For he govern'd his Paſſions with an abſolute Sway,
And grew wiſer and better as his Strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

SONG 558.

IF Wealth a Man cou'd keep alive,
I'd ſtudy only how to thrive:
That having got a mighty Maſs,
I might bribe the Fates ſo let me paſs.
But ſince we can't prolong our Years, (Tears,
Why ſpend we Time in needleſs Sighs and
For ſince Deſtiny
Has decreed us to die,
And all muſt paſs o'er the old Ferry,
Hang Riches and Cares,
Since we han't many Years,
We'll have a ſhort Life and a merry.
Time keeps its Round, and Deſtiny
Regards not whether we laugh or cry;
And Fortune never does beſtow

Look on what we do below:
Men with equal Swiftneſs run
To play on others, or be play'd upon.
Since we can take no Courſe
For the better or the worſe;
Let none be a melancholy Thinker;
Let the Times the Round go,
So the Cups do ſo too,
Ne'er bluſh at the Name of a Drinker.

SONG 559.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring Heart,
Let Damon urge his claim:
He feels the Paſſion, void of Art,
The pure and conſtant Flame.
Though ſighing Swains their Torments tell,
Their ſenſual Love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous Shell,
But ſlight the inward Gem.
But ſlight, &c.
Poſſeſſion cures the wounded Heart,
Deſtroys the tranſient Fire;
But when the Mind receives the Dart,
Enjoyment whets Deſire.
Your Charms each ſlaviſh Senſe controul,
A Tyrant's ſhort liv'd Reign;
But milder Reaſon rules the Soul,
Nor Time can break the Chain.
By Age your Beauties will decay,
Your Mind improves with Years;
As when the Bloſſoms fade away,
The rip'ning Fruit appears.
May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my Suit,
And bleſs each future Hour;
That Damon, who can taſte the Fruit,
May gather ev'ry Flower.

SONG 560. *Would you have, &c.*

IF the Heart of a Man is depreſs'd with Cares,
The Miſt is diſpell'd when a Woman appears;
Like the Notes of a Fiddle, ſhe ſweetly, ſweetly,
Raiſes the Spirits, and charms our Ears.
Roſes and Lillies her Cheeks diſcloſe,
But her ripe Lips are more ſweet than thoſe:
Preſs her,
Careſs her,
With Bliſſes,
Her Kiſſes
Diſſolve us in Pleaſure, and ſoft Repoſe.

SONG 561.

IF you'd court the Joy won't leave you,
Pay your Vows at Bacchus' Shrine;
Other Pleaſures will deceive you,
Truth is only found in Wine.
If you'd court, &c.

Let the puny ſneaking Lover
Bow to Cupid like a Fool;
Juſt Experience will diſcover,
He's no more than Woman's Tool.
He's no more, &c.

Bring more Wine then, charge the Glaſſes,
Let 'em flow with gen'rous Red;
Drown a thouſand loving Aſſes,
Then in Triumph march to Bed,
Bring more, &c.

SONG 562.

IF Gold could lengthen Life, I ſwear,
It then ſhould be my chiefeſt Care;
To get a Heap, that I might ſay,
When Death came to demand his Pay,
Thou Slave, take this, and go thy Way.

But ſince Life is not to be bought,
Why ſhould I plague myſelf for nought;
Or fooliſhly diſturb the Skies
with vain Complaints, or fruitleſs Cries?
For if the fatal Deſtinies
Have all decreed it ſhall be ſo,
What good will Gold or Crying do;

Give me, to eaſe my thirſty Soul,
The Joys and Comforts of the Bowl;
Freedom and Health, and whilſt I live,
Let me not want what Love can give:
Then ſhall I die in Peace and have
This Conſolation in the Grave,
That once I had the World my Slave.

SONG 563.

IF Love's a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment?
If a Bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Content?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or grieve at my Fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the Pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I graſp her Hands gently, look languiſhing down
And by paſſionate Silence I make my Love known.
But oh! how I'm bleſt, when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing Miſtake to diſcover her Love;
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.

How pleaſing is Beauty, how ſweet are the Charms?
How delightful Embraces, how peaceful her Arms?
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above:
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes muſt yield,
For 'tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

SONG 564.

IF Wine be a Cordial, why does it torment?
If a Poiſon, oh tell me, whence comes my Content?

Since I drink it with Pleasure, why should I
complain?
Or repent ev'ry Morn, when I know 'tis in vain:
Yet so charming the Glass is so deep is the Quart,
That at once it both drowns and enlivens my
Heart
I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
By jolly Complexion I make my Joy known.
But oh! how I'm bleſt! when ſo ſtrong it does
prove,
By its ſovereign Heat to expel that of Love!
When in quenching the old, I create a new
Flame,
And I am wrapt in ſuch Pleaſures that ſtill want
a Name.

SONG 565.

IF Love be a Fault, and in me thought a
Crime,
How great my Offence, bear ye Witneſs, O
Time!
The Days and the Nights, and the Hours, as
they roll'd,
You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be told.
One Day paſs'd away, and ſaw nothing but Love,
Another came on, and the ſame thing did prove:
The Sun it grew tir'd ſtill to look on the ſame,
But I grew more pleas'd when the next Moment
came.
I ſaw you all Day, and each Night, with new
Guſt,

And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the firſt.
Thus fleeting Time paſſes, with Down on its
Wings,
And whilſt this remains, reſt unenvy'd Kings.
If this be my Crime, be my Judges, ye fair,
And if I muſt ſuffer for what is to me,
True Lovers hereafter this Wonder ſhall tell,
The Cauſe of my Death is for loving too well.

SONG 566.

IF ever, Damon, you ſhou'd rove,
Still bear me ever in your Mind;
If walking in ſome ſhady Grove,
Or on ſome flow'ry Bank reclin'd:
Still let my faithful Image be
Among the Shades retir'd with thee

If you ſhou'd wander where ſome Brook
Does o'er the murm'ring Pebbles flow,
As on the ſilver Stream you look,
Think how I weep, oppreſt with Woe:
And ſhou'd the Current want Supplies,
I cou'd recruit it from my Eyes.

If perch'd upon ſome pointed Thorn,
The Nightingale renews her Strain;
Let it remind thee how forlorn,
When you are abſent, I complain:
Or, ſhou'd you hear the widow'd Dove,
Think I like her lament my Love.

Where you behold the ſetting Ray
Trembling beneath the loweſt Skies,

The ſullen Gloom of cloſing Day
May repreſent me to your Eyes:
For, languid as departing Light
Am I, when abſent from your Sight.

SONG 567. *Ye Commons*, &c.

IF all things ſucceed,
As already decreed,
By immutable Powers that rule us;
To repine, and to pray,
Is but Time thrown away,
And our Teachers, in ſhort, do but fool us.
Then let's prove our Free-will,
By our Drinking about,
And by quitting the Glaſs, when its Time to give out:
But if Man has no Pow'r
To chuſe or to ſhun,
'Tis no Sin to drink boldly, or Virtue to run.
If we're driv'en by Fate,
Either this Way or that,
As a Carrier whips on his Horſes;
No Mortal can ſtray,
But muſt go the right Way,
Like the Stars that are bound to their Courſes,
But if we've Free-will,
To go on or ſtand ſtill,
As may beſt ſerve each preſent Occaſion;
Then pray fill the Glaſs,
And confirm him an Aſs,
That depends upon Predeſtination.

SONG 568.

IF all that I love is her Face,
From looking I ſure can refrain;
In others her Likeneſs may trace,
Or Abſence may cure all my Pain.
This ſaid, from her Charms I retir'd,
Nor knew I till then how I lov'd:
Whom preſent my Paſſion admir'd,
In Abſence my Reaſon approv'd.
Ah! why ſhould I hope for Relief,
Where all that I ſee is Diſdain?
No Pity in her for my Grief,
No Merit in me to complain.
Nor yet do I Fortune upbraid,
Tho' robb'd of my Freedom and Eaſe,
Still proud of the Choice I have made,
Tho' hopeleſs it ever can pleaſe.

SONG 569.

IF the Glaſſes they are empty,
Fill again, my Soul's adry:
Sure ſuch Wine as this will tempt ye
To carouſe in Sympathy.
Thirſty Souls, like Plants aſpiring,
Moiſture ever are deſiring.
Thus careſſing
Nature's Bleſſing,
We'll the ſober World defy.

the Bottle, how its Beauty
Smiles in ev'ry ruby Face;
We to Bacchus owe a Duty,
Drink, brave Heroes, drink apace.
Could the Globe be fill'd with Claret,
Souls like mine wou'd never ſpare it:
Ever drinking,
Void of thinking,
We'd the happy Hours embrace.

SONG 570.

IF ever you mean to be kind,
To me the Favour, the Favour allow;
For fear that to-morrow ſhould alter my Mind,
Oh! let me now, now, now.
If in Hand then a Guinea you'll give,
And ſwear by this kind Embrace;
That another to-morrow, as you hope to live,
Oh! then I will ſtrait unlace:
For why ſhould we two diſagree,
Since we have, we have Opportunity?

SONG 571.

IF I hear Orinda ſwear,
She cures my jealous Smart;
If I hear Orinda ſwear,
She cures my jealous Smart:
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly fires my Heart;
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly fires my Heart.
Beauty's Strength and Treaſure,
In Falſhood ſtill remain;
She gives the greateſt Pleaſure,
That gives the greateſt Pain,
That gives the greateſt Pain, &c.

SONG 572.

IF to Love or good Wine,
Your Heart ſhould incline,
Great Bacchus gives th'only true Pleaſure;
The Follies of Love
Will quickly remove,
'Tis Drinking has Joys above Meaſure.
All Friendſhip is here,
Come, kiſs me, my Dear,
No Embrace like a ſolid full Glaſs.
By Love you can gain
No more but a Chain,
And then you will look like an Aſs.
See, look on this Wine,
The Charms are divine,
Which ever will ſmile to invite ye;
'Tis pure, without Art,
No Tricks or falſe Heart,
And never will fail to delight ye.
Fond Love is a Bubble,
A Toil and a Trouble,
It brings neither Profit nor Eaſe;
To Bacchus we'll ſing,
Always young as the Spring,
'Tis Wine that adds Length to our Days. 3

CHORUS.

Fill every one his Glaſs,
About then let it paſs,
A Bumper gives the only happy Minute;
A Pox of Love,
A Pox of Love,
There's nought but Dulneſs in it.

SONG 573.

I 'M Cupid's Warriour, my Fair,
Then quickly for the Fight prepare.
Ah! why, Celinda would you fly,
When I at firſt am ſure to yield?
If you th'Engagement ſhun, I die;
Oh! take me, and I've won the Field.

SONG 574.

I 'M old mad Tom, behold me,
My Wits are quite unframed;
I'm mad, I'm ſure, and paſt all Cure,
And in Hopes of being proclaimed.
I'll mount the froſty Mountains,
And there I'll ſkin the Weather;
I'll pluck the Rainbow from the Sky,
And I'll ſplice both Ends together.
I'll mount the Pride of Marble,
And there I'll fright the Gypſies;
And I'll play at Bowls with Sun and Moon,
And win them with Eclipſes.
I 'Prentice was to Vulcan,
And ſerv'd my Maſter faithful,
In making Tools for jovial Fools;
But, ye Gods, ye prov'd unfaithful.
The Stars pluck'd from their Orbs too,
I'll put them in my Budget;
And if I'm not a roaring Boy,
Then let the Nation judge it.

SONG 575.

I 'M not one of your Fops, who, to pleaſe
coy Laſs,
Can lie whining and pining, and look like
Life is dull without Love, and not worth the
poſſeſſing;
But Fools make a Curſe, what was meant
While his Godſhip's not rude, I'll allow him
my Breaſt;
But, by Jove! out he goes, ſhou'd he
I can toy with a Girl for an Hour, to
The Fluſter of Youth, or the Ferment of May;
But muſt beg her Excuſe, not to bear Pain
Anguiſh,
For that's not to love, by her Leave,

SONG 576.

I Mportunate Love be gone,
My Heart you no more ſhall have;
With Freedom and Eaſe,
My Senſes I'll pleaſe,
And never be more thy Slave.
With whining and pining
A Lover muſt ſhew his Art,

Profeſſing
No Bleſſing
e gaining the Fair-one's Heart:
Which once in poſſeſſing,
Like others confeſſing,
e ſoon will be ready to part.

ut he that the Grape is careſſing,
Will always find a true Bleſſing;
For that never cloys,
But ripens his Joys,
nd makes him look frolick and gay:
Then fill up your Glaſs,
And round let it paſs,
nd thus to the God you will ſay:

Importunate Love be gone,
hy Quiver is now in vain,
With Freedom and Eaſe,
My Senſes I'll pleaſe,
nd ne'er be in Love again.

SONG 577.

IMpatient with Deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay Forms aſide;
'Twas I was Modeſt, not ſhe Chaſte,
The Nymph, as ſoon as aſk'd, comply'd.
With am'rous Awe a ſilent Fool,
I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear:
Speak, Love, how came your Slave ſo dull,
To read no better there?

Thus to ourſelves the greateſt Foes,
Altho' the Fair be well inclin'd;
For want of Courage to propoſe,
By our own Folly, ſhe's unkind.

SONG 578.

IN my triumphant Chariot hurl'd,
I range around the World:
'Tis mad Tom drive all before me,
While to my royal Throne I come;
Bow down, my Slaves, and adore me,
Your Sovereign Lord, mad Tom.
What! though the Sceptre that I bear,
Is all but Dream and Air?
I've the Pleaſure of Crowns,
Without the Care.

And tho' I give Law
From Beds of Straw,
And dreſs'd in a tatter'd Robe;
The Madman can be
More a Monarch than he
That commands the Vaſſal Globe.

SONG 579.

IN vain, fond Youth; your Tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can Flavia do?
Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:

Suppreſs thoſe Sighs, and weep no more;
Should Heav'n and Earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, ſince any Pow'r,
To crown thy Love, muſt alter mine.

But if Revenge can eaſe thy Pain,
I'll ſooth the Ills I cannot cure;
Tell that I drag a hopeleſs Chain,
And all that I inflict endure.

SONG 580.

IN vain poor Damon proſtrate lies,
And humbly trembles at my Feet,
While pleading Looks, and begging Sighs,
With moving Eloquence entreat.
Pity perſuades my trembling Breaſt,
That Pains ſo great ſhould be redreſs'd.

But ſome ſtrong Whiſper intercedes,
And tells me I muſt let him wait,
And make him ſeal reſtrictive Deeds,
Ere I admit him to my State.
Women ſhould triumph whilſt they can,
Since Marriage makes them Slaves to Man.

SONG 581. *'Twas within a Furlong.*

IN Pimps and Politicians,
The Genius is the ſame;
Both raiſe their own Conditions
On others Guilt and Shame.

With a Tongue well tipt with Lies,
Each the want of Parts ſupplies,
And with a Heart that's all Diſguiſe,
Keeps his Schemes unknown.

Seducing as the Devil,
They play the Tempter's Part,
And have, when moſt they're civil,
Moſt Miſchief in their Heart.

Each a ſecret Commerce drives,
Firſt corrupts, and then connives,
And by his Neighbours Vices thrives,
For they are all his own.

SONG 582.

IN good King Charles's Golden Days,
When Loyalty had no harm in't,
A Zealous High-Church Man I was,
And ſo I got Preferment:
To teach my Flock I never miſt,
Kings are by God appointed;
And thoſe are damn'd that do reſiſt,
And touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is Law I will maintain,
Until my dying Day, Sir,
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the Throne,
And Pop'ry came in Faſhion,
The penal Laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my Conſtitution;
And had become a Jeſuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is Law, &c.

When William was our King declar'd,
To eaſe the Nation's Grievance;
With this new Wind about I ſteer'd,
And ſwore to him Allegiance:
Old Principles I did revoke,
Set Conſcience at a Diſtance;
Paſſive Obedience was a Joke,
And Fuſh for Non-aſſiſtance.
And this is Law, &c.

When gracious Anne aſcends the Throne,
The Church of England's Glory;
Another Face of Things was ſeen,
And I became a Tory:
Occaſional-Conformiſts baſe,
I damn'd their Moderation,
And thought the Church in Danger was,
By ſuch Prevarication.
And this is Law, &c.

When George in Pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate Men look'd big, Sir,
I turn'd a Cat-in-Pan once more,
And then became a Whig, Sir;
And ſo Preferment I procur'd
By our new Faith's Defender;
And always every Day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is Law, &c.

The Illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover,
And Proteſtant Succeſſion,
To theſe I do Allegiance ſwear,
While they can keep Poſſeſſion;
For by my Faith and Loyalty.
I never more will faulter,
And George my lawful King ſhall be
Until the Times ſhall alter.

And this is Law I will maintain,
Until my dying Day, Sir,
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

SONG 583.

IN April, when Primroſes paint the ſweet Plain,
And Summer approaching, rejoiceth the Swain;
The yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
To wild and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn Trees grow.

There under the Shade of an old ſacred Thorn,
With Freedom he ſun; his Love's Ev'ning and Morn:
He ſang with ſo ſaft and inchanting a Sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unſeen danc'd around.
The Shepherd thus ſung, tho' young Maia be fair,
Her Beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful proud Air;
But Sufie was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing;
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That Madie in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconſtant, and never ſpoke Truth:
But Suſie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddeſs who ſprung from the Sea.
That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great Dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſowr.
Then ſighing, he wiſhed, would Parents agree,
The witty ſweet Suſie his Miſtreſs might be.

SONG 584.

IN a dark ſilent ſhady Grove,
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on Corinna's Breaſt I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with & cætera.

A thouſand Words and amorous Kiſſes,
Prepar'd us both for more ſubſtantial Bliſſes;
And thus the haſty Moments ſlipt away,
Loſt in the Tranſports of & cætera.

She bluſh'd to ſee her Innocence betray'd;
And the ſmall Oppoſition that ſhe made;
Yet hugg'd me cloſe, and with a Sigh did ſay,
Once more, my Dear, once more & cætera.

But O! the Pow'r to pleaſe this Nymph was paſt,
Too violent a Flame can never laſt;
So we remitted to another Day
The Proſecution of & cætera.

SONG 585.

IN ſpite of Love, at Length I find
A Miſtreſs that will pleaſe me,
Her Humour free and unconfin'd,
Both Night and Day ſhe'll eaſe me;
No jealous Thoughts diſturb my Mind,
Tho' ſhe's enjoy'd by all Mankind;
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you, thro' all her naked Charms,
Her little Mouth diſcover,
Then take her bluſhing to your Arms,
And uſe her like a Lover;
Such Liquor ſhe'll diſtil from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſh'd Senſe;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

But beſt of all! ſhe has no Tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me;
She's truly better old than young,
And ſtill to ſmiling ſways me;
Her Skin is ſmooth, Complexion black,
And has a moſt delicious Smack;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you her Excellence would taſte,
Be ſure you uſe her kind, Sir;
Clap your Hands about her Waiſt,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir;

for her Bottom never doubt,
but home and you'll find it out;
drink and never ſpare it,
a Bottle of good Claret.

SONG 586.

N vain by Paral'els you ſtrive;
Panthea's Eyes to praiſe;
fection, which we can't conceive,
Itſelf alone diſplays.

ne of them only, if you'd know
What dazling Rays they dart;
if what piercing Darts they throw,
Then view my wounded Heart.

SONG 587.

N vain you tell your parting Lover,
You with fair Winds may waft him over;
as! what Winds can happy prove
hat bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what Dangers on the Main
Can equal thoſe that I ſuſtain
From ſlighted Vows and cold Diſdain?

gentle, and in Pity chuſe
with the wildeſt Tempeſt looſe,
at, thrown again upon the Coaſt
here firſt my ſhipwreck'd Heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my Pain,
Once more in dying Notes complain
Of ſlighted Vows and cold Diſdain.

SONG 588.

IS there a Charm, ye Pow'rs above,
To eaſe a wounded Breaſt?
Thro' Reaſon's Glaſs to look at Love,
To wiſh and yet to reſt.
Let Wiſdom boaſt, 'tis all in vain,
An Empire o'er the Mind;
'Tis Beauty, Beauty holds the Chain,
And triumphs o'er Mankind.

Thrice happy Birds, who on the Spray
Unartful Notes prolong:
Your feather'd Mates reward the Lay,
And yield to pow'rful Song.
By Nature fierce, without controul,
The human Savage ran;
'Till Verſe refin'd the ſtubborn Soul,
And civilized the Man.

Verſe turns aſide the Tyrant's rage,
And cheers the drooping Slave;
It wins a Smile from hoary Age,
And diſappoints the Grave.
The Force of Numbers muſt ſucceed,
And ſooth each other Ear;
Tho' my fond Cauſe ſhould Phœbus plead.
He'll find a Daphne here.

Did Heav'n ſuch wond'rous Gifts produce,
To curſe our wretched Race;
Say, muſt we all the Heart accuſe,
And yet approve the Face?

Thus in the Sun, bedrop'd with Gold,
The baſking Adder lies;
The Swain admires each ſhining Fold,
Is charm'd, is ſtung, and dies.

SONG 589.

IN Kent ſo fam'd of Old,
Near by the pleaſant Knold,
A Swain a Goddeſs told
An am'rous Story;
Saying, in theſe jarring Days,
When Kings contend for Bays,
Your Love my Soul does raiſe
Above its Glory.

My Life, my lovely Dear,
Whilſt you are ſmiling here,
The Plants and Flow'rs appear
Moſt ſweetly charming;
The Sun may ceaſe to ſhine,
And all its Pow'rs reſign,
Your Eyes dart Rays divine,
All Nature warming.

Then leaning on her Breaſt,
He claſp'd her lovely Waiſt,
With Words endearing preſt,
No Thought of harming;
At which the bluſhing Maid
Thus, ſighing, to him ſaid,
My fooliſh Heart's betray'd
By Words ſo charming.

Near by there was a Grove,
A proper Place for Love,
To which this Couple move,
Alike deſiring;
She fell into his Arms,
And ſaid, Take all my Charms,
Love beats his laſt Alarms,
I'm juſt expiring.

SONG 590.

IN the Fields, in Froſt and Snows,
Watching late and early,
There I kept my Father's Cows,
There I milk'd 'em early:
Booing here, booing there,
Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo,
We defy all Care and Strife,
In a charming Country Life.

Then at home amongſt the Fowls
Watching late and early,
There I tend my Father's Owls,
There I feed them early:
Whooing here, whooing there,
Here a Whoo, there a Whoo, every where a Whoo.
We defy all Care, &c.

When the Summer Fleeces heap,
Watching late and early;
Then I ſheer my Father's Sheep,
Then I keep them early:

ing here, Baeing there,
e a Bae, there a Bae, every where a Bae.
We defy all Care, &c.

the Morning, ere 'twas light
In the Morning early;
ere I met with my Delight,
Once he lov'd me dearly:
ooing here, wooing there,
re a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woe.
O! how free from Care, &c.

e the Light came from above,
In the Morning early;
ere I met with my true Love,
There I met him early;
ooi g here, wooing there,
re a Woo, there a Woo. every where a Woe.
O! how free from Care, &c.

the Morn at Six o'Clock,
In the Morning early,
here I fed our Turky Cock,
here I fed him early,
ou, Cou, goble, goble, goble:
ere a Cou, there a Cou, every where a Cou.
O! how free from Care, &c.

the Morning near the Fens,
In the Morning early,
here I feed my Father's Hens,
There I feed them early;
Cackle here, cackle there,
Here a Cack, there a Cack, every a where Cack,
O! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morning with good Speed,
In the Morning early,
I my Father's Ducks do feed,
In the Morning early,
Quacking here, quacking there,
Here a Quack, there a Quack, every where a Quack.
O! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morning fair and fine,
In the Morning early,
There I feed my Father's Swine,
There I feed them early:
Grunting here, grunting there,
Here a Grunt, there a Grunt, every where a Grunt.
O! how free from Care end Strife
Is a pleaſant Country Life.

SONG 591.

IN vain dear Chloe, you ſuggeſt,
That I, inconſtant, have poſſeſt,
Or lov'd a fairer She:
Wou'd you with Eaſe at once be cur'd,
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
Conſult your Glaſs and me.
If then you think, that I can find
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,

You've Reaſon for your Fears ;
But if impartial you will prove
To your own Beauty, and my Love,
How needleſs are your Tears ;

If in my Way I ſhould, by chance,
Give, or receive a wanton Glance,
I like but while I view :
How ſlight the Glance, how faint the Kiſs,
Compar'd to that ſubſtantial Bliſs,
Which I receive from you !

With wanton Flight the curious Bee
From Flow'r to Flow'r ſtill wanders free,
And where each Bloſſom blows,
Extracts the Juice from all he meets ;
But for his Quinteſſence of Sweets,
He raviſhes the Roſe.

So I, my Fancy to employ,
In each Variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph do roam ;
Perhaps ſee fifty in a Day ;
They're all but Viſits which I pay,
For Chloe's ſtill my Home.

SONG 592. *O London is, &c.*

IN ancient Days I've heard, with Horns
The Wife her Spouſe could fright ;
Which now the Hero bravely ſcorns,
So common is the Sight.
To City, Country, Camp, or Court,
Or where'er he go,
No horned Brother dares make Sport,
They're Cuckolds all a-row.

SONG 593. *Ye Commons, &c.*

IN Beauty or Wit,
No Mortal as yet,
To queſtion your Empire has dar'd ;
But Men of Diſcerning,
Have thought that, in Learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent Schools,
With muſty dull Rules,
Have Reading to Ladies deny'd ;
So Papiſts refuſe
The Bible to uſe,
Leſt Flocks ſhould be wiſe as their Guide.

'Twas a Woman at firſt,
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
In Knowledge that taſted Delight ;
And Sages agree,
That Law ſhould decree
To the firſt Poſſeſſors the Right.

Then bravely, fair Dame,
Renew the old Claim,
That to the whole Sex does belong,
And let Man receive,
From a ſecond bright Eve,
The Knowledge of Right and of Wrong,
But as the firſt Eve
Hard Doom did receive,

hen only an Apple had ſhe ;
What a Puniſhment now
Muſt be found out for you,
ho have taſted, and robb'd the whole Tree?

ONG 594 *To you fair Ladies*, &c.

N Vain's the Force of female Arms,
In vain their offer'd Love,
eir Smiles, their Airs, nor all their Charms,
My Paſſion can remove ;
all that's fair and good I find
C ole's Form, in Chloe's Mind.

Cælia all her Wit diſplay
That glitters while it kills,
Heart diſdains thee feeble Ray,
Nor Light nor Heat it feels :
all that's bright and gay I find
Chloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind.

Flavia ſhines in Gems of Gold,
nd uſes all her Arts;
richeſt Chains my Heart can hold,
pier'd by Diamon'd Darts :
all that's rich and fair I find
hloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind.

e Notes, ſweet Myrtle, now give o'er,
ey once had Pow'r to wound ;
n Chloe ſpeaks, they are no more,
mix with common Sound :
race, all Harmony I find
hloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind.

SONG 595.

I'LL face e'ery Danger to reſcue my Dear,
For Fear is a Stranger, where Love is ſincere.
I'll face e'ery Danger to reſcue my Dear,
For Fear is a Stranger, where Love is ſincere.
Repulſes but fire us, Deſpair we deſpiſe,
If Beauty inſpire us to pant for the Prize.
Repulſes, &c. [Da Capo

SONG 596.

IN Chloris all ſoft Charms agree,
Delightful Humour, pow'rful Wit,
Beauty from Affectation free,
And for eternal Empire fit.

Where'er ſhe goes, Love waits her Eyes,
The Women envy, Men adore ;
And wou'd ſhe leſs the Triumph prize,
She wou'd deſerve the Conqueſt more.

SONG 597.

IN this Grove my Strephon walk'd,
Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd,
Here he lov'd, &c.
In this Place his Loſs I prove,
A ſad Remembrance of our Love;
Oh! ſad Remembrance of our Love.

In this Grove my Strephon ſtray'd,
Here he ſmil'd, and there betray'd ;
Here he ſmil'd, &c.

Every whiſp'ring Breeze can tell,
How I, poor I, believing, fell;
Ah! by too ſoon believing, fell.

By this Stream my Strephon mov'd,
Here he ſung, and there he lov'd;
Here he ſung, &c.
Every Stream and every Tree
Cries out, Perfidious cruel he!
And helpleſs poor forſaken ſhe!

On this Bank my Strephon lean'd,
A love'y Foe, but faithleſs Friend;
A lovely Foe, &c.
Ye verdant Banks, each Stream and Grove,
Once joyous Scenes, now diſmal prove,
Since Strephon's falſe to me and Love.

SONG 598.

IN Courts, Ambition kill's the Great,
And Cities ſtrive for needleſs Gain;
Some do in Battles meet their Fate,
But I by Love, by Love am ſlain:
Phæton by Thunder, Thunder dy'd,
Promotheus by the Vultur's Pain;
This doom'd for Stealth, and that for Pride,
But I by Love, by Love am ſlain:

Let noiſy deſ'prate Fools be brave,
And build up Trophies to the Skie:
My only Wiſh ye Gods, I have,
When at Clorinda's Feet I die:
Were I like ſome to Greatneſs born,
To Fame and Empire rais'd up high;
That Fame, that Empire I wou'd ſcorn,
And at Clorinda's Feet would die.

SONG 599.

IN vain a thouſand Slaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's Pride:
Pity pleading,
Love perſuading,
When her icy Heart is thaw'd,
Honour Chides, and ſtraight ſhe's aw'd.
Fooliſh Creature,
Follow Nature,
Waſte not thus your Prime;
Youth's a Treaſure,
Love's a Pleaſure,
Both deſtroy'd by Time.

SONG 600.

IN vain, Clymene, you beſtow
The promis'd Empire of your Heart,
If you refuſe to let me know
The wealthy Charms of ev'ry Part.
My Paſſion with your Kindneſs grew,
Tho' Beauty gave the firſt Deſire:
But Beauty only to purſue,
Is following a wand'ring Fire.

Hills in Perſpective ſuppreſs
The free Enquiry of the Sight:
traint makes every Pleaſure leſs,
nd takes from Love the full Delight.

t Kiſſes may in Part ſupply
Thoſe eager Longings of my Soul;
oh! I'm loſt, if you deny
quick Poſſeſſion of the Whole.

SONG 601.

grateful Love! thus every Hour,
To puniſh me by her Diſdain;
tyrannize to ſhew your Pow'r;
nd ſhe to triumph in my Pain.

, who can laugh at human Woes,
nd Victims to her Pride decree,
me, your yielding Slave, impoſe
our Chains; but leave the Rebel free.

fatal are your poiſon'd Darts!
r conqu'ring Eyes the Trophies boaſt,
ſt you inſnare poor wandring Hearts,
at in her Charms and Scorn are loſt.

ous and Cruel! You deny
Death to eaſe me of my Care;
h ſhe delays. to make me try
e Force of Beauty and Deſpair.

SONG 602.

January loſt, on Munnonday at Morn,
s I along the Fields did paſs to view the
Winter's Corn;

I looked me behind, and I ſaw come over the
Knough,
Yan glenting in an Apron with a bonny brent
Brow.

I bid gud Morrow fair Maid, and ſhe right
Courteſlie
Beckt low and fine, Kind Sir, ſaid ſhe, gud Day
again to ye.
I ſpear'd o' her, fair Maid, quo' I, kow far in-
tend ye now?
Quo' ſhe, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny
Brow.
Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to have ſike
Company,
For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend
ta be.
When we had walk'd a Mile or twa, Ize ſaid
to her, My Doe,
May I not dight your Apron fine, and kiſs
your bonny Brow?

Nea, gud Sir, you are far miſteen, for I am
nean o' thoſe;
I hope ya ha more Breeding than to dight a
Woman's Clothes;
For I've a better choſen than any ſike as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiſs ma
bonny Brow.

Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mair to ſay,
Rather than be rejected, I will give o'er the Play;

And I will chose yan o'me own that shall not on me rew,
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiss her bonny Brow.
Sir, Ize see ye are proud-hearted, and leath to be said nay,
You need not tall ha started, for aught that I:e did say;
You know Women for Modestie, ne at the first time boo,
But gif we like your Company, we are as kind as you.

SONG 603.

IN a Humour I was late,
As many good Fellows be,
To think of no Matters of State,
But seek for good Company;
That best contented me.
I travell'd up and down,
No Company I could find,
Till I came to the Sign of the Crown:
My Hostess was sick of the Mumps,
The Maid was ill at Ease;
The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps;
They were all of one Disease,
Says Old Simon the King.

Considering in my Mind,
And thus I began to think;
If a Man be full to the Throat,
And cannot take off his Drink;
And if his Drink will not down,
He may hang himself for Shame;
So may the Tapster at the Crown,
Whereupon this Reason I frame;
Drink will make a Man drunk,
And drunk will make a Man dry;
Dry will make a Man sick,
And sick will make a Man die,
Says Old Simon the King.

If a Man should be drunk to Night,
And laid in his Grave to Morrow;
Will you or any Man say,——
That he dy'd of Care or Sorrow?
Then hang up Sorrow and Care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he that will drink all Night,
Is never afraid of that!
For drinking will make a Man quaff,
Quaffing will make a Man sing;
Singing will make a Man laugh,
And laughing long Life doth bring,
Says Old Simon the King.

If a Puritan Skinker cry,
Dear Brother it is a Sin
To drink unless you be dry,
Then strait this Tale I begin,
A Puritan left his Can,
And took him to his Jug,
And there he play'd the Man,
As long as he could tug;

when that he was ſpy'd,
What did he ſwear or rail;
No, no truly, dear Brother, he cry'd,
Indeed all Fleſh is fra l,
Says old Simon the King.

So Fellows, if you'll be drunk,
Or Frailty it is a Sin,
Or, or to keep a Punk,
Or Play at In and In:
For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one Condition,
And will breed Want and Scabs,
In Spite of the Phyſician:
Whoſo fears every Graſs,
Muſt never piſs in a Meadow:
And he that Loves a Pot and a Laſs,
Muſt never cry oh! my Head oh!
Say Old Simon the King.

SONG. 604.

IN vain ſhe frowns, in vain ſhe tries
The Darts of her diſdainful Eyes;
She ſtill is charming, ſtill is fair,
And I muſt love, tho' I deſpair:
Nor can I of my Fate complain, or her Diſdain:
Who would not die to be ſo ſweetly ſlain?

Like thoſe who Magic Spells employ,
At Diſtance would, and cloſe deſtroy;
She kills with her ſevere Diſdain;
And abſent I endure the Pain:
But ſpare, O ſpare your cruel Art! the fatal Dart
Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

SONG 605.

JACK thou'rt a Toper,
Jack thou'rt a Toper,
Let's have t'other Quart;
Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
ring, ring, ring, ring,
We're ſo ſober, ſo ſober, ſo ſober,
'Twere a Shame to part.

None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
Bully'd by his Wife for coming, coming,
Coming, coming, coming late,
Fears a domeſtick Strife.
I'm free, I'm free, and ſo are you,
ſo are you, ſo are you too,
Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly,
knock boldly, knock boldly,
The Watch cry paſt Two o'Clock.

SONG 606.

JILTING is in ſuch Faſhion,
And ſuch a Fame
Runs o'er the Nation,
There's never a Dame
Of higheſt Rank, or of Name,
Sir, but will ſtoop to your Careſſes,
If you do but put home your Addreſſes:

It's for that she paints, and she patches,
All she hopes to secure is her Name, Sir.
But when you find the Love-fit comes upon her,
Never trust much to her Honour:
Tho' she may very high stand on't,
Yet when her Love is ascendant,
Her Virtue's quite out of Doors:
High Breeding, rank Feeding,
With lazy Lives leading,
In Ease and soft Pleasures,
And taking loose Measures,
With Playhouse Diversions,
And Midnight Excursions,
With Balls Masquerading;
And Nights serenading,
Debauch the Sex into Whores, Sir.

SONG 607 *For the love of Jean.*

JOckie said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my Tocher-good,
For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee.
E'ens ye like, quo' Jonny, ye may let it be.

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough,
I ha' seven good Owsen ganging in a Pleugh,
Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee,
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good Ha'-House, a Barn and a Byer,
A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire;
I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be,
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jockie, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell,
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

SONG 608.

JOckey's fou, Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain;
She was courtly, he was kind,
And thus the Wooer tell'd his Mind.

Jenny I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me Love at ony Price;
I winna prig for Red or Whyt,
Love alone mun gi'e Delyt.

Others seek they kenna what,
In Looks, in Carriage, and a'that;
Give me Love, for her I court;
Love in Love makes a' the Sport.

Colours mingled unco fine,
Common Motives lang sinsyne,
Never can engage my Love,
Until my Fancy first approve.

It is na Meat but Appetite
That makes our eating a Delyt;
Beauty is at best Deceit;
Fancy only kens nae Cheat.

SONG 609.

JOckie was a dowdy Lad,
And Jemmie swarth and tawny:

They my Heart no Captive made,
For that was Prize to Sawnie.

Jockie woes, and ſighs and ſues,
And Jemmie offers Money;
Weel I ſee they both love me,
But I love only Sawnie.

Jockie high his Voice can raiſe,
And Jemmie tunes his Viol;
But when Sawnie pipes ſweet Lays,
My Heart kens no Denial.

One, he ſings, and t'other Strings,
Tho' ſweet, yet only teaze me:
Sawnie's Pipe can only do't,
And pipe a Tune to pleaſe me.

SONG 610.

JOckey and Jenny together were laid,
Jockey was happy, and ſo was the Maid;
He often did ſigh, and cry, Jenny with thee,
My Life, tho' in Bondage, would ſeem to be free.

Jenny, who greatly for Jockey did burn,
Would ſigh to his Sigh, and kind Language return:
There's no Pair ſo happy, ſo much of one Mind,
As Jockey to Jenny, ſo Jenny's inclin'd.

Content with each other, in humble Retreat,
They court not new Beauties, nor envy the Great;
He'll not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit her Swain,
For Pleaſures yet thought of, or Riches to gain.

Come all you gay Courtiers, who Greatneſs admire,
And ſhine in gilt Coaches with pompous Attire,
Regard the true Pleaſure this Couple enjoy,
For Pleaſures with Jockey and Jenny ne'er cloy.

While you quit your Silvia for Chloe's bright Eyes,
Let Aminta purſue, you fair Chloe deſpiſe;
When one Nymph's undone, you another undo,
And rambling, the Fair does the ſame Thing by you:

'Till Nature grows weary, decrepid, and poor,
Nor aged, but quite has exhauſted her Store:
'Tis Jockey and Jenny enjoy the true Taſte;
Be conſtant, like them, and your Pleaſures will laſt.

SONG 611.

NYMPH.

INjurious Charmer of my vanquiſh'd Heart,
Canſt thou feel Love, and yet no Pity know;
Since, of myſelf, from thee I cannot part,
Invent ſome gentle Way to let me go:
For what with Joy thou didſt obtain,
And I with more did give,

In Time will make thee falſe and vain,
And me unfit to live.

SHEPHERD.

Frail Angel, that would'ſt leave a Heart forlorn;
With vain Pretence, Falſhood therein might lie:
Seek not to caſt wild Shadows o'er thy Scorn,
You cannot ſooner change than I can die.
To tedious Life I'll never fall,
Thrown from thy dear-lov'd Breaſt;
He merits not to live at all,
Who cares to live unbleſt.

CHORUS.

Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd,
While in that ſacred Fire,
Ere thou prove falſe, or I unkind,
Together both expire.

SONG 612.

JOlly Souls that are gen'rous and free,
And true Vot'ries to Bacchus will be,
To great Bacchus' Shrine let's repair,
And a Bottle or two offer there.

CHORUS.

Exempt from Exciſe, our Joys higher riſe,
Still Drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
Our Bottle at Night gives us Joy and Delight,
And drowns all the drowſy Fatigues of the Day.

Let the griping old Uſurer pine,
Let the Lover call Phillis divine,
Let each Man what he fancies command,
My Delight's in my Bottle and Friend.
Exempt from, &c,

O what Joy from the Bottle there ſprings,
It can make us greater than Kings;
If our Spirits by Grief are oppreſt,
Wine alone can procure us ſome Reſt.
Exempt from, &c.

Great Influence has Wine over Love,
And the Coy can make kinder to prove;
Tho' the Nymph very ſlighting denies,
It diſcovers the Truth in her Eyes.
Exempt from, &c.

It can make us all Heroes in brief,
And the Wretched forget all his Grief:
It inſpires the Gallant and Brave,
And Freedom can give to the Slave.
Exempt from, &c.

SONG 613. *Let's be jovial, &c.*

JOlly Mortals, fill your Glaſſes,
Noble Deeds are done by Wine;
Scorn the Nymph and all her Graces,
Who'd for Love or Beauty pine?

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand Charms you'll find,
More than Phillis, has, tho' going
In a Moment to be kind.

ander hated Thinking,
rank about at Council-board:
bdu'd the World by Drinking,
ore than by his conqu'ring Sword.

SONG 614.

Y to the Bridegroom! fill the Sky
With pleasing Sounds of welcome Joy:
to the Bride, may lasting Bliss,
every Day still prove like this.
y to the, &c.

r were Marriage Joys divine,
where two constant Hearts combine;
hat proves false, himself doth cheat,
sick Men tastes, but cannot eat.
e that, &c.

t is a Maidenhead? ah what?
hich weak Fools so often prate?
the young Virgin's Pride and Boast,
ne'er was found but when 'twas lost.
is the, &c.

ne a Glass, then, to the Brink,
ts Confusion here I'll drink;
he that baulks the Health I nam'd,
he die young, and then be blam'd.
d he that, &c.

SONG 615.

Y to great Cæsar,
ng Life, Love and Pleasure,
Health that divine is;
Fill your Glass full as mine is:
Let none fear a Fever,
But take it off thus, Boys;
Let the King live for ever,
'Tis no Matter for us, Boys.

Try all the Loyal,
Defy all, give Denial,
Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,
Nor any Prig here,
Or sneaking Whig here
Of Cripple Tony's Crew,
That now looks blue,
His Heart akes too,
The Tap won't do,
His Zeal so true,
And Projects new,
Ill Fate does now pursue.

Let Tories guard the King,
Let Whigs in Halter swing,
Let Pilk and Shute be shamm'd;
Let bugg'ring Oates be damn'd;
Let cheating Play'rs be nick'd,
The Turn-coat Scribe be kick'd,
Let Rebel City Dons
Ne'er beget their Sons;
Let every Whiggish Peer
That rapes a Lady fair,
And leaves his only Dear
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,
Be punish'd out of Hand,

And forc'd to pawn his Land,
T'attone the grand Affair.

Great Charles, like Jehovah,
Spares Foes would unking him,
And warms with his Graces
The Vipers that ſting him:
'Tis I crown'd with juſt Anger,
The Rebel he ſeizes,
Thus Heaven can thunder
Whenever it pleaſes.

Then to the Duke, fill, fill up the Glaſs,
The Son of our Martyr, belov'd of the King,
Envy'd and lov'd,
Yet bleſs'd from above.
Secur'd by an Angel ſafe under his Wing.
Faction and Folly,
And State Melancholy,
With Tony in Whigland for ever ſhall dwell;
Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty
Then teach us our Duty,
For none e'er can love, or be wiſe, and rebel.

SONG 616.

I Ris on a Bank of Thyme,
With a Sigh, and weeping Eye,
Said to lovely Celamine,
Let no Men your Heart ſurpriſe,
Men are all compos'd of Lies.

Tho' a thouſand Oaths they ſwear,
And as many Vows repeat;
All they ſwear, is common Air,
All they promiſe, but Deceit:
Man was never conſtant yet.
Wiſely then preſerve your Heart
From the Tyranny of Fate;
For only they can act their Part,
When Love has its Return of Fate;
Then Repentance comes too late.

SONG 617.

I T is not, Cælia, in our Pow'r
To ſay how long our Love will laſt;
It may be we, within this Hour,
May loſe thoſe Joys we now do taſte:
The Bleſſed that immortal be,
From Change of Love are only free.
Then, ſince we mortal Lovers are,
Aſk not how long our Love will laſt;
But while it does, let us take care
Each Minute be with Pleaſure paſt:
Were it not Madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe we're ſure to die.
Fear not, tho' Love and Beauty fail,
My Reaſon ſhall my Heart direct;
Your Kindneſs now ſhall then prevail,
And Paſſion turn into Reſpect;
Cælia, at worſt, you'll in the End
But change a Lover for a Friend.

SONG 618. *Happy Clown.*

I T was the charming Month of May,
When all the Flow'rs were freſh and

Morning by the Break of Day,
eet Chloe, chaſte, and fair,
peaceful Slumbers ſhe aroſe,
on her Mantle and her Hoſe,
o'er the flow'ry Mead ſhe goes,
To breathe a purer Air.
Looks ſo ſweet, ſo gay her Mien,
handſome Shape, and Dreſs ſo clean,
look'd all o'er like Beauty's Queen,
Dreſt in her beſt Array.
gentle Winds and purling Stream,
'd to whiſper Chloe's Name,
ſavage Beaſts, till then ne'er tame,
Wild Adoration pay:
eather'd People you might ſee,
'd all around her on a Tree,
Notes of ſweeteſt Melody
They act a chearful Part.
dull Slaves on the toilſome Plow,
weary'd Neck and Knees do bow,
d Subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their Heart.
eating Flocks that then came by,
as the charming Nymph they ſpy,
leave their hoarſe and rueful Cry,
dance around the Brooks:
Woods are glad, the Meadows ſmile,
orth that foam'd and roar'd a-while,
calmly down, and ſmooth as Oil,
Thro' all its charming Crooks.

The finny Squadrons are content,
To leave their wat'ry Element;
In glazie Numbers down the Bent,
They flutter all along.
The Inſects, and each creeping Thing,
Join'd to make up the rural Ring,
All friſk and dance, if ſhe but ſing,
And make a jovial Throng,
King Phœbus now began to riſe,
And paint with red the eaſtern Skies,
Struck with the Glory of her Eyes,
He ſhines behind a Cloud:
Her Mantle on a Bough ſhe lays,
And all her Glory ſhe diſplays,
She left all Nature in amaze,
And ſkipp'd into the Wood.

SONG 619.

JUſt coming from Sea, our Spouſes and we,
We punch it, we punch it, we punch it,
We punch it, we punch it aboard with Courage; [we ſwing,
We ſing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks
And hey, hey, hey, hey, hey my brave Boys
Bon voiagio: [we ſwing,
We ſing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks
We ſing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks
we ſwing,
And hey, hey, hey, hey, hey my brave Boys
Bon voiagio.

SONG 620.

KInd Ariadne drown'd in Tears,
Upbraids the faithleſs Grecian Chief,
'Till Bacchus, jolly God, appears,
And heals her Woe, and lulls her Grief.

The Moral of this Tale implies,
When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
Away the fated Lover flies.
New Mines of Pleaſure to explore.

A while ſhe tries each Female Snare,
The loud Reproach, the ſullen Grief;
But tir'd at length with fruitleſs Care,
Flies to the Bottle for Relief.

SONG 621.

KInd Heav'n no Peace to the Perjur'd allows, [Vows;
In Fate's gloomy Book keeps account of all
And Jove that does view both the falſe and the true, [ceiv'd who,
Knows who kept their Promiſe, and who de-
Will ſwear by the Skies, and Ganymede's Eyes,
No Woman that mingles Affection with Art,
And here in the Farce of the World plays a Part,
Shall ever hereafter, ſhall ever hereafter,
Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart,
Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart.

SONG 622.

KIndly, kindly, thus, my Treaſure,
Ever love me, ever charm;
Let thy Paſſion know no Meaſure,
Yet no jealous Fear alarm.
Why ſhould we, our Bliſs beguiling,
By dull doubting, fall at odds?
Meet my ſoft Embraces ſmiling,
We'll be as happy as the Gods.

SONG 623.

KIndneſs hath reſiſtleſs Charms,
All beſides can weakly move;
Fierceſt Anger it diſarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.

Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the Lover's ſervile Chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and v

SONG 624.

KNow, I won't envy him, whoe'er he
That ſtands upon the Battlements of
Stand there who will for me,
I'd rather be Secure than Great.
In being ſo high, the Pleaſures are but
But long's the Ruin, if I chance to fall.

Let me in ſome ſweet Shade ſecured lie,
Happy in Leiſure and Obſcurity.
Whilſt others place their Joys
In Popularity and Noiſe,
Let my ſoft Minutes glide obſcurely on,
Like ſubterranean Streams, unheard, unk

n when my Days are all in Silence paſt,
ood plain Countryman I die at laſt.
eath cannot chuſe but be
o him a mighty Miſery,
ho to the World was popularly known,
d dies a Stranger to himſelf alone.

SONG 625.

Ind God of Sleep, ſince it muſt be
That we reſign ſome Hours to thee;
ade me not while the full Bowl
ows in my Cheek, and warms the Soul:
en only I thy Aid implore,
hen I can laugh and drink no more.
ort, very ſhort be then thy Reign;
aſte to laugh and drink again.

Oh! if melting in my Arms,
e Nymph, ador'd, with all her Charms,
fancied Dreams ſhou'd kinder prove,
d yield the Exſtacies of Love:
en gentle Slumber, prythee ſtay,
d ſlow, ah ſlowly bring the Day:
Fancy can the Bliſs beſtow,
ho wou'd not be deluded ſo?

SONG 626.

Ove's a fooliſh ſudden Paſſion,
Source of all the Plagues of Life,
on the fated Inclination
Changes to a Scene of Strife,
Changes to a Scene of Strife.

Beauty 'tis that ſoon bewitches,
Sure to make us ſoon repent;
But the Girl that brings us Riches,
Brings the Means of true Content,
Brings the Means of true Content.

Conſtant Paſſion breeds Vexation;
He beſt Copies thoſe above,
Who with boundleſs Inclination,
Courts as many Nymphs as Jove,
Courts as many Nymphs as Jove.

SONG 627.

CÆLIA's Reſolution.

LET Foes envenom'd arrows ſling;
I care not lovely Celia ſaid:
Not Envy's ſelf can dart a Sting,
That can diſturb a harmleſs Maid.

Contented with my little Store,
I envy none their gaudy Pride;
And of kind Heaven I aſk no more,
Than juſt my Wants to be ſupply'd.

No Gold, no Jewels charm the Eye,
No Fop ſhall ever gain my Heart:
For Grandeur I will never ſigh,
Nor ever from fair Virtue part.

SONG 628.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind;
Thou art born o'er Men to reign:
Not to follow Flocks deſign'd:
Scorn the Crook, and leave the Plain-

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings ſhall tread:
Joys in circling Joys ſhall meet,
Whereſoe'er thy Fancy's lead.

If in the Wars you chance to be,
Thouſands ſhall fall by thy Side;
Numbers they will from you flee,
Victory will triumphant ride.

Why do you ſtay ſo long away?
Slighting of our ſweeteſt Charms?
Joys ſhall crown the happy Day,
That will bring you to our Arms.

Every one thy Abſence mourn,
Glorious Youth for thee they weep,
Neptune imploring thy Return,
To conduct thee o'er the Deep.

All the Nymphs upon the Plain
For thy Abſence do lament;
Glorious Hero come again,
Save thoſe Tears that will be ſpent.

Leave this Solitude forlorn;
And a more noble Shepherd be,
And leſt your dear Flock ſhould mourn,
O! let them keep you Company.

Welcome, welcome, Youth divine,
Who was deſign'd o'er Men to reign,
If that ever you'll be kind,
Scorn the Crook, and leave the Plain.

SONG 629.

LEave off this idle prating,
Talk no more of Wig or Tory,
But drink your Glaſs,
And let it paſs,
Whilſt the Bottle is before you;
Fill it up,
To the Top,
Let this Night with Mirth be crown'd:
Drink about,
See it out,
Love and Friendſhip ſtill go round.

Since Claret is a Bleſſing,
This Night devote to Pleaſure,
Let worldly Cares,
And State Affairs,
Be talked at more Leiſure:
Fill it up, &c.

If any be ſo zealous,
As to be a Party's Minion,
Let him drink with me,
We'll ſoon agree,
And be of one Opinion.

SONG 630.

Johney and Jenny, a Dialogue.

HE.

LET Rakes for Pleaſure range the Town,
Or Miſers doat on golden Guineas,

enty Smile, or Fortune frown,
e Sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's;
Mine and Jenny's,
Sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's.

S H E.

anton Maids indulge Desire,
w soon the fleeting Pleasure gone is,
Joys of Virtue never tire,
d such shall still be mine and Johnny's;
Mine and Johnny's,
such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

H E.

ther let us sport and Play,

S H E.

live in Pleasure where no Sin is;

H E.

Priest shall tie the Knot to Day,

S H E.

Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's;
Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's,
Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's.

S H E.

ther let us sport and Play,
nd live in Pleasure where no Sin is;
Priest shall tie the Knot to Day,
Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's;
Johnny, Jenny's, Johnny, Jenny's,
Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's.

H E.

ther let us sport and Play, &c.

H E.

Let roving Swains young Hearts invade
The Pleasure ends in Shame and Folly;
So Willy woo'd and then betray'd,
The poor believing simple Molly.
Simple Molly, &c.

S H E.

So Lucy lov'd and lighty tov'd,
And laugh'd at harmless Maids who marry;
But now she finds her Shepherd's clov'd,
And chides too late her harmless Harry.
Faithless Harry, &c.

H E.

But we'll together Sport, &c.

H E.

By cooling Streams our Flocks we'll feed,
And leave Despair for Knaves and Nunnies;
Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,
And every Joy be mine and Jenny's.

S H E.

Let guilt the faithless Bosom fright,
The constant Heart is always bonny,
Content and Peace, and sweet Delight,
And Love shall live with me and Johnny.

H E.

Together then we'll sport, &c.

SONG 631.

LOrd Lovat of late has met with mishap,
The Fox with his cunning was caught in a Trap;

O why shou'd he run such a desperate Race,
To heap on his Head so much Shame and
Disgrace:
Too busy he'd been in a troublesome Job,
For which he so lately did forfeit his Nob:
He's paid for his Crimes and Follies that's past,
His Friend, the Pretender, has flung him at
last.

How many Pranks did he play in his Life,
How basely he injur'd and ravish'd his Wife;
By Violence first he oblig'd her to wed,
And by the same Means he did force her to Bed.
Not able to justify what he had done,
Immediately over to France he did run;
There practis'd such Methods scarce ever known.
As all honest Men are asham'd for to own.

In France he a Jesuit soon did commence,
And Pardon for Sins he did finely dispense;
For was it a Female that come to confess,
He further endeavour'd to make her transgress;
And if it appear'd with a Man she had lain,
He'd have her repeat the same Sin o'er again:
These, these was the Tricks of Lord Lovat,
O fie, [to fly.
Which caus'd him from France into Scotland

His Neighbours of him then had cause to
complain;
To plague them he rack'd his old politic Brain,
For if to his Measures they wou'd not conform,
Some Mischief on them he was sure to perform;
There's one he occasion'd to rue to this Day,
For burning one Night all his Corn and his Hay.
If these are accounted commendable Ways,
Who, more than Lord Lovat's, deserving
Praise.
Another 'gainst whom he his Talents em-
ploy'd,
A Hundred of Cattle had lam'd and destroy'd
His Malice and Envy with Avarice mix'd,
Cou'd ne'er be restrain'd whensoe'er it was
fix'd:
His Servants likewise he did basely enslave,
Who asking for wages were clapt in a Cave,
When to be releas'd from a Dungeon and Pain
Were glad, on his own Terms, to get out
again.

Ingratefully then, like a venomous Thing
A Rebel he prov'd to his Friend and his King
So basely intent and mischievously prone,
To strike at the Life that had succour'd his own
But when of his Actions they cast up the Sum,
His Head to his Body was Bankrupt become,
The sound of an Axe, now has rung out his
Knell,
And so, for Lord Lovat, we bid him farewell.

SONG 632.

LAdy sweet, now do not frown,
Nor in Anger call me Clown;
For your Servant Joan may prove
Like yourself as deep in Love;

d as abſolute a Bit,
n's ſweet Liquoriſh Tooth to fit.
The Smock alone the Difference makes,
'Cauſe yours is ſpun of finer Flax.

at avails the Name of Madam?
ne not all from Father Adam?
ere does one exceed the other?
s not Eve our common Mother?
n what Odds 'twixt you and Joan?
ly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock, &c.

ies are but Blood and Bone,
and Sinews; ſo is Joan;
's a Piece for Man to bore
h his Wimble; you're no more.
Then what Odds, &c.

not your flaunting Tires
the Cauſe of Men's Deſires;
're other Darts which Luſt purſue,
e Joan has as well as you.
Then, &c.

t care we for glorious Lights,
nen are uſed in the Nights,
in Night, in Women-kind,
and Clowns like Sport do find.
Then, &c.

e th re's two in Bed together,
e's not a Pin to chuſe 'twixt either:
have Eyes, and both have Lips;
Both have Thighs, and both have Hips.
Then, &c.

When your Hands put out the Candle,
And you at laſt begin to handle,
Then you go about to do,
What you ſhould be done unto.
Then, &c.
Who can but in Conſcience ſay,
Fie, fie, for Shame away, away,
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a freſh Supply.
Then, &c.

SONG 633.

Ladies, why doth Love torment you?
Cannot I your Grief remove?
Is there none that can content you
With the ſweet Delights of Love?
O No, no, no, no: O No, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no.
Beauty is a perfect Meaſure,
Hath the Love and Wiſh of all:
Dear, then ſhall I wait the Pleaſure
That commands my Heart and all?
O No, &c.
If I grieve, and you can eaſe me,
Will you be ſo fiercely bent;
Having wherewithal to pleaſe me,
Muſt I ſtill be diſcontent?
O No, &c.

If I am your faithful Servant,
And my Love does ſtill remain,
Will you think it ill deſerved,
To be favour'd for my Pain?
O No, &c.

If I ſhould then but crave a Favour,
Which your Lips invite me to;
Will you think it ill Behaviour,
Thus to ſteal a Kiſs or two?
O No, &c.

All-amazing Beauty's Wonder,
May I preſume your Breaſt to touch?
Or to feel a little under,
Will you think I do too much?
O No, &c.

Once more, faireſt, let me try ye,
Now my Wiſh is fully ſped,
If all Night I would lie by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your Bed?
O No, &c.

SONG 634.

LAſt Sunday at St. James's Pray'rs,
The Prince and Princeſs by,
I, dreſs'd in all my Whale-bone Airs,
Sat in a Cloſet nigh.

I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book,
Read all the Anſwers o'er;
But was prevented by a Look,
Which pierc'd me from the Door.

High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to uſe,
With the devouteſt Care,
Which gay young Strephon made me loſe,
And all the Raptures there.

He went to hand me to my Chair,
And bow'd with Courtly Grace;
But whiſper'd Love into mine Ear,
Too warm for that grave Place.

Love, Love, ſaid he, by all ador'd,
My tender Heart has won:
But I, grown peeviſh at the Word,
Deſir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of Sight, while I
A kinder Anſwer meant;
Nor did I for my Sins, that Day,
By half ſo much repent.

SONG 635.

LAtely on yonder ſwelling Buſh,
Big with many a coming Roſe,
This early Bud began to bluſh,
And did but half itſelf diſcloſe:
I pluckt it, tho' no better grown,
And now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple Light they ſhone;
As if they had been made of Fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon;
All that was meant by Air or Sun,
To the young Flow'r my Breath has done.

our looſe Breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame in Forms of Love,
pureſt Love and Muſick too,
When Flavia it aſpires to move?
en that which lifeleſs Buds perſuades
wax more ſoft, her Youth invades!

SONG 636.

Ate in the Evening forth I went
A little before the Sun gade down,
d there I chanc'd by Accident,
To light on a Battle new begun.
Man and his Wife were fawn in a Strife,
I canna well tell ye how it began;
ay ſhe wail'd her wretched Life,
And cry'd ever, alake my auld Goodman.

The auld Goodman that thou tells of,
The Country kens where he was born,
but a ſilly poor Vagabond,
d ilka a ane leugh him to ſcorn;
he did ſpend, and make an End
Gear that his Fore-fathers wan;
rt the Poor ſtand frae the Door,
tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

My Heart alake, is liken to break,
hen I think on my winſome John,
Blinkan Eye and Gate ſae free,
s naithing like thee, thou doſend Drone.
ſie Face and ſtaxen Hair,
d a Skin as white as ony Swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withall,
And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman.

He. Why doſt thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For Meal and Mawt thou diſna want;
But thy wild Bees I canna pleaſe,
Now when our Gear gins to grow ſcant.
Of Houſhold-ſtuff thou haſt enough,
Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
Of ſic like Ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

She. Yes I may tell, and fret my ſell,
To think on theſe blyth Days I had,
When he and I together lay
In Arms into a well-made Bed,
But now I ſigh, and may be ſad,
Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
Thou falds thy Feet, and fa's aſleep,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

Then coming was the Night ſae dark,
And gane was a' the Light of Day;
The Carle was fear'd to miſs his Mark,
And therefore wad nae langer ſtay,
Then up he gat, and he ran his Way,
I trow the Wife the Day ſhe wan,
And ay the O'erword of the Fray
Was ever, alake my auld Goodman.

SONG 637. *Blink over*, &c.

LEave Kindred and Friends, ſweet Betty,
Leave Kindred and Friends for me; U 2

Aſſur'd thy Servant is ſteady
To Love, to Honour, and thee:
The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
May fly by Chance as they came;
They're Grounds the Deſtinies ſport on,
But Virtue is ever the ſame.

Altho' my Fancy was roving,
Thy Charms ſo heav'nly appear,
That other Beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thee only, my Dear.
And ſhould Life's Sorrows embitter
The Pleaſure we promis'd our Loves,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſunder like Doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my Love in my Arms!
By thee to be graſp'd! and kiſſed!
And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
Should Fortune capricious prove;
Tho' Death ſhould tear me to pieces,
I'd die a Martyr to Love.

SONG 638.

LEave me, Shepherd, leave me,
Give o'er your artful Wiles;
Ev'ry Look deceives me,
And ev'ry Word beguiles.
If I yield, you ſure will fly,
I muſt repent and mourn:
Shepherd 'tis too ſoon to try,
What 'tis to be forlorn.

Why are you purſuing
To urge me to my Fate,
To contrive my Ruin,
And prove yourſelf ingrate?
If I yield, you ſure will fly,
I muſt repent and mourn:
Still I can't forbear to try,
What 'tis to be forlorn.

Joys which Lovers borrow,
Some few ſweet Moments make;
Years of Grief and Sorrow
They in Exchange muſt take.
It is a Madneſs to be wiſe,
When Cupid bends his Bow;
Ev'ry Senſe then open lies
To entertain the Foe.

SONG 639.

LAvia would, but dare not venture,
Fear ſo much o'er-rules her Paſſion;
Chloe ſuffers all to enter,
Subjects Fame to Inclination.
Neither's Method I admire,
Either is in Love diſpleaſing;
Chloe's Fondneſs gluts deſire,
Lavia's Cowardice is teazing.

Cælia by a wiſer Meaſure,
In one faithful Swain's Embraces,

s a private Debt to Pleaſure,
Yet for Chaſte in Public paſſes:
ir ones follow Cælia's Notion,
Free from Fear and Cenſure wholly;
ve, but let it be with Caution,
For Extremes are Shame or Folly.

SONG 640.

E T's be jovial, fill our Glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think
ow the World is rul'd by Aſſes.
And the Wiſe are ſway'd by Chink.
t not ſuch vain Thoughts oppreſs us,
Riches are to them a Snare;
e are all as rich as Crœſus,
Drink away, and drive off Care.
ine will make us freſh as Roſes,
And our Sorrows quite forget;
me let's fuddle all our Noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of Debt.
n grim Death is looking for us,
e're carouſing o'er our Bowls;
chus joining in the Chorus,
Cries, Death begone! here's none but Souls.
-like Bacchus thus commanding,
embling Death away ſhall fly,
er after underſtanding,
Drinking Souls can never die.

SONG 641.

L E T us revel and roar,
Let us revel and roar,
Briſk Wine is our Store,
And the Gods too will club to our Pleaſure:
When we wallow all Night
In an unknown Delight,
Aurora diſcovers our Treaſure.
Thus we're free from all Care,
Thus we're free from all Care,
From Taxes and War;
Nay, we know not the Name of dull Sorrow:
Ev'ry Purſe is our Prey,
Which we ſpend in one Day,
And the Devil take care for To-morrow.
Let us never repine,
Let us never repine,
Briſk Women and Wine
Make the Eyes of our Love to run over:
Leave the How and the What
To the Politic Sot,
And the When to the Fool of a Lover.

SONG 642.

L E T Jug in Smiles be ever ſeen,
And kind as when our Loves begun,
And be my Paſtures ever green,
And new Crops ſpring when Harveſt's done:
My Cattle thrive, and ſtill be fat,
And I my Wiſh ſhall find in that.
O let my Table furniſh'd be
With good fat Beef and Bacon too,
And nappy Ale be ever free
To Strangers that do come and go.

My Yards with Poultry and with Swine
Well ſtor'd, and eke my Ponds with Fiſh.
My Barns well cramm'd with Hay and Grain,
And I ſhall have my Wiſh in this.

Let me in Peace and Quiet live,
Free from all Diſcontent and Striſe;
And know from what I all receive,
And lead a homely harmleſs Life.
Be neat in home-ſpun Cloathing clad;
And ſtill to add to all my Bliſs,
My Children train i'th' Fear of God:
And this is all on Earth I wiſh.

SONG 643.

LET Soldiers fight for Pay or Praiſe,
And Money be the Miſer's Wiſh,
Poor Scholars ſtudy all their Days,
And Gluttons glory in their Diſh:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives ſad Souls;
Therefore fill us the chearing Bowls.

Let Minions marſhal every Hair,
And in a Lover's Lock delight,
And artificial Colours wear;
Pure Wine is native red and white.
'Tis Wine, &c.

The backward Spirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull;
Opens the Heart that loves to ſave,
And Kindneſs flows from Cups brim-full.
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some Men want Youth, and others Health,
Some want a Wife, and ſome a Punk;
Some Men want Wit, and others Wealth;
But they want nothing that are drunk.
'Tis Wine, &c.

SONG 644.

LET Joy alone take place, and Muſic ſound
To celebrate the Day, conform the Voice
Then let the Bridegroom's Health and Bride
go round,
And every merry Lad and Laſs rejoice:
Each take the Glaſs in Hand, and toaſt
Fair,
Until her Name ſhall make the Bowl divine
Drink, 'tis but in hope to baniſh Care,
But loſe not all your Praiſes in her Wine.
Let jolly Bacchus round the Table go,
For he the Prologue is to Cupid's Flame;
When Claret and good Sherry freely flow
Youth fires, and it warms the frozen Dame
Let no Man think to flinch, but fill each Glaſs
For Drinking only can augment Delight;
Nor ſhall the fair Bride nor Bridegroom paſs,
For Bacchus now prepares them for the Night

Let Health and Wealth, indulgent Happineſs
For ever on this new-made Pair attend;
Let each in mutual Love the other bleſs,
So may their Joys tranſporting never end:
Let ſomething be the Iſſue of their Love,
And pour upon them ev'ry Day a Joy;

h happy finding that for which they ſtrove,
t every nine Months End a thumping Boy.

ONG 645. *Ye Commons, &c.*

LET Matters of State
Diſquiet the Great,
Cobler has nought to perplex him,
H'has nought but his Wife,
To ruffle his Life,
her he can ſtrap if ſhe vex him.
He's out of the Pow'r
Of Fortune that Whore,
, low as he can be, ſhe's thruſt him:
From Duns he's ſecure,
For being ſo poor,
re's none to be found that will truſt him.

SONG 646.

T Begging no longer be taunted,
If honeſt and free from Offence;
each Man to beg what he wanted,
w many would Beggars commence!
Churchmen might beg for more Grace,
ung Soldiers for Courage might call;
many that beg for a Penſion or Place,
ght beg for ſome Merit withal.

ONG 647. *In Proſerpine.*

T Harmony ſweetly reſounding,
Gay Pleaſure and Tranſport invite,
he Voice in loud Echo's rebounding,
ro' the Vallies diffuſe our Delight.

SONG 648.

LET not Love, let not Love on me, on me beſtow
Soft Diſtreſs, ſoft Diſtreſs and tender Woe;
I know none, no, no, no, none but ſubſtantial Bliſſes,
Eager Glances, eager Glances, ſolid Kiſſes:
I know not what the Lovers feign
Of finer Pleaſure mixt with Pain;
Then prithee, prithee give me gentle Boy
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all, all all, all, all the Joy;
But all, all, all, all, all the Joy,
Prithee give me, prithee give me gentle Boy
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all the Joy,
But all, all, all, all the Joy.

SONG 649.

LET the Waiter bring clean Glaſſes,
With a freſh Supply of Wine;
For I ſee by all your Faces,
In my Wiſhes you will join.
It is not the Charms of Beauty
Which I purpoſe to proclaim;
We a while will leave that Duty,
For a more prevailing Theme.
To the Health I'm now propoſing,
Let's have one full Glaſs at leaſt;
No one here can think't impoſing,
'Tis the Founder of our Feaſt.

SONG 650.

LET's be merry, blyth and jolly,
Stupid Dulneſs is a Folly;
'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,
Hark, the chirping Birds delight us:
Let us dance and raiſe our Voices,
Every Creature now rejoices;
Airy Blaſts, and ſpringing Flowers,
Verdant Coverings, pleaſant Showers;
Each plays his Part to compleat this our Joy,
And can we be ſo dull as to deny?
Here's no fooliſh ſurly Lover,
That his Paſſion won't diſcover;
No conceited foppiſh Creature,
That is proud of Cloaths or Feature:
All Things here ſerene and free are,
They're not wiſe, are not as we are,
Who acknowledge Heaven's Bleſſings
In our innocent Careſſings:
Then let us ſing, let us dance, let us play,
'Tis the Time 'tis allow'd, 'tis the Month of May.

SONG 651.

LIfe is chequer'd—Toil and Pleaſure,
Fill up all the various Meaſure:
See the Crew in Flannel Jerkins,
Drinking, toping Flip by Firkins;
And as they raiſe the Tip
To their happy Lip,
On the Deck is heard no other Sound,
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Let the Can go round.

CHORUS.

Then hark to the Boatſwain's Whiſtle, Whiſtle,
Then hark to the Boatſwain's Whiſtle, Whiſtle,
Buſtle, Buſtle:
My Boy, let us ſtir, let us toil,
But let's drink all the while,
For Labour's the Price of our Joys,
For Labour's, &c.

Life is chequer'd—Toil and Pleaſure,
Fill up all the various Meaſure.
Hark the Crew with Sun-burnt Faces
Chanting Black-ey'd Suſan's Graces;
S. And as they raiſe their Notes
Thro' their ruſty Throats
On the Deck, &c. With the Chorus as before.
Life is chequer'd—Toil and Pleaſure
Fill up all the various Meaſure.
Hark the Crew their Cares diſcarding,
With Huſslecap, or with Chuck-farthing:
S. Still in merry Pin,
Let 'em loſe or win,
On the Deck, &c. With the Chorus as before.

SONG 652.

LInco found Damon lying
In Tears upon the Plain;
And laughing at his crying,
Encreas'd poor Damon's Pain.

ies Damon, Mortal, fly me,
Or by the Pow'r divine,
ies Linco, don't defy me,
And ſhews a Flaſk of Wine.

is—fooliſh pining Lover
Will teach thee how to ſtorm,
hy Gaiety recover,
And make the Maids grow warm.
ome, prithee Damon try it,
'Tis ſov'reign, prithee do;
amon cou'd not deny it,
He drank full Bumpers too.

on Damon felt the Liquor,
His Cheeks grew roſy red;
hen Linco fill'd out quicker,
'Twas out, they went to Bed.
ext Morning Damon ſtraying,
To breathe the fragrant Air,
heard poor Delia praying
A laſt and fervent Pray'r.
s, yes, I muſt implore him,
Damon the kind, the true;
Gods, ſhe cry'd, reſtore him,
Elſe Love and Life adieu.
Linco's Humour thinking,
He ſprung into her Arms;
fir'd with laſt Night's Drinking,
Wou'd revel in her Charms.
Maids deep Crimſon bluſhing,
Reclin'd her Head, and ſigh'd;
Whilſt eager Damon fluſhing,
Love's ſtrongeſt Efforts try'd:
Ah! whither am I flying?
Her fault'ring Tongue expreſt;
Then claſping, panting, ſighing,
They murmur'd all the reſt.

SONG 653.

LIttle Flea, why ſo bloody thirſty?
Thou'ſt drank till it has almoſt burſt thee.
Thou'rt now too full of Pride, I warrant,
To ſtir a Step on Strephon's Errand.

Yet prithee ſweet ſincere Backbiter,
To Chloe go, that falſe Delighter; S.
Go hide thyſelf within her Bodice,
And make her own ſhe is no Goddeſs. S.

Tell her the Shafts of Cupid's Quiver,
So from her Eyes have pierc'd my Liver; S.
And when ſhe holds thee 'twixt her Fingers,
Say thou thy Love-ſick Strephon lingers. S.

SONG 654.

LIberia's all my Thoughts and Dream;
She's all my Pleaſure and my Pain:
Liberia's all that I eſteem,
And all I fear is her Diſdain.

Her Wit, her Humour, and her Face,
Pleaſe beyond all I felt before:
Oh! why can't I admire her leſs?
Or, dear Liberia, love me more.

Like Stars, all other Female Charms
Ne'er touch my Heart, but feaſt mine Eye;
For ſhe's the only Sun that warms,
With her alone I'd live and die.
Immortal Pow'rs, whoſe Work divine
Inſpires my Soul with ſo much Love,
Grant your Liberia may be mine,
And then I ſhare your Joys above.

SONG 655.

Liſten all, I pray, to the Words I've to ſay,
In Memory ſure inſert 'em;
Rich Wines do us raiſe to the Honour of Bays;
Quem non fecere diſertum?
Of all the briſk Juice which the Gods do produce,
Claret ſhall be preferr'd before 'em:
'Tis Claret ſhall ſtrait us Mortals create,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.
We abandon all-Ale, and Beer that is ſtale,
Roſa-ſolis, and damnable Stum;
But ſparkling Red ſhall hold up its Head,
'Bove omne quod exit in um.
This is the Wine, that in former Time,
Each wiſe one of the Magi,
Was wont to carouſe in a Chaplet of Boughs,
Recubans ſub tegmine fagi.
Let the Hip be their Bane, let a Rope be their
Let the Gout and Cholic pine 'em, [Shame,
That offer to ſhrink in taking their Drink,
Seu Græcum, ſive Latinum.
Let the Glaſs fly about, till the Bottle is out,
Let each one do as he's done to;
'Vaunt thoſe that hug th'abominable Jug,
'Mong us Heteroclita ſunto.
There's no ſuch Diſeaſe, as he that doth pleaſe
His Palate with Beer for to ſhame us;
'Tis Claret that brings to Fancy its Wings,
And ſays, Muſa, Majora canamus.
He's either a Mute, or does poorly diſpute,
That drinketh not Wine as we Men do;
The more Wine a Man drinks, like a ſubt
Tantum valet iſte loquendo. [Sphinx.
How it chears the Brains, how it warms th
How 'gainſt all Croſſes it arms us! [Vein
How it makes him that's poor courageouſly ro
Et mutatas dicere formas.
Give me the Boy, my Delight and my Joy,
To my Tantum that drinks his Tale;
By Wine he that waxes, in our Syntaxis,
Eſt Verbum perſonale.
Art thou weak or lame, or thy Wits to blam
Call for Wine, and thou ſhalt have it;
'Twill make thee to riſe, and be very wiſe,
Cui vim natura negavit.
We have frolick Rounds, we have merry G
Yet nothing is done at random; [down
For when we're to pay, we club and away,
Id eſt commune notandum.
No Vintners deny the Lads that are dry,
But give 'em Wine, whate'er it coſt 'em;

hey do not pay till another Day,
Manet alta mente repoſtum.

o ne'er fails to drink all clear from the Brink,
With a ſmooth and even Swallow,
offer at's Shrine, and call it divine,
t erit mihi magaus Apollo.

that drinks ſtill, and ne'er has his Fill,
as a Paſſage like a Conduit.
k Wine does inſpire with Rapture and Fire,
ic Æther Æthera fundit.

en we merrily quaff, if any go off,
nd ſlily offer to paſs ye,
e their Noſe a Twitch, and kick 'em o'th' Breech,
am componitur ab aſſe.

ve told you plain, and will tell you again,
e he as furious as Orlando ;
s an Aſs that from hence doth paſs,
iſi bibit ad Oſtia ſtando.

SONG 656.

Ove, the Sweets of Love
Are the Joys I moſt admire,
ind and active Fire
a fierce Deſire,
ge my Soul, compleat my Bliſs :
t th'affected Coldneſs
Cælia damps my Boldneſs ;
I muſt bow,
Proteſt and Vow,
And ſwear aloud,
I wou'd be proud,
When ſhe with equal Ardour longs to kiſs.

Bring a Bowl, then bring a jolly Bowl,
I'll quench fond Love within it ;
With flowing Cups I'll raiſe my Soul,
And here's to the happy Minute :
For fluſh'd with briſk Wine,
When ſhe's panting and warm,
And Nature unguarded, lets looſe her Mind,
In the amorous Moment the Gypſie I'll find,
Oblige her, and take her by Storm.

SONG 657.

LOve's a Dream of mighty Treaſure,
Which in Fancy we poſſeſs ;
In the Folly lies the Pleaſure,
Wiſdom always makes it leſs.
When we think, by Paſſion heated,
We a Goddeſs have in Chaſe,
Like Ixiom we are cheated,
And a gaudy Cloud embrace.
Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Miſtreſs well deceives ;
Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at Eaſe.
But the Wretch that wou'd be knowing
What the Fair-One wou'd diſguiſe,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy, to be wiſe.

SONG 658.

LOve and Folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wiſe;
They fell out, and in their Fray,
Folly put out Cupid's Eyes.
Strait the Criminal was try'd,
And had his Puniſhment aſſign'd:
Folly ſhould to Love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the Blind.
Then wiſely let's venture,
Ourſelves to deceive,
Since Fate has decreed us
To love and believe.
For all we can gain
By our Wiſdom and Eyes,
Is to find ourſelves cheated,
And Wretched when Wiſe.

N.N.H. Bibl. Bodl. HARDING

SONG 659.

He. LOve's an idle childiſh Paſſion,
Only fit for Girls and Boys;
Marriage is a curſed Faſhion,
Women are but fooliſh Toys.
Spight of all the tempting Evils,
Still thy Liberty maintain;
Tell 'em, tell the pretty Devils,
Man alone was made to reign.

She. Empty Boaſter! know thy Duty!
Thou who dar'ſt my Pow'r defy;
Feel the Force of Love and Beauty,
Tremble at my Feet and die.
Wherefore does thy Colour leave thee?
Why theſe Cares upon thy Brow?
Did the Rebel, Pride, deceive thee?
Aſk him, who's the Monarch now!

SONG 660.

LOve's Goddeſs in a Myrtle Grove,
Said, Cupid, bend thy Bow with Speed;
Nor let the Shaft at random rove,
For Jeany's haughty Heart muſt bleed.

The ſmiling Boy, with divine Art,
From Pophos ſhot an Arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the Heart,
And kill'd the Pride of beauteous Jean.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
Refuſes Willy's kind Addreſs;
Her yielding Bluſhes ſhew no Care,
But too much Fondneſs to ſuppreſs.

No more the Youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the Green,
Whilſt ev'ry Day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing Charms in bony Jean.

A thouſand Tranſports crowd his Breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting Wind;
His former Sorrows ſeem a Jeſt,
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind.

Riches he looks on with Diſdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean;
The chearful Hounds and Horn give Pain,
If abſent from his bony Jean.

The Day he ſpends in am'rous Gaze,
Which ev'n in Summer ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in Down, with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.
All Charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's Prize, the Spartan Queen,
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bony Jean.

SONG 661.

LOrd! what's come to my Mother,
That every Day more than other,
My true Age ſhe would ſmother,
And ſays I'm not in my Teens?
Tho' my Sampler I have ſown through,
My Bib and Apron out-grown too;
My Baby quite away thrown too,
I wonder what 'tis ſhe means!
When our John does ſqueeze my Hand,
And calls me, Sugar-ſweet,
My Breath almoſt fails me,
I know not what ails me,
My Heart does ſo heave and ſo beat.
I have heard of Deſires
From Girls who have been juſt of my Years,
Love compar'd to Sweet Briars,
That hurts, and yet does pleaſe.
Is Love finer than Money?
Or can it be ſweeter than Honey?
I'm, poor Girl, ſuch a Tony,
I'faith that I cannot gueſs;
But I'm ſure I'll watch more near,
There's ſomething that Truth will ſhew;
For if Love is a Bleſſing,
To pleaſe beyond Kiſſing,
Our Jane and the Butler do know.

SONG 662.

LOvely Charmer, deareſt Creature,
Kind Invader of my Heart;
Grac'd with ev'ry Gift of Nature,
Grac'd with ev'ry Help of Art.
Oh! could I but make thee love me,
As thy Charms my Heart hath mov'd,
None could e'er be bleſt above me;
None could e'er be more belov'd.

SONG 663. *Bacchus one Day, &c.*

LOve is like the raging Ocean,
When the ſwelling Surges riſe;
Wind, which guides its troubled Motion,
Woman's Temper well ſupplies.
Man's the eaſy Bark, and playing
On the Surface of the Sea;
To the worſt of Ills betraying,
Cupid muſt the Pilot be.

SONG 664.

LOve and Beauty, young and gay,
Thro' my Eyes did force their Way,
And my Heart their Captive made:
Beauty with my Heart is fled,

Cruel Love does ſtill remain,
To increaſe my raging Pain.

But when my Heart returns again,
As ſoon it will,
Being us'd but ill,
By Beauty's proud tyrannic Reign;
Then from its Slav'ry ſhall it reſt,
And cruel Love drive from my Breaſt.

Heart again reſume thy Throne,
Since the Phantoms both are flown;
Here in Peace maintain thy Pow'r,
Nor think of Love or Beauty more.

SONG 665.

LOve's a Diſtemper that comes with high Feeding,
And is cur'd, like a Fever, by Emptying and Bleeding.
It ſeizes the Brain, and the Head runs on Fancies, Romances.
Then all the young Wenches are Queens in
But the Love-fit ſoon over, pretty Miſs proves a Dowdy,
And her paſſionate Lover an arrant dull Booby.

SONG 666.

LOve is a Bauble,
No Man is able
To ſay it is this, or 'tis that;
An idle Paſſion,
Of ſuch a Faſhion,
'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Fair in the Cradle,
Foul in the Saddle,
Always too cold, or too hot;
An arrant Lyar,
Fed by Deſire,
It is, and yet it is not.

Love is a Fellow,
Clad all in yellow,
The Canker-worm of the Mind;
A privy Miſchief,
And ſuch a ſly Thief,
No Man knows where him to find.

Love is a Wonder,
'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
'Tis common to all Men, we know;
A very Cheater,
Ev'ry one's better,
Then hang him, and let him go.

SONG 667.

LOve is Fancy led about
From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt;
Whom we now an Angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every Feature,
Strait's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature;
Love and Hate are Fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of Grief, or of Content,
That the Lover's bleſt, or dies:

ons of mighty Pain, or Pleasure,
gin'd Want, imagin'd Treasure,
ll in powerful Fancy lies.

SONG 668.

Ove, weary'd with his roving Flight,
Descending at th'Approach of Night,
n to Panthea's Bosom fled,
made that Seat of Joy his Bed.
tly her heaving Bosom rose,
seem'd to court him to repose;
'ling he folds his Wings to creep
ween her Breasts for sweeter Sleep.
s'd and transported with the Joy,
laugh'd at the deluded Boy;
did a Stratagem prepare,
keep the wanton Pris'ner there.
took a various colour'd Braid,
Purple, Gold, and Scarlet made:
, Youngster, said the cruel Fair,
shall Panthea's Fetters wear.
when surpriz'd he waking found
shackled Limbs, and Pinions bound,
ing he wept, and begg'd she'd please
give her Captive a Release.
Youth, says she, wou'd you so soon
your Apartments, and be gone?
my dear Rover, first discharge
Quarters, ere you're set at large.
for a Bribe, said he, to go,
Quiver take, and take my Bow;
Nor can I greater Triumphs boast.
Than that my Arms to you were lost.
And now those Shafts are his no more,
His Bow and Ensigns of his Pow'r;
Panthea now commands Love's Darts,
All Eyes she charms, and wounds all Hearts.

SONG 669.

LOve still has something of the Sea.
From whence his Mother rose;
No Time his Slaves from Doubt can free,
Nor give their Thoughts Repose.

They are becalm'd in cleerest Days,
And in rough Weather tost;
They wither under cold Delays,
Or are in Tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the Port,
Then strait into the Main,
Some angry Wind, in cruel Sport,
Their Vessels drives again.

At first, Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falshood soon appear
In a more dreadful Shape.

By such Degrees to Joys they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the Sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a Pain,
And to defer a Bliss;

Believe me, gentle Hermione,
No leſs inhuman is.
An hundred thouſand Oaths your Fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thouſand Years,
I could no deeper love.
'Tis fitter much for you to gueſs,
Than me for to explain:
But grant, O grant that Happineſs
Which only does remain.

SONG 670.

LOve's but the Frailty of the Mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A ſickly Flame, which if not fed expires;
And feeding, waſtes in ſelf-conſuming Fires.
'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy,
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy:
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom inferior Beauties ſigh'd in vain.
Then I alone the Conqueſt prize,
When I inſult the Rival's Eyes.
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I ſee,
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

SONG 671.

LOve gives War or Peace at Pleaſure,
Fond Lovers ſtill tormenting,
But deaf to all Lamenting,
Laughs when he gives us Pain.
Diſplays his ſhining Treaſure,
His Toils and Snares ſurround us;
No ſooner does he wound us,
But leaves us to complain.

SONG 672.

LOve's a gentle, gen'rous Paſſion,
Source of all ſublime Delights;
Which, with mutual Inclinations,
Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
If compar'd with true Content?
That falſe Joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawleſs Paſſions bring Vexation,
But a chaſte and conſtant Love
Is a glorious Emulation
Of the bliſsful State above.

SONG 673.

LOvely Lucinda blame not me,
If on your beauteous Looks I gaze;
How can I help it, when I ſee
Something ſo charming in your Face!
That like a bright unclouded Sky,
When in the Air the Sun-beams play,
It raviſhes my wand'ring Eye,
And warms me with a pleaſing Ray.

SONG 674. *My Deary, &c.*

LOve never more ſhall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever Maid my Heart ſhall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.

Thy Beauties did ſuch Pleaſure give,
Thy Love's ſo true to me;
Without thee I ſhall never live,
My Deary if thou die.

If Fate ſhould tear thee from my Breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray?
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waſte,
In Sighs the ſilent Day.
I ne'er can ſo much Virtue find,
Nor ſuch Perfection ſee.
Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
My Peggy after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
With Cupid's raving Rage;
But thine, which can ſuch Sweets impart,
Muſt all the World engage.
'Twas this that like the Morning Sun
Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when its deſtin'd Day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye Pow'rs that ſmile on vertuous Love,
And in ſuch Pleaſure ſhare;
You who its faithful Flames approve,
With Pity view the Fair.
Reſtore my Peggy's wonted Charms,
Thoſe Charms ſo dear to me:
Oh! never take them from thoſe Arms;
I'm loſt if Peggy die.

SONG 675.

LOve, thou'rt the beſt of human Joys,
Our chiefeſt Happineſs below;
All other Pleaſures are but Toys,
Muſic without thee is but Noiſe,
Beauty but an empty Show.

Heaven that knew beſt what Man cou'd move,
And raiſe his Thoughts above the Brute,
Said, let him be, and let him love,
That only muſt his Soul improve,
Howe'er Philoſophers diſpute.

SONG 676.

LOvers, who waſte your Thoughts and Youth
In Paſſions fond Extremes;
Who dream of Women's Love and Truth,
And doat upon your Dreams.

I ſhould not here your Fancy take,
From ſuch a pleaſing State;
Were you not ſure at laſt to wake,
And find your Fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the Love which Crowns
Our Cares, is all but Wiles;
Compos'd of falſe fantaſtick Frowns,
And ſoft diſſembling Smiles.

With Anger, which ſometimes they feign,
They cruel Tyrants prove;
And then turn Flatterers again,
With as affected Love.

As if ſome Injury were meant
To thoſe they kindly us'd,
Thoſe Lovers are the moſt content,
That have been ſtill refus'd.

Since each has in his Boſom nurs'd
A falſe and fawning Foe;
'Tis juſt, and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To 'ſcape the fatal Blow.

SONG 677.

LOng from the Force of Beauty's Charms,
Long have I wander'd free;
Endur'd no Grief, felt no Alarms,
Reſerv'd to fall by thee.

Thou, fair one, thou alone canſt move
This Paſſion in my Breaſt;
Thou, thou alone canſt teach me Love;
O teach me to be bleſt!

In Safety thus from all Alarms
The roving Turtle flies,
Till ſome unerring Hand conveys
The Shaft by which he dies.

SONG 678.

LOnely Groves young Strephon chuſing,
There t'indulge his am'rous Muſing,
Love augments, while Love he blames:
Cruel Love! you cauſe my Anguiſh,
Thus with Care I pine and languiſh,
Thus conſume amid your Flames.

I deſpair at Cælia's Frowning;
When ſhe weeps, in Tears I'm drowning,
Smiles give pleaſing Pains at beſt.
Love, who heard the Youth upbraid him,
Conſcious of his Preſence made him,
And his Godhead thus expreſt:

While you ſpeak of Pains and Dying,
Soothing Rapture you're enjoying;
My ſoft Empire's built on Sighs:
When thoſe anxious Cares are over,
Soon you loſe the Name of Lover:
Love inſipid grows, and dies.

SONG 679.

LOſt in a Labyrinth of Doubts and Joys,
Whom now her Smiles reviv'd, her Scorn deſtroys:
She will, and ſhe will not, ſhe grants, denies,
Conſents, retracts, advances, and then flies;
Approving, and rejecting in a Breath,
Now proff'ring Mercy, now preſenting Death.
Thus hoping, thus deſpairing, never ſure;
How various are the Torments I endure!
Cruel Eſtate of Doubt! Ah, Mira try
Once to reſolve—or let me live, or die.

SONG 680.

LUcinda cloſe or veil your Eye,
Where thouſand Loves in Ambuſh lie;
Where Darts are pointed with ſuch Skill,
They're ſure to hurt, if not to kill;

t Pity move thee to ſeem blind,
ſt ſeeing, thou deſtroy Mankind.

Lucinda hide that ſwelling Breaſt,
he Phœnix elſe will change her Neſt:
et do not, for when ſhe expires,
r Heat may light in the ſoft Fires
f Love and Pity, ſo that I
y this one Way may thee enjoy.

SONG 681.

MUſick has Power to melt the Soul,
By Beauty Nature's ſway'd;
ch can the Univerſe controul,
Without each others Aid;
Each can, &c.

here together both appear,
nd Force united try;
ick enchants the liſt'ning Ear,
nd Beauty charms the Eye.
And Beauty, &c.

hat Cruelty theſe Pow'rs to join,
Theſe Tranſports who can bear?
! let the Sound be leſs divine,
look the Nymphs leſs fair.
Or look, &c.

SONG 682.

MOrtals wiſely learn to Meaſure
Time by the Extent of Joy:
ife's a ſhort and fleeting Pleaſure,
Then be gay,
Whilſt y u may,
And your Hours in Mirth employ.

Never let a Miſtreſs pain you,
Tho' ſhe meets you with a Frown;
Fly to Wine 'twill ſoon unchain you,
Chear thy Heart,
And all Smart,
In a ſweet Oblivion drown.

If Love's fiercer Flames ſhou'd ſeize you,
To ſome gentle Maid repair,
She'll with ſoft Endearments eaſe you;
On her Breaſt,
Lull'd to Reſt,
Eas'd of Love and freed from Care.

Friendſhip, Love, and Wine united,
From all Ills defend the Mind,
By them guarded and delighted;
Happy State,
Smile at Fate,
And leave Sorrow to the Wind.

SONG 683.

MY darling Delia, blooming Fair,
Let not a Heart in Flame conſume;
That's kindl'd with thy charming Air;
Oh! ſooth my Soul, or Death's my Doom.

I gaz'd, I lov'd, in Raptures fell,
Your ſparkling Eyes have pierc'd me thro';
No Poet's Song, no Tongue can tell,
How many Beauties ſhine in you.

Let Kingdoms the Ambitious fire,
Their Wealth and Power I despise,
To nobler Conquests I aspire,
For Delia's the more glor'ous Prize.

SONG 684.

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone astray,
The little Wanderer lost her Way,
In gathering Flowers t'other Day,
Poor Phillis, poor Phillis, poor lovely Phillis.
Ah! lead her Home ye gentle Swains,
Who know an absent Lovers Pains,
And bring me safely o'er the Plains
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.
Conceive what Tortures rack my Mind,
And if you'll be so just and kind,
I'll give you certain Marks to find
My Phillis, &c.
Whene'er a charming Form you see,
Serenely Grave, sedately free,
And mildly Gay it must be she,
'Tis Phillis, &c.
Not boldly bare or half undrest,
But under cover lightly prest,
In secret plays the little Breast,
Of Phillis, &c.
When such a Heavenly Voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryade near,
Ah! seize her, and bring Home my Dear,
'Tis Phillis, &c.

The Nymph whose Person void of Art,
Has e'ery Grace in e'ery Part,
With murdering Eyes, yet harmless Heart
Is Phillis, &c.
Whose Teeth are like the Ivory Row,
Whose Skin is like the cleerest Snow,
Whose Face like nothing that I know,
Is Phillis, &c.
But rest my Soul, and bless your Fate,
The Gods who form'd a Piece so rare,
So Just, Exact, and so compleat,
As Phillis, &c.
Proud of their Hit in such a Flower,
Which so exemplifies their Power,
Will guard in every dangerous Hour,
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

SONG 685.

MAidens fresh as a Rose,
Young, buxom, and full of Jollity,
Take no Spouse among Beaus,
Fond of their raking Quality:
He who wears a long Bush,
All powder'd down from his Periwig,
And with his Nose full of Snuff,
Snuffles out Love in a merry Ditty,
Who to Dames of high Place
Does prattle like any Parrot too;
Yet with Doxies a Brace,
At night pigs in a Garret too:

rimony out-run,
To make a fine Shew to carry thee.
inly, Friend, thou'rt undone,
If ſuch a Creature marry thee.

en for Fear of a Bribe,
Of flattering Noiſe and Vanity,
ke a Lad of our Tribe,
He'll ſhew the beſt Humanity:
ſtly thou wilt find Love,
In civil as well as ſecular;
when the Spirit doth move,
We have a Gift particular.

ho' our Graveneſs is Pride,
That Boobies the more may venerate,
e that gets a good Bride,
Can jump when he's to generate:
then goes the Diſguiſe,
To Bed in his Arms he'll carry thee;
en to be happy and wiſe,
Take Yea and Nay to marry thee.

SONG 686.

MAidens beware ye,
Love will enſnare ye,
you but look, or lend an Ear;
Words will detain ye,
Sighs will trapan ye,
Tears will draw you into the Snare;
Then in Time, beware.
Daily you'll find it,
If you'll but Mind it,
How many Maids falſe Men betray:
Let this concern ye,
Let their Fall learn ye,
From the Danger to run away.
Run, run, run away.
Let Virtue guard ye,
Praiſe will reward ye,
And you will ſhine in brighteſt Fame;
When the poor Creature,
That yields her Charter,
Lives abandon'd, and dies with Shame,
To bear ſuch a Name.

SONG 687 *Bobbing Joan.*

MAids like Courtiers muſt be woo'd,
Moſt by Flatt'ry are ſubdu'd;
Some capricious, coy, or nice,
Out of Pride protract the Vice;
But the fall,
One and all,
When we bid up to the Price.

SONG 688.

MAids are grown ſo coy of late,
Forſooth they will not marry;
Tho' they're in their Teens and paſt,
They ſay they yet can tarry.
But if they knew how ſweet a Thing
It is in Youth to marry,
They would ſell their Hoſe and Smock,
Ere they ſo long would tarry.

Winter Nights are long you know,
And bitter cold the Weather;
Then who's so fond to lie alone,
When two may lie together?
And is't not brave when Summer comes,
With all the Fields inroll'd,
To take a Green-gown on the Grass,
And wear it uncontroul'd?

For she that is most coy of all,
If she had Time and Leisure,
Would lay away severest Thoughts,
And turn to Mirth and Pleasure:
For why, the fairest Maid sometimes
Puts on the Face of Folly,
And Maids do ne'er repent so much
As when they are too holy.

SONG 689.

MAN (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man;
As the Spur is for the Jade,
As the Scabbard for the Blade,
As for Digging is the Spade,
As for Liquor is the Can,
So Man (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

As the Scepter's to be sway'd,
As for Night's the Serenade,
As for Pudding is the Pan,
And to cool us is the Fan,
So Man (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

Be she Widow, Wife, or Maid,
Be she wanton, be she stay'd,
Be she well, or ill array'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
Yet Man (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

SONG 690.

MAria, when my Sight you bless,
Each Morn beneath your Cow,
How can the Swain his Joy express,
To see thee in thy rural Dress,
And hear thee Singing too?

Thy Milk-white Waistcoat, free from Stain,
Denotes thy purer Thought,
As clear from Falshood as Disdain;
And in thy soft and chearful Strain,
My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn,
More fragrant than the Hay;
Or Flow'rs, tho' in thy Bosom worn;
Or Clover-grass, or green-ear'd Corn;
Or Cows, more sweet than they.

Thy modest Cheeks out-blush the Rose,
Whilst I thy Charms recite;
Thy Lips are Cherries; Eyes are Sloes;
And thy engaging Smiles disclose
Two Rows of Iv'ry white.

But Oh! the Burden of my Song!
Thoſe Charms may fall a Prey,
And be commanded, right or wrong,
By ſome dull Clown, whoſe vulgar Tongue
Can neither ſing nor ſay.

The Violet thus, that in the Mead
Regal'd our Smell, alas!
No more muſt rear his bloomy Head,
Stamp'd in by ſome black Ox's Tread,
Or mow'd with common Graſs.

The chearful Mornings, once ſo bleſt,
The Ev'nings too, are o'er:
Ye Cows, whoſe Teats Maria preſt
Farewell: My Pipe has done its beſt,
Maria ſmiles no more.

SONG. 691.

MArriage, it ſeems, is for better, for worſe;
Some count it a Bleſſing, and others a Curſe;
The Cuckolds are bleſt, if the Proverb prove true,
And then there's no Doubt but in Heav'n there's not few
Of honeſt rich Rogues, who ne'er had got there,
If their Wives had not ſent them thro' Trembling and Fear.

Some Women are honeſt, tho' rare in a Wife,
Yet with Scolding and Brawling they'll ſhorten your Life;
You ne'er can enjoy your Bottle and Friend,
But your Wife, like an Imp, is at your Elbow's End:
Crying, fie you Sot, come, come, come, come:
So theſe are unhappy abroad and at home.

We find the Batchelor liveſt beſt;
Tho' drunk or ſober he takes his Reſt;
He never is troubled with Scolding or Strife,
'Tis the beſt can be ſaid of a very good Wife:)
But merrily Day and Night does ſpend,
Enjoying his Miſtreſs, Bottle, and Friend,

A Woman out-wits us, do what we can,
She'll make a Fool of every wiſe Man;
Old Mother Eve did the Serpent obey,
And has taught all her Sex that damnable Way
Of Cheating and Couzening all Mankind,
'Twere better if Adam had ſtill been blind.

The poor Man that marries thinks he does well;
I pity's Condition, for ſure he's in Hell;
The fool is a ſotting, and ſpends all he gets,
The Child is a bawling, the Wife daily frets:
That Marriage is pleaſant, we all muſt agree,
Conſider it well, there's none happier can be.

SONG 692.

MAY the Ambitious ever find
Succeſs in Crowds and Noiſe,
While gentle Love does fill my Mind
With ſilent real Joys.

May Knaves and Fools grow rich and great,
And the World think 'em wiſe;
While I lie at my Nanny's Feet,
And the World deſpiſe.
Let conqu'ring Kings new Triumphs raiſe,
And melt in Court Delights;
Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
Her Arms much ſofter Nights.

SONG 693.

MIſtaken Fair, lay Sherlock by,
His Doctrine is deceiving;
For whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a Leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon, without a Maſter:
Then only let us ſtudy now
How we may live the faſter.

To live's to love; to bleſs, be bleſt
With mutual Inclination;
Share then my Ardour in your Breaſt,
And kindly meet my Paſſion.

But if thus bleſt, I may not live,
And Pity you deny,
To me at leaſt your Sherlock give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

SONG 694. *Of all the Girls that are ſo Smart.*

MOthers, thro' too much Pride or Love,
Ne'er fail of Inclination,
To breed their Children far above
The Level of their Station.

The Farmer to the Dancing School
Muſt ſend his awkward Daughter,
To ſpend what he ſhould give the Fool,
To match her well hereafter.

So when the Wench by am'rous Sighs
Declares ſhe's ripe and ready,
In Minuet and Boree lies
The Fortune of my Lady.

Thus bred, the wanton clumſy Laſs
A working Life deſpiſes,
And rather chuſing to be baſe,
She falls before ſhe riſes.

When if the Hoyden had been bred
To th'Ladle and the Needle,
She would not then have been miſled,
To ogle, kiſs, and wheedle.

Wherefore thoſe Parents act awry,
And in the main deceive 'em,
Who breed their Children proudly high,
Yet little have to give 'em.

SONG 695. *My dear Heart, &c.*

MY eaſy Heart,
With ſingle Dart,
Has no ſmall Anguiſh found;
But Love has now
Two Strings to's Bow,
Both Wit and Beauty wound.

uch Guns or Spears,
Who ſees or hears,
Deaths may take his Choice,
For tho' he flies
Her piercing Eyes,
e'll reach him with her Voice.

When Wit perſuades,
And Beauty leads
ur Senſes all to Joy,
Not Dido's Gueſt
Cou'd guard his Breaſt
gainſt the Cyprian Boy.

But if his Bow,
And Arrows too,
Were broken all and loſt,
None cou'd withſtand
Her naked Hand,
ey'll feel it to their Coſt.

SONG 696. *Come kiſs, &c.*

PEGGY.

MY Jockie blyth for what thou haſt done,
There is nae Help nor mending;
or thou haſt jogg'd me out of Tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
y Mither ſees a Change in me,
For my Complexion daſhes;
nd this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the Raſhes.

JOCKEY.

My Peggy what I've ſaid I'll do,
To free thee frae her Scouling;
Come then and let us buckle too,
Nae langer let's be fooling:
For her Content I'll inſtant wed,
Since thy Complexion daſhes;
And then we'll try a Feather-bed;
'Tis faſter than the Raſhes.

PEGGY.

Then Jockie ſince thy Love's ſo true,
Let Mither ſcoul, I'm eaſy:
Sae long's I live I ne'er ſhall rue
For what I've done to pleaſe thee.
And there's my Hand I's ne'er complain,
O! well's me on the Raſhes;
Whene'er thou like, I'll do't again,
And a feg for a' their Claſhes.

SONG 697.

MY ſweeteſt May, let Love ineline thee,
'T'accept a Heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant Slave, regard it,
Syne for its Faithfulneſs reward it.
'Tis proof a Shot to Birth or Money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bony;
Receive it then with a Kiſs and a Smily;
There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet theſe Lips of thine are;
Thy Boſom white, and Legs ſae fine are,

That when in Pools I ſee thee clean 'em,
They carry away my Heart between 'em.
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a Mountain;
Tho' Kith and Kin and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
Alane thro' flow'ry Hows I dander,
Tenting my Flocks leſt they ſhou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear Laſſie, it is but Daffin,
To had thy Woer up ay niff naffin.
That na, na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely,
O! ſay yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG 698.

MY Dear and only Love, I pray,
That little World of thee,
Be govern'd by no other Sway,
But pureſt Monarchy:
For if Confuſion have a part,
Which virtuous Souls abhor,
I'll call a Synod in my Heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My Thoughts did evermore diſdain
A Rival on my Throne.
He either fears his Fate too much,
Or his Deſerts are ſmall,
Who dares not put it to the Touch,
To gain or loſe it all.

But I will reign, and govern ſtill,
And always give the Law,
And have each Subject to my Will,
And all to ſtand in Awe:
But 'gainſt my Batteries if I find
Tho ſtorm, or vex me ſore,
As if thou ſet me as a Blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thy Heart,
Where I ſhould ſolely be,
If others do pretend a Part,
Or dare to ſhare with me:
Or if Committees thou erect,
Or go on ſuch a Score,
I'll ſmiling mock at thy Neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithleſs Action ſtain
Thy Love and conſtant Word,
I'll make thee famous by my Pen,
And glorious by my Sword.
I'll ſerve thee in ſuch noble Ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy Head with Bays,
And love thee more and more.

SONG 699.

MY Patie is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy;

Breath is ſweeter than new Hay;
is Face is fair and ruddy.
Shape is handſome, middle Size;
He's ſtately in his wawking;
e ſhining of his Een ſurprize;
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.
Night I met him on a Bawk,
Where yellow Corn was growing;
ve mony a kindly Word he ſpak,
That ſet my Heart a glowing.
kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
at gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O Corn Riggs are bony.
Maidens of a ſilly Mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
e we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting:
n I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And ſyne wy Cockernony;
free to touzle air or late,
Where Corn riggs are bony.

NG 700 *The glancing of her Apron.*

Y Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-lang Simmer Day,
we amaiſt were ſpoil'd
making of the Hay:
Kirchy was of Holland clear,
'd on her bony Brow,
I whiſper'd ſomething in her Ear;
But what's that to you?

Her Stockings were of Kerſy green,
As tight as ony Silk:
O ſic a Leg was never ſeen,
Her Skin was white as Milk;
Her Hair was black as ane cou'd wiſh,
And ſweet, ſweet was her Mou,
O! Jeany daintylie can kiſs;
But what's that to you?

The Roſe and Lily baith combine,
To make my Jeany fair;
There is nae Benniſon like mine,
I have amaiſt nae Care;
Only I fear my Jeany's Face
May cauſe mae Men to rew,
And that may gar me ſay, alas!
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy Beauties, if you can,
Hide that ſweet Face of thine,
That I may only be the Man
Enjoys theſe Looks divine.
O! do not proſtitute, my Dear,
Wonders to common View;
And I with faithful Heart ſhall ſwear,
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had Wives anew,
And mony a Concubine;
But I enjoy a Bliſs mair true,
His Joys were ſhort of mine;

And Jeany's happier than they,
She Seldom wants her Due;
All Debts of Love to her I pay,
And what's that to you.

SONG 701.

MY Soger Laddie
Is over the Sea,
And he will bring Gold
And Money to me;
And when he comes hame,
He'll make me a Lady,
My Bleſſing gang with
My Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie
Is handſome and brave,
And can as a Soger
And Lover behave;
True to his Country,
To Love he is ſteady,
There's few to compare,
With my Soldier Laddie.
Shield him ye Angels,
Frae Death in Alarms,
Return him with Lawrels
To my langing Arms.
Syne frae all my Care
Ye'll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my Wiſhes
My Soger ye gi'e me.

O ſoon may his Honours
Bloom fair on his Brow;
As quickly they muſt,
If he get his Due:
For in noble Actions
His Courage is ready,
Which makes me delight
In my Soger Laddie.

SONG 702 *The Wawking of the Fauld.*

MY Peggy is a young Thing,
Juſt enter'd in her Teens;
Fair as the Day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the Day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young Thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The Wawking of the Fauld.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair, to lay my Care,
I wiſh na mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a'the lave I'm cauld;
But ſhe gars a' my Spirits glow
At Wawking of the Fauld.
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld:
And naithing gi'es me ſic Delight,
As Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my Pipe I play;
By a'the reſt it is confeſt,
By a'the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her Sangs are tald,
With Innocence the Wale of Senſe,
At Wawking of the Fauld.

SONG 703.

MY Heart inclines your Chains to wear,
But Reaſon will not ſtoop;
Love that Angel's Face, but fear
The Serpent in your Hoop.
Your Eyes diſcharge the Darts of Love,
But oh! what Pains ſucceed,
Then Darts ſhall Pins and Needles prove,
And Love a Fire indeed!
The Fly about the Candle gay
Dances, with thoughtleſs Hum;
But ſhort, alas! his giddy Play,
His Pleaſure proves his Doom.
The Child, in ſuch Simplicity,
About thee Bee-Hive clings,
And with one Drop of Honey, he
Receives a hundred Stings.

SONG 704.

MY Goddeſs Lydia, heavenly Fair,
As Lilly ſweet, as ſoft as Air,
Let looſe thy Treſſes, ſpread thy Charms,
And to my Love give freſh Alarms.

O! let me gaze on theſe bright Eyes,
Tho' ſacred Lightning from them flies;
Shew me that ſoft, that modeſt Grace,
Which paints with charming red thy Face.

Give me Ambroſia in a Kiſs,
That I may rival Jove in Bliſs,
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleaſure all divine.

O hide thy Boſom's killing White,
(The Milky Whey is not ſo bright)
Leſt your my raviſh'd Soul oppreſs,
With Beauty's Pomp, and ſweet Exceſs.

Why draw'ſt thou from the Purple Flood
Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
Thou art all over endleſs Charms;
O! take me dying to thy Arms.

SONG 705.

MY dear Miſtreſs has a Heart,
Soft as thoſe kind Looks ſhe gave me.
When with Love's reſiſtleſs Art,
And her Eyes, ſhe did enſlave me;
But her Conſtancy's ſo weak,
She's ſo wild, and apt to wander,

That my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day asunder.
Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleasures, wounding Blisses;
She can dress her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can Arm with Kisses:
Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder;
But my jealous Heart would break,
Shou'd we live one Day asunder.

SONG 706.

MY Heart is ev'ry Beauty's Prey,
And does my Pow'r disown;
I ne'er could keep it one whole Day,
And now't has been so long away,
I know not where 'tis flown.
But if the Fair that finds this Stray,
Will kindly give it Room;
Or teach it better to obey,
Her Care with double Thanks I'll pay,
And take the Rambler Home.

SONG 707.

MY Mind to me a Kingdom is,
Such perfect Joys therein I find,
That it excels all other Bliss
The World affords, or grows by Kind:
Tho' much I want that most would have,
Yet still my Mind forbids to crave.
No Shape to feed a loving Eye;
To none of these am I in Thrall,
No princely Pomp, no wealthy Store;
For why, my Mind to me is all.
No Force to win the Victory;
No cunning Wit to salve a Sore.

Content I live with this my Stay;
I wish no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no mighty Sway;
Look what I want, my Mind supplies:
Thus do I triumph like a King,
Content with that my Mind doth bring.

Some have too much, and yet do want;
I little have, but wish no more:
They are but poor, for much they want;
And I am rich with little Store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

Some weigh their Pleasures by their Lust,
The Wisdom by the Rage of Will:
Their Treasure is their only Trust,
And crooked Craft their School of Skill:
But all the Pleasure I can find,
Is the Content of Quiet Mind.

My Health is Wealth and perfect Ease,
A Conscience clean my chief Defence;
I do not seek by Bribes to please,
Nor by Deceit to give Offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die:
Would all did but as well as I.

SONG 708.

Y Name is honeſt Harry,
And I love little Mary;
ite of Ciſs, or jealous Beſs,
have my own Figary.

ove is blithe and buckſome,
d ſweet and fine as can be,
and gay, as Flow'rs in May,
d I oks like Jack-a-Dandy.

f ſhe will not have me,
at am ſo true a Lover,
rink my Wine, and ne'er repine,
nd down the Stairs I'll ſhove her.

f that ſhe will love, Sir,
'll be as kind as may be,
ive her Rings, and pretty things,
nd deck her like a Lady.

Petticoat like Satin,
er Gown of Crimſon Tabby,
d up before, and ſpangl'd o'er,
ſh like a Barthol'mew Baby.

Waiſtcoat ſhall be ſcarlet,
th Ribbands ty'd together;
Stockings of a cloudy Blue,
nd her Shoes of Spaniſh Leather.

Smock of fineſt Holland,
l lac'd in ev'ry Quarter,
and wide, and long enough
o hang below her Garter.

Then to the Church I'll have her,
Where we will wed together,
And ſo come home, when we have done,
In ſpite of Wind and Weather.

The Fidlers ſhall attend us,
And firſt play John come kiſs me;
And when that we danc'd around,
Then ſtrike up, Hit or miſs me.

Then hey for little Mary;
'Tis her I love alone, Sir;
Let any Man do what he can,
I will have her, or none, Sir.

SONG 709.

MY Days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly
With careleſs Eaſe from Tree to Tree,
Were but as bleſt as I.

Aſk gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine increas'd their Stream;
Or aſk the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent a Sigh to them.

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught:
The tender Chains of ſweet Deſire
Are fixt upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breaſt
Does every Doubt controul;
And lovely Nancy ſtands confeſt
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twiſted Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
Ye gentle Echo's, breezy Winds,
Ye cloſe Retreats of Love;

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Aſſiſt the dear Deſign;
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
As much as of Deſpair,
And hardly covet to be Great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the Paſſion in my Mind
Is mixt with ſoft Diſtreſs;
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

SONG 710.

MY Chloe, why d'ye ſlight me,
Since all you aſk you have?
No more with Frowns affright me,
Nor uſe me like a Slave.
Good-Nature to diſcover,
Uſe well your faithful Lover;
I'll be no more a Rover,
But conſtant to my Grave.

Could we but change Condition,
My Griefs would all be flown;
Poor I, the kind Phyſician,
And you the Patient grown.

All own you're wond'rous pretty,
Well ſhap'd, and alſo witty;
Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,
Then make my Caſe your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,
And form'd our Shape and Mind,
Too ſurely would enſlave us,
Were they like you inclin'd:
Then Goodneſs be your Duty,
Or I muſt bid adieu t'ye;
Like them with all your Beauty,
Be merciful and kind.

The Silver Swan, when dying,
Has moſt melodious Lays;
Like him, when Life is flying,
In Songs I'll end my Days:
But know, thou cruel Creature,
My Soul ſhall mount the fleeter,
And I ſhall ſing the ſweeter,
By warbling forth your Praiſe.

SONG 711.

MY Love was fickle once, and chang
Nor e'er would ſettle in my Heart;
From Beauty ſtill to Beauty ranging,
In ev'ry Face I found a Dart.

'Twas firſt a charming Shape enſlav'd me,
An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke;
'Till by her Wit Corinna ſav'd me,
And all my former Fetters broke.

now a long and lasting Anguish
For Belvidera I endure;
urly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted Cure.
here the false inconstant Lover,
After a thousand Beauties shewn,
es now surprising Charms discover,
And finds Variety in one.

SONG 712.

MY Fair is beautiful and young,
Stately, yet void of Pride,
entle as is the Turtle Dove,
And constant as the Tide.
rudence in all her Ways we find,
The Graces round her throng;
Wisdom itself has form'd her Mind,
And Music's on her Tongue.

SONG 713.

NOW Sylvia prepare to meet the fond Lover,
Rebellion is over,
ow Silvia prepare for Strephon's Embrace,
Since our Liberty's sure,
And Britains secure,
I'll quit War's Alarms,
nd leave fierce Bellona,
nd leave, &c.
To bear Cupid's Arms.
With my Flocks bleating round, and Sylvia close by me,
No Care shall come nigh me,
From Danger we're safe, Rebellion's no more.
And dull Time to beguile,
Whilst my Sylvia shall smile,
On my Tabret I'll play,
And Sylvia's sweet Lays shall,
And Sylvia's, &c.
Shall reward the soft Lay.
What Tongue can describe my Sylvia caressing,
How great is the Blessing,
When clasp'd in her Arms I immortal become,
Yet when Britain shall cry,
For Aid straight I'll fly,
To defend her free Laws,
And leave ever Sylvia,
And leave, &c.
To fight Britain's Cause.

SONG 714.

NOW we are all met together,
Like Birds of one Feather,
Let us drink and be harmlessly merry,
Tho' Fortune may frown,
Her Malice we'll drown,
In a Flood of neat Port or bright Sherry,
Come, bring a fresh Flask,
And broach every Cask;
We had better be prudently Mad,
With enliv'ning good Liquor,
(I'll appeal to the Vicar)
Than Ass-like, so stupidly sad.

'Tis wise to be Gay,
And enjoy thee to-Day,
Without too fond Care for the Morrow;
For howe'er we may fret,
Not one Dite of our Debt,
Can be paid by whole Years of dull Sorrow.

SONG 715.

NEAR some smooth Stream, O let me keep,
My Liberty and feed my Sheep.
A shady Walk well lin'd with Trees,
A Garden with a Range of Bees.
An Orchard which good Apples bears,
Where Spring along green Mantle wears,
Where Winters never are severe,
Good Barly Land to make good Beer.
With Entertainment for a Friend,
To spend in Peace my latter End.
In honest Ease, and Home-spun Grey,
And let the Evening crown the Day.

SONG 716.

NO more shall Meads be deck'd with Flowers,
Nor Sweetness dwell in rosy Bowers,
Nor greenest Buds in Branches spring,
Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
Nor April Violets paint the Grove,
If I forsake my Cælia's Love.
If I forsake, &c.
The Fish shall in the Ocean Burn,
And Fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
The humble Vale no Floods shall know,
When Floods shall highest Hills o'erflow,
Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave,
If e'er my Cælia I deceive,
If e'er, &c.

Love shall his Bow and Shafts lay by,
And Venus' Doves want Wings to fly,
The Sun refuse to shew his Light,
And fair Creation sink in Night,
And in that Night no Star appear,
If e'er I leave my Cælia Dear,
If e'er, &c.

SONG 717.

NANSY's to the Green-wood gane,
To hear the Gowdspink chatt'ring;
And Willie he has follow'd her,
To gain her Love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bade him mind wha gat him.
What ails ye at my Dad, quo' he,
My Minny or my Aunty?
With Crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty:
With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,
Of thae there were right plenty,
With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well,
And was not that right dainty?

Tho' my Father was nae Laird,
'Tis Daffin to be vaunty,
To keep it ay a good Kail-yard,
A Ha'houſe and a Pantry:
A good blue Bonnet on his Head,
An Owrlay 'bout his Craigy;
And ay until the Day he died,
He rade on good Shanks Nagy.
Now Wae and Wander on your Snout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nanſy:
Wad ye compare ye'rſell to me,
A Docken till a Tanſie?
I have a Wooer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny Mou
Is ſweet like Sugar-candy.
Now Nancy, what needs a' this Din?
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm ſure the Chief of a' his Kin
Was Rab the Beggar randy,
Wi' Minny Meg upo' her Back
Bare baith him and his Billy;
Will he compare a naſty Pack
To me your winſome Willy?
My Gutcher left a good braid Sword;
Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may tak it on my Word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my Lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy.
Then Nanſy turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, did Sandy hear ye?
Ye wadna miſs to get a Clout;
I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae haud ye'r Tongue, and ſae na mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your Fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get Nanſy.

SONG 718.

NAture ſo tender to Chloe has ſhown,
She ne'er can ſurrender a Heart ſhe has won;
Such is her Behaviour, ſo wiſe is her Aim,
That none boaſt her Favour, nor any complain.
Oh could I move her!
My Chains eaſy grown,
Shou'd ſerve her gay Lover,
To ſhew I'm her own:
Or were ſhe bnt cruel,
I Freedom might find;
But oh! to my Ruin!
She's not cruel nor kind.

SONG 719.

NEver ſigh, but think of kiſſing,
More, and more, and more of wiſhing.
To poſſeſs the mighty Bleſſing;

While they enjoy it they are true ;
They'll hug, they'll cling, and heave up too :
But Liberty when once regain'd,
The Favour's to another feign'd.

Why ſhould we then the Sex admire ?
For 'twas never their Deſire,
To maintain a conſtant Fire :
If ogling, wheedling, you'll believe,
They'll hourly ſtudy to deceive ;
But we will find out better Ways,
In Muſic, Singing, ſpend our Days.

SONG 720. *In Thomyris.*

NO more let Sorrow pain you,
Here Love alone ſhall chain you,
And ev'ry Joy reſtore ;
New Pleaſure ſhall detain you,
No Liberty has more.

SONG 721.

NO, Phillis, tho' you've all the Charms,
Ambitious Woman can deſire ;
All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,
Or ſets our fooliſh Hearts on Fire :
Yet you may practice all your Art
In vain to make a Slave of me ;
You ne'er ſhall re-engage my Heart,
Revolted from your Tyranny.

When firſt I ſaw thoſe dang'rous Eyes,
They did my Liberty betray ;
But when I knew your Cruelties,
I ſnatch'd my ſimple Heart away :
Now I defy your Smiles to win
My reſolute Heart, no Pow'r th'ave got
Tho' once I ſuck'd their Poiſon in,
Yovr Rigour prov'd an Antidote.
Tho' once, &c.

SONG 722.

NO more will I my Paſſion hide,
Tho' too preſuming it appear ;
When long Deſpair a Heart has try'd,
What other Torments can it fear ?
Unlov'd of her, I would not live,
Nor die, 'till ſhe the Sentence give.

Why ſhould the Fair offended be,
If Virtue charm in Beauty's Dreſs ;
If where ſo much Divine I ſee,
My open Vows the Saint confeſs ?
Awak'd by Wonders in her Eyes,
My former Idols I deſpiſe.

SONG 723. *There liv'd, &c.*

NO more think me falſe,
For the Flame never dies,
Which Silvia has rais'd
By ſuch powerful Eyes ;
Ah ! view but thyſelf,
Then meaſure my Love,
And think what a Paſſion
Such Beauty muſt move.

Tho' first it was Beauty
Which ravish'd my Sight,
Yet now I regard
As only the Light,
Which kindly betrays
The rich Charms of thy Mind,
Where Sense and Good-nature
So strongly are join'd.

Then think me not false,
For the Knot will e'er last,
Which my Fancy has ty'd,
And my Reason made fast;
So fast, that tho' Time
Thy Eyes may disarm,
Yet no Time shall my Faith
Or my Love ever harm.

The Passion I have,
Can never grow less,
Not tho' thy fair self
Shou'd that Passion oppress;
For while I thy Face
Or thy Mind have in View,
Still, still, I must love,
And in loving be true.

SONG 724.

NOR on Beds of fading Flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy Pride;
Nor with Swains in Syren Bowers,
Will true Pleasure long reside.

On awful Virtue's Hill sublime,
Enthroned sits th'Immortal Fair;
Who wins her Height, must patient climb,
The Steps are Peril, Toil, and Care.
So from the first did Jove ordain
Eternal Bliss for transient Pain.

SONG 725. *Greenwood Tree.*

NOT Eden's Garden did disdain
That pleasing Passion Love;
Where free from Guilt, and ev'ry Pain.
Adam did gaily rove.
Nor Tides of Furies' raging Fires,
That follow a wanton Chase,
Meer Vapours rais'd by hot Desires,
That vanish with Disgrace.

How guiltless may I meet the Flame
Of Cynthia's purest Breast,
While Friendship makes us still the same,
With ev'ry Virtue dress't?
Her Mind at first a Conquest made,
Her graceful Mind I must approve;
Her Wisdom cheaful still appear'd,
And justify'd my Love.

Trust not to Features, fleeting Charms;
Nor hug a painted Toy;
Those Age or Sickness soon disarms,
Warm Air will this destroy.
Let tender Passions take their Turn
And Virtue led the Way;

Where Minds are match'd, they ſeldom mourn,
Nor curſe the Marriage Day.

SONG 726. *The young Laird and* Edinburgh KATY.

NOw wat ye wha I met yeſtern,
Coming down the Street, my Jo?
My Miſtreſs in her Tartan Screen,
Fou bonny, braw and ſweet, my Jo.
My Dear, quoth I, thanks to the Night,
That never wiſht a Lover Ill,
Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dindſome Town a while;
The Bloſom's ſprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Simmer's gawn to ſmile:
The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
The bleeting Lambs and whiſtling Hind,
In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
Will nouriſh Health, and glad ye'r Mind.

Soon as the clear Goodman of Day
Bends up his Morning Draught of Dew,
We'll gae to ſome Burn Side, and play,
And gather Flowers to buſk ye'r Brow.
We'll pou the Daiſies on the Green,
The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo'the velvet Fog.

There's up into a pleaſant Glen,
A wee piece frae my Father's Tower,
A canny ſoft and flow'ry Den,
Which circling Birks have form'd a Bower.
Whene'er the Sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler Shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

SONG 727.

NO, no, no, no, Reſiſtance is but vain,
And only adds new Weight to Cupid's Chain:
A thouſand Ways, a thouſand Arts,
The Tyrant knows, to captivate our Hearts:
Sometimes he Sighs employs, and ſometimes tries
The univerſal Language of the Eyes:
The Fierce with Fierceneſs he deſtroys:
The Weak with Tenderneſs decoys:
He kills the Strong with Joy, the Weak with Pain.
No, no, no, no, Reſiſtance is but vain.

SONG 728.

NO longer boaſt your healing Tides,
Or the Chalybeat's Stain;
When Chloris at theſe Springs preſides,
They ſpend their Force in vain.
While for theſe Ills Relief is found
Which we with Eaſe endure,
The headleſs Patent feels the Wound
No Mineral can cure.

So from the Heat the thirſty Swain
To the freſh Fountain flies,
There ſoon allays his former Pain,
But of a Fever dies.

SONG 729.

NO, Delia, no, what Man can range
From ſuch ſeraphick Pleaſure?
'Tis want of Charms that makes us change,
To graſp the Fairy Treaſure:
What Man of Senſe wou'd quit a certain Bliſs
For Hopes, and empty Poſſibilities?
Vain Fools their ſure Poſſeſſions ſpend,
In Hopes of chymick Treaſure,
But for their fancy'd Riches find
Both want of Gold and Pleaſure.
Rich in my Delia, I can wiſh no more;
The Wand'rer, like the Chymiſt, muſt be poor.

SONG 730. *A trifling Son, &c.*

NOnſenſical Folks prepare,
To hear a Nonſenſical Song,
Each am'rous Beau with his Fair,
Whoſe Charm's a Nonſenſical Tongue.
Were there no Nonſenſical Flights,
The Women would want what to ſay,
The Poets want ſomething to write,
And the Actors want Farces to play.
Nonſenſe ſo reigns in this Age,
Both over the Noble and Cit;
The Town ſends a Share on the Stage,
And each Aſs ſets up for a Wit.

The Lover calls Nonſence his Muſe,
When ſmit by the am'rous Boy,
Always gaining with that the firſt Uſe
Of the Ladies Nonſenſical Toy.

The Parſons their Nonſenſe will preach
To praiſe Nonſenſical Fools;
Worn Ladies choice Secrets will teach
To Nonſenſical bungling Tools;
The Vulgar their Nonſenſe will prate,
And let their Opinions be had,
In Matters concerning the State,
And neglect for a Party their Trade.

A ſcribling Poet with Nonſenſe,
For a Dinner will Nobles aſperſe;
Tho' his Wit is as thin as his Conſcience,
Or rather as bare as his Purſe.
A Parliament Member ſometimes
May make a Nonſenſical Speech;
The Wiggs may the Tories of Crimes
For Nonſenſical Reaſons impeach.

Debates full of Nonſenſe will riſe,
Upon a Nonſenſical Theme,
'Mongſt thoſe that pretend to be wiſe,
And do their own Nonſenſe eſteem.
Since Nonſenſe is grown ſuch a Charm
With the Ladies, the Beau, and the Poet,
Let each one his Reaſon alarm,
And he that has Wit, let him ſhow it.

SONG 731.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me:
The one Thing I beg of kind Heav'n to grant,
Is a Mind independent and free.

By Paſſion unruffi'd, untainted with Pride,
By Reaſon my Life let me ſquare;
The Wants of my Nature are cheaply ſupply'd,
And the reſt are but Folly and Care.

Thoſe Bleſſings which Providence kindly has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
Whilſt ſweet Meditation and chearful Content
Will make me both happy and wiſe.

How vainly thro' infinite Trouble and Strife
The many their Labours employ?
When all that is truly delightful in Life
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG 732.

NO Warning of th' Approaching Flame,
Swiftly, like ſudden Death, it came;
Like Travellers, by Light'ning kill'd,
I burnt the Moment I beheld.

In whom ſo many Charms are plac'd,
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd;
The Caſe ſo ſhining to behold,
Is fill'd with richeſt Gems, and Gold.

To what my Eyes admir'd before
I add a thouſand Graces more;
And Fancy blows into a Flame,
The Spark that from her Beauty came.

The Object thus improv'd by Thought,
By by own Image I am caught;
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal Art,
Poliſh'd the Form that ſtung his Heart.

SONG 733.

WOMAN.

NO more Sir, no more, I'll ev'n give it o'er,
I ſee it is all but a Cheat;
Your ſoft wiſhing Eyes, your Vows, and your Lies,
Which thus you ſo often repeat.

MAN.

'Tis you are to blame, who fooliſhly claim
So ſilly a lean Sacrifice:
But Lovers, who pray, muſt always obey,
And bring down their Knees and their Eyes.

WOMAN.

Of late you have made Devotion a Trade
In Loving, as well as Religion:
But you cannot prove, thro' th' Ages of Love,
Any Worſhip was offer'd but one.

MAN.

That one let it be, in which we agree;
Leave Forms to the Maids, who are younger:
We're both of a Mind, make haſte, and be kind,
And continue a Goddeſs no longer.

SONG 734.

NOT an Angel dwells above
Half ſo fair as her I love;
Heaven knows how ſhe'll receive me:
If ſhe ſmiles, I'm bleſt indeed;
If ſhe frowns, I'm quickly freed;
Heaven knows ſhe ne'er can grieve me.

None can love her more than I,
Yet ſhe ne'er ſhall make me die.
If my Flame can never warm her,
Laſting Beauty I'll adore,
I ſhall never love her more,
Cruelty will ſoon deform her.

SONG 735.

NOT this blooming April Seaſon
Can relieve my aching Heart;
Spite of all the Force of Reaſon,
Still I act a frantic Part:
As the Canker eats the Roſes,
And the ſpringing Green deſtroys,
So Deſpair my Reſt oppoſes,
And conſumes my riſing Joys.

Ev'ry Valley, Field and Mountain,
Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove,
Warbling Bird and ſparkling Fountain,
Minds me of my luckleſs Love:
When the Couſlip I diſcover,
Springing o'er the Primroſe fair,
There (I ſigh) my gentle Lover
Would have cropp'd to deck my Hair.

If I ſadly ſit reflecting
By ſome b'oomy Hawthorn Tree,
All my Sorrows recollecting,
Love, I ery, reſembles thee:
He all flow'ry can appear,
To conceal his poiſon d Dart;
But the Wretch that truſts him near,
Graſps a Thorn, and wounds the Heart.

SONG 736.

NOW Phœbus ſinketh in the Weſt,
Welcome Song, and welcome Jeſt,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipſy Dance, and Jollity:
Braid your Locks with roſy Twine,
Dropping Odours, drooping Wine.
Rigour now is gone to Bed,
Old Advice with ſcrup'lous Head;
Strict Age, and ſow'r Severity,
With their grave Saws, in Slumber lie.

SONG 737.

NOW fly, Diſcretion, to my Aid,
See haughty Myra, fair and bright,
In all the Pomp of Love array'd;
Ah! how I tremble at the Sight!
She comes, ſhe comes—before her all
Mankind do proſtrate fall.

Love, a Deſtroyer fierce and young,
Advent'rous, terrible, and ſtrong,

Cruel, and raſh, delighting ſtill to vex,
Sparing nor Age nor Sex,
Commands in chief; well fortify'd he lies,
And from her Lips, her Cheeks and Eyes,
All Oppoſition he defies.
Reaſon, Love's old invet'rate Foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd 'till now,
Reaſon aſſiſts her too.

A wiſe Commander he, for Council fit;
In Modern Synod, nor appear'd of late
In Courts, nor Camps, nor in Affairs of State;
Reaſon proclaims them all his Foes,
Who ſuch reſiſtleſs Charms oppoſe.

My very Boſom Friends make War
Within my Breaſt, and in her Intereſts are;
Eſteem and Judgment with ſtrong Fancy join
To court, and call the fair Invader in;
My darling fav'rite Inclination too,
All, all conſpiring with the Foe.
Ah! wither ſhall I fly to hide
My Weakneſs from the Conqu'ror's Pride?
Now, now, Diſcretion be my Guide.
But ſee, this mighty Archimedes too,
Surrenders now.
Preſuming longer to reſiſt,
His very Name
Diſcretion muſt diſclaim;
Folly and Madneſs only would perſiſt.

SONG 738.

NOW to you ye dry Wooers,
Old Beaus, and no Doers,
So doughty, ſo gouty,
So uſeleſs and toothleſs,
Your Blindneſs, cold Kindneſs,
Has nothing of Man:
Still doating, or gloating,
Still ſtumbling, or fumbling,
Still hawking, ſtill baulking,
You flaſh in the Pan:
Unfit, like old Brooms,
For ſweeping our Rooms,
You're ſunk and you're ſhrunk:
Then repent and look to't;
In vain you're ſo uppiſh, in vain you're uppiſh,
You're down ev'ry Foot.

SONG 739.

NOW the hungry Lions roar,
And howling Wolves behold the Moon
Now the heavy Plowmen ſnore,
After daily Labour's done.
Trip it, trip it, trip it ſoftly round,
Ever ſacred be this Ground.
Now the Brands of Fire do glow,
Whilſt the Screech-Owl, ſcreeching loud,
Puts the Wretch that lives in Woe,
In Remembrance of a Shroud.
Trip it, &c.

Now it is the Time of Night,
That the Graves are gaping wide,
Ev'ry one lets forth his Spright,
In the Church-way Paths to glide.
Trip it, &c.

And we Faries, that do run,
By the triple Hecate's Team,
From the Preſence of the Sun,
Following Darkneſs like a Dream.
Trip it, &c.

Tho' we frolick, let no Mouſe,
Or boding Bird, or Beaſt of Prey,
Diſturb the Quiet of this Houſe,
But downy Sleep bring on the Day.
Trip it, &c.

Weaving Spiders come not near,
Spotted Snakes do no Offence:
Beetles black, approach not here;
Worm and Snail, be far from hence.
Trip it, &c.

By the dead and drowſy Fire,
Ev'ry Elf and fairy Spright
Hop, as little Bird from Bry'r,
Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.
Trip it, &c.

Now join all your warbling Notes
In Chorus of ſweet Harmony,
Strain aloud your fairy Throats,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
Trip it, &c.

Hand in Hand with fairy Grace
We will ſing, and bleſs this Place;
May Plenty, Paſtime, and ſweet Peace,
Daily in this Houſe increaſe.
Trip it, trip it, trip it ſoftly Round,
Ever ſacred be this Ground.

SONG 740.

NOW the good Man's from home,
I'll caſt away Care;
And, with ſome briſk Fellow
Steal out to the Fair;
Though ſome are too baſhful,
And others too bold,
Yet Womens Intentions
Are not to be told.

But if I ſhould meet
With a Spark to my Mind,
One fit to be truſted,
I then may prove kind:
With him I would ramble
The Fair all around;
I'd eat, and I'd drink
Of the beſt could be found.

There's Fielding and Oates,
And Hip'ſley and Hall,
And Bullock and Lee,
And the Devil and all:
I'll have the beſt Place,
And I'll ſee ev'ry Sight,

And wanton in Pleaſure
From Morning 'till Night.

Oh! there I ſhall ſee
All the Gentlemen Rakes,
And hear the ſweet Cry
Of Beer, Ale, Wine and Cakes;
Whilſt I in blue Apron
And clean Linnen Gown,
Draw all the fine Sparks
From the Flirts of the Town.

SONG 741.

NOW all my Friends are laid in Grave,
And nothing they have left me,
But a Mark a Year my Mother gave,
By which for to protect me:
Yet I live on the Leagure ſtill,
As brave as any Lady,
And all is with a Mark a Year,
The which my Mother gave me.

I have my Pimps at my Command,
My Coach upon me tending;
If any one be cut or ſlaſh'd,
Or any one offending,
They'll bear me out of all the Rout,
As brave, &c.

My high Commode, my Damaſk Gown,
Lac'd Shoes of Spaniſh Leather,
A Silver Bodkin in my Head,
And a dintya Plume of Feather;
I'll take Tobacco with a Grace,
As brave, &c.
A Lord, a Night, a Gentleman,
Is welcome to my Oven;
The finical Courtier with his Tricks,
Whoſe Beard's but newly ſhaven;
All's One to me, whoe'er he be,
He's welcome ſtill as may be:
God-a-mercy Mother, for thy Gift,
Its a Portion for a Lady.

SONG 742.

NOW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
Beet the Ingle, and ſnuff the Light:
In Glens the Fairies ſkip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to France,
Up in the Air
On my bonny grey Mare,
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet.
Up in, &c.

The Wind's drifting Hail and Sna',
O'er frozen Hags, like a Foot-ba';
Nae Starns keek through the Azure ſlit,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony Pit.
The Man i' the Moon
Is carouſing aboon;
D'ye ſee, d'ye ſee, d'ye ſee him yet?
The Man, &c.

Take your Glaſs to clear your Een,
'Tis the Elixer heals the Spleen,

ith Wit and Mirth it will inſpire,
d gently puffs the Lover's Fire.
Up in the Air
It drives away Care;
i'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha' we ye Lads,
yet.
Up in, &c.
eek the Doors, keep out the Froſt;
ome Willie, gie's about ye'r Toſt:
'll Lads, and lilt it out,
nd let us ha'e a blythſome Bout.
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair:
uzza, huzza, and huzza, Lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

SONG 743. *Sae merry as, &c.*

NOW Phœbus advances on high,
Nae Footſteps of Winter are ſeen;
he Birds carrol ſweet in the Sky,
And Lambkins dance Reels on the Green.
ro' Plantings, by Burnies ſae clear,
We wander for Pleaſure and Health,
here Buddings and Bloſſoms appear,
Giving Proſpect of Joy and Wealth.
ew ilka gay Scene all around,
That are and that promiſe to be;
t in them a' naithing is found,
Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee.
y Een the clear Fountains excel,
Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;
When Zephyrs thoſe pleaſingly ſwell,
Ilk Waves make a Captive to Love.
The Roſes and Lillies combin'd,
And Flow'rs of moſt delicate Hue,
By thy Breaſt and dear Cheeks are out-ſhin'd,
Their Tinctures are naithing ſae true.
What can we compare with thy Voice?
And what with thy Humour ſae ſweet?
Nae Muſic can bleſs with ſic Joys;
Sure Angels are juſt ſae complete.
Fair Bloſſom of ilka Delight,
Whoſe Beauties ten thouſand out-ſhine;
Thy Sweets ſhall be laſting and bright,
Being mixt with ſae many divine.
Ye Pow'rs who have given ſic Charms
To Eliza, your Image below,
O ſave her frae a'l human Harms!
And make her Hours happily flow.

SONG 744. *Wat ye wha I met Yeſtreen.*

NOW from Ruſticity and Love,
Whoſe Flames but over-lowly burn,
My gentle Shepherd muſt be drove,
His Soul muſt take another Turn:
As the rough Diamond from the Mine,
In Breakings only ſhews its Light,
'Till poliſhing has made it ſhine,
Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.

SONG 745.

The Sleepy FAIR.

ONE Summer's Eve as Strephon rov'd,
Wrapt up in Thoughts profound;
Surpriz'd he ſaw his beſt belov'd
Lye ſleeping on the Ground:

Awake, my pretty Sleeper 'wake,
Awake to Strephon's Call,
Be careful for thy Lover's Sake,
'Tis Eve, the Dew Drops fall.

Then to her Cheek his Lips he laid,
And gently ſtole a Kiſs;
She ſtill ſlept on; he not diſmay'd,
Repeats the tranſient Bliſs.

She 'wakes, and thus in angry Tone,
Away! away! ſhe cries;
Then fault'ring bid the Swain be gone,
Then ſigh'd and clos'd her Eyes.

Tho' cruel are thy Words, fair Maid,
Can Sighs proceed from Hate;
My Doubts are gone, then down he laid,
Reſolv'd to ſhare her Fate.

Defended from the noxious Air,
Within her Arms he lay;
And tho' he often wak'd the Fair,
She ſaid no more till Day.

SONG 746.

The Humours of VAUX-HALL.

O Mary ſoft in Feature,
I've been at dear Vauxhall;
No Paradice is ſweeter,
Not that they Eden call.

At Night ſuch new Vagaries,
Such gay and harmleſs Sport;
All look like Giant Fairies,
And thus they Monarch's Court.

Methought when firſt I enter'd,
Such Splendor round me ſhone;
Into a World I ventur'd,
Where roſe another Sun.

Whilſt Muſic never cloying,
As Sky Larks ſweet I hear,
The Sound I'm ſtill enjoying,
They'll always ſooth my Ear.

Here Paintings ſweetly glowing,
Where e'er our Glances fall;
Here Colours Life beſtowing,
Bedeck this Green-wood Hall.

The King there dubs a Farmer;
There John his Doxey loves:
But my Delight's the Charmer,
Who ſteals a Pair of Gloves.

As ſtill amaz'd I'm ſtraying,
O'er this enchanted Grove,

rd a Harper playing,
All in his proud Alcove.
ft my Hat deſiring,
He'd tune up Buxom Joan ;
what was I admiring ?
Odzooks ! a Man of Stone.

t now the Tables ſpreading,
They all fall too with Glee ;
t ev'n at 'Squire's fine Wedding,
uch Dainties did I ſee.

ong'd poor ſtarv'ling Rover,
But none heed Country Elves ;
eſe Folk with Lace daub'd over,
Love only their dear Selves.

us whilſt 'midſt Joys abounding,
As Graſshoppers they're gay ;
Diſtance Crouds ſurrounding,
The Lady of the May.

e Man i'th'Moon tweer'd ſlily,
Soft twink'ling thro' the Trees,
tho' 'twould pleaſe him highly,
To taſte Delights like theſe.

SONG 747.

e Maid that's made for Love *and* Me.

O Wouldſt thou know what ſacred Charms,
This deſtin'd Heart of mine alarms,
is deſtin'd Heart of mine alarms.
hat Kind of Nymphs the Heav'ns decree,
e Maid that's made for Love and me.

Who Joys to hear thee Sigh ſincere ;
Who melts to ſee the tender Tear ;
From each ungentle Paſſion free,
O be the Maid that's made for me.

Whoſe Heart with gen'rous Friendſhip glows,
Who feels the Bleſſings ſhe beſtows :
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be ſuch the Maid that's made for me.

Whoſe ſimple Thoughts devoid of Art,
Are all the Natives of her Heart ;
A gentle Train, from Falſhood free,
Be ſuch the Maid that's made for me.

Avaunt ye light Coquet's retire,
Where flatt'ring Feps around admire ;
Unmov'd your trincal Charms I ſee,
More genuine Beauties are for me.

SONG 748.

Pretty PEGGY.

ONCE more I'll tune the Vocal Shell,
To Hills and Dales my Paſſion tell,
A Flame which Time can never quell,
That burns for thee my Peggy :
Yet guitar Bards the Lyre ſhall hit,
Or ſay what Subject is more fit,
Than to record the ſparkling Wit,
And Bloom of lovely Peggy.

The Sun firſt riſing in the Morn,
That paints the Dew beſpangled Thorn,
Does not ſo much the Day adorn,

As does my lovely Peggy :
And when in Thetis Lap to Reſt,
He ſtreaks with Gold the ruddy Waiſt ;
She's not ſo beauteous as undreſt,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyrs on the Vi'let blows,
Or breaths upon the Damaſk Roſe,
He does not half the Sweets diſcloſe,
As does my lovely Peggy :
I ſtole a Kiſs the other Day,
And truſt me none but Truth I ſay,
The Fragrance of the blooming May
Is not ſo ſweet as Peggy.

Were ſhe array'd in ruſtic Weed,
With her the bleating Flocks I'd feed,
And Pipe upon the Oaten Reed,
To pleaſe my lovely Peggy :
With her a Cottage would delight,
All's happy when ſhe's in my Sight ;
But when ſhe's gone, it's endleſs Night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r ſhall rove,
And Linnets warble thro' the Grove ;
Or ſtately Swans the Water love,
So long ſhall I love Peggy :
And when Death with his pointed Dart,
Shall ſtrike the Blow that rives my Heart,
My Words ſhall be when I depart,
Adieu my lovely Peggy.

SONG. 749.

ON his Face the Vernal Roſe,
Blended with the Lilly glows.
His Looks are as the Raven black,
In Ringlets waving down his Back.
His Eyes with milder Beauties beams,
Than billing Doves beſide the Stream.
His youthful Cheeks are Beds of Flowers,
Enripen'd by refreſhing Showers.
His Lips are of the Roſe's Hue,
Dropping with a fragrant Dew.
Tall as the Cedar he appears,
And Erect his Form he bears.
Tall as the Cedar he appears,
And Erect his Form he bears.

SONG 750.

O Cupid, gentle Cupid,
In Pity eaſe my Pain,
And let a faithful Lover,
A kind Return obtain.
A kind Return obtain.
O Cupid, gentle Cupid,
In Pity eaſe my Pain,
And let a faithful Lover,
A kind Return obtain.
A kind Return obtain.
My Grief's beyond enduring,
My Sorrows paſt all curing,
My Anguiſh but procuring
More Hatred and Diſdain.

SONG 751. *In Proſerpine.*

O Sleep, kind God, thou Friend to Sorrow,
Come bind me in thy peaceful Chains;
From thee alone the Wretch can borrow
Short Releaſe from laſting Pains.

SONG 752. *In the ſame:*

O Bleſt Retreat! O bliſsful Bow'rs!
Ye ſunny Hills, and verdant Glades:
Warbling Choirs, and verdant Springs,
Here, 'midſt your Sweets, in full Content I reign,
Nor envy Juno on her ſtarry Throne.

SONG 753. *In Calypſo.*

O Cupid, gentle Boy,
Reſtore me to the Fair;
To Love's auſpicious Joy
I'll fly from gloomy Care.

SONG 754. *I wiſh my Love, &c.*

O Lovely Maid! how dear's this Pow'r?
At once I love, at once adore;
With Wonder are my Thoughts poſſeſt,
While ſofteſt Love inſpires my Breaſt.
This tender Look, theſe Eyes of mine,
Confeſs their am'rous Maſter thine:
Thine Eyes with Strephon's Paſſion play;
Firſt make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine;
Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
Was never in another's Power;
Was never pierc'd by Love before.
In thee I've treaſur'd up my Joy;
Thou can'ſt give Bliſs, or Bliſs deſtroy:
And thus I've bound myſelf to Love,
While Bliſs or Miſery can move.

O ſhould I ne'er poſſeſs thy Charms,
Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms;
Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But like ſome diſcontented Shade,
That wanders where its Body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam, with hollow Glare,
For ever exil'd from my Fair.

SONG 755. *In the Iſland Princeſs.*

O H ceaſe, ceaſe, urge no more the God to
ſwell my Breaſt!
The Manſion dreads the greater Gueſt:
But lo! he comes! I ſhake! I feel, I feel his Sway,
And now he hurries me along;
Then, Crouds believe, and Kings obey,
'Tis Heaven inſpires the Song.

Haſte! to the Gods due Vengeance give,
Hark! from their Seats they cry,
Who lets Blaſphemers live,
Shall by Blaſphemers die.
Haſte! haſte! due Vengeance give,
" Let the Sound
" Echo all round,"

Haſte! haſte! due Vengeance give.
Beware! ten thouſand thouſand threat'ning Woes!
Ills I ſee!
Invaſions! Wars! Plagues! Ruin! endleſs
Ah wretched Iſle! I weep for thee:
Save, ſave thyſelf; reſign the Gods blaſpheming Foes.
Now, now the Thunder roars,
The Earth now groans and quakes;
The riſing Main a Deluge pours,
The World's Foundation ſhakes.
Hell gapes! the Fiends appear!
Oh hold! ye angry Powers relent, or we deſpair.
See, we fulfil
On your Foes your dreadful Will.
See the Throng
Hoot 'em as they're dragg'd along.
Now they tear 'em, now they die;
All applaud, and ſhout for Joy.
Peace returns, all Nature ſmiles;
Happy Days now bleſs our Iſles:
Now we laugh with Plenty crown'd;
Merry Sports and Love go round.

SONG 756. *The Blind Boy.*

O Say what is that Thing call'd Light,
Which I muſt ne'er enjoy?
What are the Bleſſings of the Sight,
Tell me your poor blind Boy?
You talk of wond'rous Things you ſee:
You ſay the Sun ſhines bright,
I feel him warm; but how can he
Then make it Day or Night?
My Day or Night myſelf I make,
Whene'er I 'wake or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always Day.
With heavy Sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeleſs Woe;
But ſure with Patience I may bear
A Loſs I ne'er can know.
Then let not what I cannot have,
My Chear of Mind deſtroy;
Whilſt thus I ſing, I am a King,
Altho' a poor blind Boy.

SONG 757.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly [moorn
Thy Preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When nothing can pleaſe me:
Now dowie I ſigh on the Bank of the Burn,
Or through the Wood, Laddie, until thou return.
Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Morning
While Lav'rocks are ſinging, [are chear
And Primroſes ſpringing,
Yet nane of them pleaſes my Eye or my Ear,
When through the Wood, Laddie, ye chear
appear.
That I'm forſaken, ſome ſpear not to tell;
I'm faſh'd wi' their Scorning,
Baith Ev'ning and Morning;

heir Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell,
hile thro' the Wood, Laddie, I wander my
sell.

hen ſtay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an Arrow,
Haſte here to thy Marrow,
ha's living in Langour, till that happy Day,
hen through the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance,
ſing, and play.

SONG 758.

O Greedy Midas, I've been told, [Gold:
That what you touch'd, you turn'd to
O had I but a Pow'r like thine,
'd turn whate'er I touch to Wine.
'd turn, &c.

ach purling Stream ſhould feel my Force;
ach Fiſh my fatal Power mourn;
ch Fiſh, &c.
d wondering at the mighty Change,
d wondering, &c.
ould in their native Regions burn.
ould in, &c.

ſhould there any dare t'approach
o my mantling, ſparkling Shrine,
o my, &c.
firſt ſhould pay their Votes to me,
firſt, &c.
ſtile me only God of Wine,
ſtile, &c.

SONG 759. *Rantin roaring Willie.*

O Mary, thy Graces and Glances,
Thy Smiles ſo enchantingly gay,
And Thoughts ſo divinely harmonious,
Clear Wit and good Humour diſplay.
But ſay not thou'lt imitate Angels;
Ought fairer, tho' ſcarcely, ah me!
Can be found equallizing thy Merit,
A Match amongſt Mortals for thee.

Thy many fair Beauties ſhed Fires,
May warm up ten thouſand to love,
Who, deſpairing, may fly to ſome other,
While I may deſpair, but ne'er rove.
What a Mixture of Sighing and Joys,
This diſtant adoring of thee,
Gives to a fond Heart too aſpiring,
Who loves in ſad Silence like me?

Thus looks the poor Beggar on Treaſure,
And ſhipwreck'd on Landſkips on Shore,
Be ſtill more divine, and have Pity:
I die ſoon as Hope is no more.
For, Mary, my Soul is thy Captive,
Nor loves, nor expects to be free:
Thy Beauties are Fetters delightful;
Thy Slav'ry's a Pleaſure to me.

SONG 760

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
Her Mither's at the Mill, Jo;

But gin ſhe winna take a Man,
E'en let her take her Will, Jo.
Prithee Lad, leave ſilly thinking,
Caſt thy Cares of Love away:
Let's our Sorrows drown in drinking;
'Tis Daffin langer to delay.

See that ſhining Glaſs of Claret;
How invitingly it looks!
Take it aff, and let's have mair o't;
Pox on Fighting, Trade, and Books.
Let's have Pleaſure while we're able;
Bring us in the meikle Bowl;
Plac't on th'Middle of the Table;
And let Wind and Weather growl.

Call the Drawer let him fill it
Fou as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna ſpill it;
'Tis mair precious far then Gold.
By you've drank a Dozen Bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,
Drinking better is than Love.

SONG 761. *Jenny beguil'd the Webſter.*

The auld CHORUS.

Up Stairs, down Stairs,
Timber Stairs fear me.
I'm laith to lye a'Night alane.'
And Johny's Bed ſae near me.

O Mither dear, I gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bony,
I wanna keep; for in my Sleep
I ſtart and dream of Johny.
When Johny then comes down the Glen
To woo me dinna hinder;
But with Content gi' your Conſent;
For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miſcarry;
For Shame and Skaith's the Clint o't,
To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
I downa bide to think o't:
Sae while 'tis Time, I'll ſhune the Crime
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With Hainches fow, and Een ſae blew,
To a' the Bedrel's binging.
Had Eppy's Apron bidden down,
The Kirk had ne'er a ken'd it;
But when the Word's gane thro' the Town,
Alake! how can ſhe mend it?
Now Tam maun face the Miniſter,
And ſhe maun mount the Pillar;
And that's the Way that they maun gae,
For poor Folk has na Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young,
Reply'd the kindly Mither;
Get Johny's Hand in haly Band,
Syne way your Wealth together.
I'm o' the Mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your Part diſcreetly;

d prove a Wife, will gar his Life,
And Barrel run right ſweetly.

ONG 762. *Had away from me, Donald.*

Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me, Jenny;
Frowns I canna bear frae ane
Whaſe Smiles anes raviſh'd me, Jenny:
you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought ſal alter me, Jenny;
you're the Miſtreſs of my Mind,
Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.
ſt when your Sweets enſlav'd my Heart,
You ſeem'd to favour me, Jenny;
now, alas! you act a Part
That ſpeaks Unconſtancy, Jenny.
conſtancy is ſic a Vice,
'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny:
ſuits not with your Virtue nice,
To carry ſae to me, Jenny.

SONG 763.

Had away, had away,
Had away frae me, Donald;
ur Heart is made o'erlarge for ane,
It is not meet for me, Donald:
e fickle Miſtreſs you may find
Will jilt as faſt as thee, Donald;
To ilka Swain ſhe will prove kind,
And nae leſs kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a Heart that's naithing ſuch,
'Tis fill'd with Honeſty, Donald;
I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love m ch,
I hate all Levity, Donald.
Therefore, nae mair, with Art pretend
Your Heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
For Words of Falſhood I'll defend,
A roving Love like thine, Donald.

Firſt when you courted, I muſt own,
I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
Apparent Worth and fair Renown
Made me believe you true, Donald.
Ilk Virtue then ſeem'd to adorn
The Man eſteem'd by me, Donald;
But now the Maſk fallen aff, I ſcorn
To wear a Thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had away,
Had away frae me, Donald;
Gae ſeek a Heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald:
For I'll reſerve my ſell for ane,
For ane that's liker me, Donald;
If ſic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er loo Man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy Man, and falſe Report
Has only tald a Lie, Jenny;
To try thy Truth, and make us Sport,
The Tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and ſtill can love,
Then come away to me, Donald;
I'm well content, ne'er to repent,
That I have ſmil'd on thee, Donald.

SONG 764.

O Wha's that at my Chamb.r Door?
"Fair Widow are ye wawkin?"
Auld Carle, your Suite give o'er,
Your Love lies a' in tawking.
Gi'e me the Lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April Meadow;
'Tis ſic as he can bleſs the Sight
And Boſom of a Widow.

"O Widow wilt thou let me in,
"I'm pawky, wiſe and thrifty,
"And come of a right gentle Kin;
"I'm little mair than fifty."
Daft Carle dit your Mouth,
What ſignifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be,—hot Youth,
In Love you're but a Gawky.

"Then, Widow, let theſe Guineas ſpeak,
"That pow'rfully plead clinkan,
"And if they fail, my Mouth I'll ſteek,
"And nae mair Love will think on."
Theſe court indeed, I maun confeſs,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can expreſs
Affection, than your Tongue, Sir.

SONG 765.

O Waly, waly up the Bank,
And waly, waly down the Brae;
And waly, waly your Burn-ſide,
Where I and my Love wont to gae.
I lean'd my Back unto an Aik,
I thought it was a truſty Tree,
But firſt it bow'd, and ſyne it brak,
Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but Love be bonny,
A little Time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like Morning Dew.
O wherefore ſhou'd I buſk my Head?
Or wherefore ſhou'd I kame my Hair?
For my True Love has me forſook,
And ſays he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat ſhall be my Bed,
The Sheets ſh ll ne'er be ſyl'd by me;
Saint Antonie's Well ſhall be my Drink,
Since my True Love has forſaken me.
Martinmas Wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green Leaves off the Tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
For of my Life I am weary.

'Tis not the Froſt that freezes fell,
Nor glawing Snaw's Inclemency;
'Tis not the Cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.

en we came in by Glaſgow Town,
We were a comely Sight to ſee;
Love was clad in the black Velvet,
And I my ſell in Cramaſie.

had I wiſt before I kiſs'd,
That Love had been ſae ill to win,
lock'd my Heart in a Caſe of Gold,
And pinn'd it with a ſilver Pin.

oh! if my young Babe were born,
And ſet upon the Nurſe's Knee,
nd I my ſell were dead and gane;
For a Maid again I'll never be.

SONG 766. *O dear Mother, what ſhall I do.*

O Dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
etter far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder Luck betide you.
affes when their Fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
unning to a Life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthfu' Joys.

SONG 767. *Stay, Shepherd, &c.*

O Why did e'er my Thoughts aſpire
To wiſh for that no Crown can buy?
'Tis Sacrilege, but to deſire
What ſhe in Honour will deny.
As Indians do the eaſtern Skies,
At a Diſtance muſt adore
The brighter Glories of her Eyes,
And never dare pretend to more.

SONG 768. *Sciciatta dal ſuo nido in Rodelinda.*

Col. O My little Punchinello,
My little dapper Fellow,
Have you heard that Farinello
Is coming over?

Punch. O no----my Columbino,
I hear that Cariſtino,
The famous Cariſtino,
Who has pleas'd both the King and Queen-o,
Sets out for Dover.

Col. But I hope my Seneſino
Is no ſuch Rover?

Punch. O no, your Seneſino
Has lick'd himſelf quite clean-o,
Has, of Thouſands, made fifteen-o,
And lives in Clover.

Col. After Porpora or Handel,
Where d'ye think the Town will dandle;
Or who ſhall hold the Candle?

Punch.-----I care not a Farthing,
But Harlequini's Lun-o
Has cook'd a deal of Fun-o
Of Pantomime and Pun-o,
And expects a mighty Run-o
At Covent-Garden.

Col. Shall us go and ſee the Fun-o
At Covent Garden.

Punch. In Play-Houſes, full ſix-o,
One knows not where to fix-o,
Till they let us in for Nix-o,
That's Punch's Bargain.

Both. In Play-houſes, &c.

SONG 769. *'Twas within, &c.*

O Charming cunning Man! thou haſt been wond'rous kind, [I find;
And all thy golden Words do now prove true,
Ten thouſand Tranſports wait
To crown my happy Fate;
Thus kiſs'd, and preſt,
And doubly bleſt,
In all his Pomp and State.

New Scenes of Joy ariſe,
Which fill me with Surpriſe;
My Rock and Reel,
And Spinning Wheel,
And Huſband I deſpiſe:
Then, Jobſon, now adieu,
Thy Cobling ſtill purſue,
For hence I cannot, will not, no, nor muſt not buckle too.

SONG 770.

O My Treaſure,
Crown my Pleaſure,
Let this be the happy Night:
Bleſs, oh! bleſs me,
Kindly preſs me,
Let me die with dear Delight,
With dear Delight.
Leave this Trembling,
And Diſſembling,
Lay aſide all Female Art;
Love's ſoft Pleaſure,
Beyond Meaſure,
Will attone for all its Smart,
For all its Smart.

SONG 771.

O Venus! Beauty of the Skies,
To whom a thouſand Temples riſe;
Gaily falſe in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love-perplexing Wiles;
O Goddeſs! from my Heart remove
The waſting Cares and Pains of Love.
If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A Song in ſoft Diſtreſs preferr'd;
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddeſs! hear me now.
Deſcend, thou bright immortal Gueſt,
In all thy radiant Charms conteſt.
Thou once didſt leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Car thy wanton Sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;
As to my Bow'r they wing'd their Way,
I ſaw their quivering Pinions play,

The Birds diſmiſt (while you remain)
e back their empty Car again:
en you with Looks divinely mild,
v'ry heav'nly Feature ſmil'd,
d aſk'd what new Complaints I made,
d why I call'd you to my Aid.

What Frenzy in my Boſom rag'd?
d by what Cure to be aſſuag'd?
hat gentle Youth I wou'd allure?
hom in my artful Toils ſecure?
ho does thy tender Heart ſubdue,
ell me, my Sapho, tell me who?

Tho' now he ſhuns thy longing Arms,
ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted Charms;
ho' now thy Off'rings he deſpiſe,
ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice:
ho' now he freeze, he ſoon ſhall burn,
d be thy Victim in his Turn.

Celeſtial Viſitant, once more
y needful Preſence I implore:
Pity, come and eaſe my Grief,
ing my diſtemper'd Soul Relief;
vour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
d give me all my Heart deſires.

SONG 772.

O Fly from this Place, dear Flora,
Thy Goaler has ſet thee free;
d before the next Bluſh of Aurora,
ou'll find a kind Guardian in me.

Deareſt Creature, exchange for the better,
Confinement can have no Charms;
Think of your Priſons which is ſweeter,
This, or a young Lover's Arms.

SONG 773.

O Bell, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart,
I paſs the Day in Pain,
When Night returns I feel the Smart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm,
Have Pity and incline,
And grant to me for that Miſhap,
That Petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd Fancy in Amaze
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Deluſive Dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my Arms.
But, waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe Pleaſures that can only cure
This panting Breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let Compaſſion ſeize
That lovely Breaſt of thine;
Thy Petticoat could give me eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
That beauteous Form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its Laws to ſlight,
By hind'ring the Deſign.
May all the Pow'rs of Love agree
At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my Chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

SONG 774.

O Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonny Laſſes,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon burn Brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Raſhes.
Fair Beſſy Bell I loo'd Yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky Een,
They gar my Fancy falter.
Now Beſſy's Hair's like a Lint tap;
She ſmiles like a May Morning,
When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, ſaft is her Hand,
Her Waiſt and Feet's ſu' genty;
With ilka Grace ſhe can command;
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.
And Mary's Locks are like a Craw,
Her Eyes like Di'monds glances;
She's a'ſae clean redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances:
Blythe as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs ſae graceſu' ſtill,
O Jove! ſhe's like thy Pallas.
Dear Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us;
Our Fancies jee betwixt ye twa,
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

SONG 775.

O Bſerve the num'rous Stars which gra
The fair expanded Skies;
So many Charms has Leſbia's Face,
A thouſand more her Eyes.
Whene'er the beauteous Maid appears,
We cannot but admire;
But when ſhe ſpeaks the charms our Ears,
And ſets our Souls on fire.
What Pity 'tis a Creature,
By Nature form'd ſo fair;
Divine in ev'ry Feature,
Should give Mankind Deſpair.
She gazes all around her,
And gains a thouſand Hearts;
But Cupid cannot wound her,
For ſhe has all his Darts.

SONG 776.

ve the fragrant bluſhing Roſe,
ho' in the humble Vale it ſpring,
s as ſweet, as fair it blows,
in the Garden of a King:
Content as oft is found compleat
ow Cott, as in the lofty Seat.

SONG 777.

all the World's Enjoyments
That ever valu'd were,
's none of our Employments
h Fiſhing can compare:
e preach, ſome write,
e ſwear, ſome fight,
lden Lucre courting;
t Fiſhing ſtill
ars off the Bell,
rofit, or for Sporting.
who a jolly Fiſherman, a Fiſherman
would be,
is Throat muſt wet,
ft like his Net,
p out Cold at Sea.
ountry 'Squire loves running
ck of well-mouth'd Hounds;
r fancies gunning
Wild-ducks in his Grounds:
is haunts, that fowls,
is hawks, Dick bowls,
ter Pleaſure wiſhing;
But Tom, that tells
What Sport excells,
Gives all the Praiſe to Fiſhing.
Then who, &c.

A good Weſtphalia Gammon
Is counted dainty Fare;
But what is that to Salmon
Juſt taken from the Ware?
Weat-ears and Quails,
Cocks, Snipes, and Rails,
Are priz'd whilſt Seaſon's laſting;
But all muſt ſtoop
To Craw-fiſh Soop,
Or I've no Skill in taſting,
Then who, &c.
Keen Hunters always take too
Their Prey with too much Pains;
Nay, often breaks a Neck too,
A Pennance for no Brains:
They run, they leap,
Now high, now deep;
Whilſt he that Fiſhing chuſes,
With Eaſe may do't,
Nay more to boot,
May entertain the Muſes.
Then who, &c.

And tho' ſome envious Wranglers
To jeer us will make bold,
And laugh at patient Anglers,
Who ſtand ſo long i'the Cold:

They wait on Miſs,
We wait on this,
And think it eaſy Labour;
And if you'd know
Fiſh Profits too,
Conſult our Holland Neighbour.
Then who, &c.

SONG 778.

OF all the Girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley:
There is no Lady in the Land,
Is half ſo ſweet as Sally:
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

Her Father he makes Cabbage-Nets,
And thro' the Streets doth cry 'em;
Her Mother ſhe ſells Laces long
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em;
But ſure ſuch Folks could ne'er beget
So ſweet a Girl as Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

When ſhe is by, I leave my Work,
I love her ſo ſincerely;
My Maſter comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely:
But let him bang his Belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

Of all the Days are in the Week,
I dearly love but one Day;
And that's the Day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday:
For then I'm dreſt all in my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

My Maſter carries me to Church,
And often I am blamed;
Becauſe I leave him in the Lurch,
As ſoon as Text is named:
I leave the Church in Sermon-time,
And ſlink away with Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
O then I ſhall have Money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
And give it to my Honey:
I wou'd it were Ten Thouſand Pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

Maſter, and the Neighbours all,
ke Game of me and Sally;
(but for her) I'd better be
Slave, and row a Galley:
when my ſeven long Years are out,
then I'll marry Sally;
! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
ut not in our Alley.

SONG 779.

F all the Toaſts that Britain boaſts,
The gim, the gent, the jolly,
brown, the fair, the debonair,
There's none cry'd up like Polly;
'as fir'd the Town, has quite cut down
The Opera of Rolli;
where you will, the Subject ſtill
Is pretty, pretty Polly.
's Madam Fauſtina Catſo,
And eke Madam Cutſoni,
iſe Signior Seneſino,
Are tutte abandonni.
, ha, ha, ha, do re mi fa,
Are now but Farce and Folly!
ravish'd all with toll, loll, loll,
And pretty, pretty Polly.
Sons of Bays, in Lyric Plays,
Sound forth her Fame in Print-o,
as we paſs, in Frame and Glaſs
ſee her Metzotinto:
In Ivy-Lane, the City Strain
Is more on ſtrait-lac'd Dolly;
And all the Brights at Man's and White's
Of nothing talk but Polly.

Ah! Johnny Gay, thy lucky Play
Has made the Criticks grin-a,
They cry, 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
But let them laugh that win-a:
I ſwear parbleu', 'tis naif and new;
Ill Nature is but Folly:
'Tha' lent a Stitch to Rent of Rich,
And ſet up Madam Polly.

Ah! tuneful Fair, beware, beware,
Nor toy with Star and Garter;
Fine Cloaths may hide a foul Inſide,
And you may catch a Tartar:
If powder'd Fop blow up your Shop,
'Twill make you melancholy,
Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,
Alas! alas! poor Polly.

SONG 780.

O Gentle Lydia, unarm'd with Art;
Thy matchleſs Beauty captivates the Heart.
Thoſe ſparkling Eyes emit ſuch pow'rful fire,
That one ſoft Glance creates a fond Deſire.

That Shape, that Air, that roſy Bluſh of thine,
With Virtue crown'd, make Lydia divine:
In thee alone, my Lydia, I find
A lovely Form, grac'd with a heav'nly Mind.

SONG 781.

OF all the ſimple Things we do
To rub over a whimſical Life,
There's no one Folly is ſo true
As that very bad Bargain a Wife:
We're juſt like a Mouſe in a Trap,
Or Vermin caught in a Gin;
We ſweat and fret, and try to eſcape,
And curſe the ſad Hour we come in.

I gam'd, I drank, I play'd the Fool,
And a thouſand mad Frolicks more;
I rov'd and rang'd, deſpis'd all Rule,
But I never was marry'd before.
This was the worſt Plague could enſue;
I'm mew'd in a ſmoaky Houſe;
I us'd to tope a Bottle or two,
But now 'tis ſmall Beer with my Spouſe.

My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,
And I never was vex'd in my Way;
If now I croſs her Will, her Voice
Makes my Lodging too hot for my Stay:
Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain
I fret at my Heart and Soul;
Walk too and fro Length of my Chain,
Then am forc'd to creep into my Hole.

SONG 782.

OF noble Race was Skinken,
Of the Line of Owen Tudor
But hur Renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel Love purſu'd hur.

Fair Winny's Eyes bright ſhining,
And lilly Breaſts alluring,
Poor Shinkin's Heart, with fatal Dart,
Have wounded, paſt all curing.
Hur was the prettieſt Fellow,
At Foot-ball, or at Cricket;
At Hunting-Chaſe, or Priſon-Baſe,
Cotſplut how hur could kick it.
But now all Joys are flying,
All pale and wan her Cheeks too;
Hur Heart ſo akes, hur quite forſakes
Hur Herrings and hur Leeks too.
No more muſt dear Metheglin
Be top'd at good Montgomery;
And if Love Sore ſmart one Week more,
Adieu Cream Cheeſe and Flummery.

SONG 783. *White Joak.*

OF all the Girls in our Town,
Or Black, or Yellow, or Fair, or Brown,
With their ſoft Eyes, and Faces ſo bright,
Give me a Girl that's blithe and gay,
As warm as June and as ſweet as May,
With her Heart free, and faithful as Light.
What lovely Couple than could be
So happy and ſo bleſt as we?
On whom eternal Joys would ſmile,
And all the Cares of Life beguile,
Entranc'd in Bliſs each rapt'rous Night.

ONG 784. *Green-wood Tree.*

F all the Things beneath the Sun,
To love's the greateſt Curſe;
e's deny'd, then he's undone,
not, 'tis ten times worſe.
r Adam, by his Wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd ſome Years ago;
Adam was not trick'd alone,
For all his Sons were ſo.

ers the ſtrangeſt Fools are made,
When they their Nymphs purſue,
ich they will ne'er believe, till wed,
But then, alas! 'tis true.
ey beg, they pray, and they adore,
Till weary'd out of Life;
d pray, what's all this Trouble for?
Why truly, for a Wife.

w odd a Thing's a whining Sot,
Who ſighs, in greateſt Need,
r that, which ſoon as ever got,
es make him ſigh indeed.
Maid's an Angel while ſhe's woo'd,
t when the Wooing's done,
Wife, inſtead of Fleſh and Blood,
roves nothing but a Bone.

, more or leſs, in human Life,
No mortal Man can ſhun;
hen a Man has got a Wife,
He has them all in one.

The Liver of Promotheus,
A gnawing Vulture fed;
A Fable, but the Thing was thus,
The poor old Man was wed.

A Wife, all Men of Learning know,
Was Tantalus's Curſe;
The Apples which did tempt him ſo,
Were nought but a Divorce.
Let no Fool dream, that to his Share
A better Wife will fall;
They're all the ſame, faith, to a Hair,
For they are Women all.

When firſt the ſenſeleſs empty Nokes
With wooing does begin,
Far better he might beg the Stocks,
That they would let him in.
Yet for a Lover we may ſay
He wears no cheating Phiz:
Tho other's Looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.

More Joys a Glaſs of Wine does give,
(Wife take him that gainſays)
Than all the Wenches ſprung from Eve,
E'er gave in all their Days.
But come, to Lovers here's a Glaſs,
God-wot, they need no Curſe;
Each wiſhes he may wed his Laſs;
No Soul can wiſh him worſe.

SONG 785.

OF all the Joys we e'er poſſeſt,
Love and Wine are ſtill the beſt;
Sweetly they by Turns controul,
Wine the Heart, and Love the Soul.
Wealth and Power do ſtrive in vain,
Equal Happineſs to gain.
Wine ſuperior Joy doth prove,
And in ſober Seaſons Love.
Of all the Joys we e'er poſſeſt,
Love and Wine are ſtill the beſt.

SONG 786.

OF all the Torments, all the Cares,
With which our Lives are curs'd,
Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,
Sure Rivals are the worſt:
By Partners of another Kind,
Afflictions eaſier grow;
In Love alone we hate to find
Companions of our Woe.
Cynthia, for all the Pains you ſee
Are lab'ring in my Breaſt,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt:
How great ſoe'er your Rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own Deſpair,
But not another's Hope.

SONG 787.

OF Anna's Charms let others tell,
Or bright Eliza's Beauty:
My Song ſhall be of Blouzibel,
To ſing of her's my Duty:
The Fair, who arm'd with Cupid's Darts,
His Flames, and other Matters,
Is all around behung with Darts,
As Beggars are with Tatters.

To laviſh Nature much ſhe owes,
And much to Education:
The Girls and Boys, and Belles and Beaux,
Are ſtruck with Admiration:
For blended in her Cheek there lies
The Carrot and the Turnip;
And who beholds her blazing Eyes,
His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue;
Her Teeth all black and yellow!
Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue!
Her Lips like any Tallow:
Her Voice ſo loud, and eke ſo ſhrill,
Far off it is admired!
Her Tongue!——which never yet lay ſtill,
And yet was never tired!

Ten thouſand Wonders riſe to view
All o'er the lovely Creature!
The pearly Sweat, like Morning Dew,
Gilds ev'ry ſhining Feature!

Isaac of his Esau said,
e like a Forest favours:
ice happy Man for whom the Maid
eserves her hidden Favours.
Louzibel! for thee we pant,
To thee our Hopes aspire;
thou hast all that Lovers want
To quench their raging Fire.
en kindly take us to thine Arms,
And in Compassion save us
om Anna's and Eliza's Charms,
Which cruelly enslave us.

ONG 788. *My Father born before me.*

OF all the Recreations which
Attend on human Nature,
ere's none that's of so high a Pitch,
Or is of such a Stature,
s the subtil Angler's Life,
In all Mens Approbation:
Anglers Tricks do daily mix
In every Corporation.
hilst Eve and Adam liv'd in Love,
And had no Cause of jangling,
Devil did the Waters move,
The Serpent went to angling:
baits his Hook with God-like Look;
Thought he this will entangle her.
this ye all may plainly see,
That the Devil was first an Angler,

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
Are all most neat Entanglers;
And he that looketh fine, will find,
That most of them are Anglers:
Whilst grave Divines do fish for Souls,
Physicians like Curmudgeons,
They bait with Health; we fish for Wealth,
And Lawyers fish for Gudgeons.
Upon the Exchange, 'twixt Twelve and One,
Meets many a neat Entangler;
'Mongst Merchantmen, not one in ten,
But what's a cunning Angler:
For like the Fishes in the Brook,
Brother doth swallow Brother;
There's a golden Bait hangs at the Hook,
And they fish for one another.
A Shopkeeper I next prefer;
He's a formal Man in black, Sir;
He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
And cries, what is't ye lack, Sir?
Fine Silks or Stuffs, Cravats or Cuffs.
But if a Courtier prove th'Entangler,
My Citizen must look to't then,
Or the Fish will catch the Angler.
But there's no such angling as a Wench
Stark naked in the Water;
She'll make you leave both Trout and Tench,
And throw yourself in after.
Your Hook and Line she will confuse;
Thus tangled is th'Entangler:

And this, I fear, hath ſpoil'd the Gear
Of many a jovial Angler.
But it you'll trowl for a Scrivener's Soul,
Caſt in a rich young Gallant.
To take a Courtier by the Poll,
Throw in a golden Talent:
But yet I fear the Draught will ne'er
Compound for half the Charge on't:
But if you'll catch the Devil at ſtretch,
You muſt bait him with a Serjeant.
Thus I have made my Angler's Trade
To ſtand above Defiance;
For, like the Mathematic Art,
It runs thro' ev'ry Science.
If with my Angling Song I can
To Mirth and Pleaſure ſeize you,
I'll bait my Hook with Wit again,
And angle ſtill to pleaſe you.

SONG 789. *Wat ye wha I met Yeſtreen, &c.*

OF all the Birds, whoſe tuneful Throats,
Do welcome in the verdant Spring,
I far prefer the Stirling's Notes.
And think ſhe does moſt ſweetly ſing:
Nor Thruſh nor Linnet, nor the Bird
Brought from the far Canary Coaſt;
Nor can the Nightingale afford
Such Melody as ſhe can boaſt.
When Phœbus ſouthwards darts his Fires,
And on our Plains he looks aſkance,
The Nightingale with him retires,
My Stirling makes my Blood to dance.
In ſpite of Hyem's nipping Froſt,
Whether the Day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her Health entoaſt,
Who makes it Summer a'l the Year?

Then by thyſelf, my lovely Bird,
I'll ſtroke thy Back and kiſs thy Breaſt;
And if you'll take my honeſt Word,
As ſacred as before the Prieſt,
I'll bring thee where I will deviſe
Such various Ways to pleaſure thee;
The Velvet-fog thou wilt deſpiſe,
When on the Downy Hills with me.

SONG 790.

OF Leinſter, fam'd for Maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the Grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid Stream
Reflect ſo ſweet a Face:
Till luckleſs Love, and pining Care,
Impair'd her roſy Hue;
Her coral Lips, and damaſk Cheeks,
And Eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh! have you ſeen a Lilly pale,
When beating Rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow conſuming Maid,
Her Life now near its End.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering Swains
Take heed, ye eaſy Fair:

Vengeance due to broken Vows,
Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of Night,
A Bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her Window thrice,
The Raven flapp'd his Wing:
Too well the love-lorn Maiden knew
The solemn boding Sound;
And thus, in dying Words, bespoke,
The Virgins weeping round.
"I hear a Voice you cannot hear,
"Which says I must not stay;
"I see a Hand you cannot see,
"Which beckons me away.
"By a false Heart, and broken Vows,
"In early Youth I die:
"Was I to blame, because his Bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?
"Ah, Collin! give not her thy Vows,
"Vows due to me alone;
"Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiss,
"Nor think him all thy own.
"To-morrow in the Church to wed,
"Impatient, both prepare; [Man,
"But know, fond Maid, and know, false
"That Lucy will be there.
"Then bear my Corse, my Comrades, bear,
"This Bridegroom blithe to meet;
"He in his Wedding Trim so gay,
"I in my Winding Sheet."

She spoke, she dy'd; her Corse was borne,
The Bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his Wedding Trim so gay,
She in her Winding Sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Collin's Thoughts?
How were these Nuptials kept?
The Bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the Village wept.
Confusion! Shame! Remorse! Despair!
At once his Bosom swell:
The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain Bride (ah Bride no more!)
The varying Crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her Rival's Corse,
She saw her Husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made Grave,
Convey'd by trembling Swains;
One Mold with her, between one Sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this Grave the constant Hind,
And plighted Maid are seen;
With Garlands gay, and True-love Knots,
They deck the sacred Green.
But Swain forbear, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd Spot forbear;
Remember Collin's dreadful Fate,
And fear to meet him there.

SONG 791.

OF all States in Life so various,
Marriage sure is most precarious!
'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding;
'Tis an Action so severe,
That nought but Death can set us clear.

Happy's the Man from Wedlock free,
Who knows how to prize his Liberty;
Were Men wary
How they marry,
We should not be by half so full of Misery.

SONG 792.

OFT on the troubled Ocean's Face,
Loud stormy Winds arise;
The murm'ring Surges swell apace,
And Clouds obscure the Skies:
But when the Tempest's Rage is o'er,
Soft Breezes smooth the Main;
The Billows cease to lash the Shore,
And all is calm again.

Not so, in fond and am'rous Souls,
If tyrant Love once reigns;
There one eternal Tempest rolls,
And yields unceasing Pains:
Ah! cruel God! our Peace restore,
And wound us with thy Shafts no more.
Ah! cruel God, &c.

SONG 793.

OFT I'm by the Women told,
Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old;
See how thy Hairs are falling all!
See, poor Anacreon, how they fall.
Whether I grow old, or no,
By th'Effects I do not know.
This I know without being told,
'Tis Time to live, if I grow old,
'Tis Time short Pleasures now to take,
Of little Life the best to make;
And manage wisely the last Stake.

SONG 794.

OH Mother, Roger, with his Kisses
Almost stops my Breath, I vow;
Why does he gripe my Hand to pieces,
And yet he says he loves me too?
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
Pray now do, Pray now do,
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does so;
For never stir I long to know.
Nay more, the naughty Man beside it,
Something in my Mouth did put;
I call'd him Beast, and try'd to bite it.
But for my Life I cannot do't:
Tell me, Mother, pray now do, &c.

He ſets me in his Lap whole Hours,
Where I feel I know not what;
Something I never felt in yours:
Pray tell me Mother, what is that?
Tell me Mother, what is that?
For never ſtir I long to know.

SONG 795.

OH! Cælia, recal thy loſt Hours,
And Duty and Reaſon obey;
Deſpiſe Love, and all thoſe falſe Pow'rs,
That firſt gave young Strephon the Sway.
Believe me, the Swain is a Rover,
Nor conſtant to any can be;
Then prithee diſcard ſuch a Lover,
And once more reſolve to be free.

SONG 796.

OH! how you proteſt and ſolemnly ſwear,
Look humble, and fawn like an Aſs;
I'm pleas'd, I muſt own, whenever I ſee
A Lover that's brought to this paſs:
Keep, keep further off, you're naughty I fear;
I vow I will never, will never, will never
yield to't;
You aſk me in vain; for never I ſwear,
I never, no never, I never, no never,
I never, no never will do't.
For when the Deed's done, how quickly you
go,
No more of the Lover remains,
In haſte you depart, whate'er we can do,
And ſtubbornly throw off your Chains:
Deſiſt then in time, let's hear on't no more,
I vow I will never yield to't;
You promiſe in vain, in vain you adore,
For I will never, no never do't.

SONG 797. *Nancy's Complaint.*

OH! where will you hurry my Deareſt,
Say, ſay to what Clime or what Shore?
You're taring from me the ſincereſt,
That ever lov'd Mortal before.

Ah cruel hard hearted to preſs him,
And force the dear Youth from my Arms;
Reſtore him that I may careſs him,
And ſhield him from future Alarms.

In vain you inſult and deride me,
And make but a Scoff at my Woes;
You ne'er from my Dear ſhall divide me,
I'll follow wherever he goes.

Think not of the mercileſs Ocean
My Soul any Terror can have;
For ſoon as the Ship makes its motion,
So ſoon ſhall the Sea be my Grave.

SONG 798. *A Dialogue between a Widow and a Rake.*

Widow. OH! my poor Huſband, for ever
he's gone.
Alas! alas! alas I am undone!

I ſigh and I moan,
Muſt I theſe cold Nights lie alone?
Alas! I am undone.
I did what I liſt,
We kiſs'd and we kiſs'd,
Till his Vigour he miſs'd,
Till his jolly fat Face grew as ſmall as my Fiſt;
And his Calves, his poor Calves, as thin as my Wriſt.
We wrangl'd and jangl'd, when in an ill Mood;
But a Nights, like two Pigeons, we bill'd and we coo'd:
We whiſk'd and we friſk'd, alack! and alack!
Why muſt he for ever, why muſt he for ever,
Now lie on his Back?
Why muſt he for ever now lie on his Back?
Rake. Why Widow, why Widow, what makes thee ſo ſad?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, art thou mad?
If one Huſband's dead, there are more to be had:
Come, I'll be thy Honey, leave keeping a Pother;
One Man, like one Nail, ſerves to drive out another.
Widow. How? talk ſo to me? what think you I'll wed?
'Tis ſcarce a Month yet ſince my poor Huſband's dead.
Rake. A Month! 'tis an Age; you're
to delay;
Moſt Widows now chuſe ere the Funeral
Widow. Not I, I'll ne'er do't. Lard!
would People ſay?
Rake. They'll ſay you're a Woman;
off with this Black:
Come, come, come, come off, come,
with this Black:
See, ſee, here's a Shape, here's an Arm,
a Leg, here's a Back;
I'll get thee with Twins till a hundred
Widow. You lye; you will talk at
Rate then.
Rake. Then try me Widow. Leave
Rake. I'll do't by this Kiſs,
By this, this, and this, I'll be hang'd
Widow. Lard! ſhould I do this?
'Twill eaſe you of Pain.
Widow. Go, go, you're a ſad Man;
if you can;
Ay, do if you can;
Ay, do if you can, ay, do, do, do,
I'll kill thee with Kindneſs, I'll kill
Kindneſs,
I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll kill
Do, do, do, do if you can; ay,
do, do, do if you can,
Kill thee, I'll kill thee with Kindneſs,
thee, I'll kill thee, I'll kill
Kindneſs.

SONG 799.

OH! the Time that is paſt,
When ſhe held me ſo faſt,
declar'd that her Honour no longer could
laſt!
ight but her languiſhing Eyes did appear,
revent all Excuſes of Bluſhing and Fear.
How ſhe ſigh'd and unlac'd,
With ſuch trembling and haſte,
If ſhe had long'd to be cloſer embrac'd!
Lips the ſweet Pleaſure of Kiſſes enjoy'd,
le my Hands were in ſearch of hid Treaſure
employ'd.
With my Heart all on Fire,
In Flames of Deſire,
I boldly purſu'd what ſhe ſeem'd to
require,
cry'd, Oh! for Pity's ſake change your
ill Mind,
y, Amyntas be civil, or I'll be unkind.
All your Bliſs you deſtroy,
Like a naked young Boy,
o fears the kind River he came to enjoy:
's in, my Chloris, I'll ſave thee from
Harm,
make the cold Element pleaſant and
warm.
Dear Amyntas! ſhe cries,
Then ſhe caſt down her Eyes,
And with Kiſſes confeſs'd what ſhe faintly
denies.
Too ſure of my Conqueſt, I purpos'd to ſtay
Till her free Conſent did more ſweeten the
Prey.
But too late I begun;
For her Paſſion was done;
Now, Amyntas, ſhe cry'd, I will never be
won;
Thy Tears and thy Courtſhip no Pity can
move,
Thou haſt ſlighted the critical Minute of Love.

SONG 800.

OH! what Pleaſures will abound,
When I've got ten thouſand Pound:
O how courted I ſhall be!
O what Lords will yield to me!
Who'll diſpute my
Wit and Beauty
When my golden Charms are found?
O what Flattery
In the Lottery,
When I've got ten thouſand Pound!

SONG 801.

OH! my panting, panting Heart,
Why ſo young, and why ſo ſad?
Why does Pleaſure ſeem a Smart,
Or I'm wretched while I'm glad?

Oh! Love's Goddeſs, who wert form'd
From cold and icy, icy Seas,
Inſtruct me why I am thus warm'd!
And darts at once can wound and pleaſe.

SONG 802.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful Gloom,
Where none but ſighing Lovers come;
Where the ſhrill Trumpets ſound,
But one eternal Huſh goes round.

There let me ſooth my pleaſing Pain,
And never think of War again;
What Glory can a Lover have
To conquer, yet be ſtill a Slave?

SONG 803.

OH! lead to ſome peaceful Room,
Where none but honeſt Fellows come;
Where Wives loud Clappers never ſound,
But an eternal Laugh goes round.

There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
And never think of home again:
What Comfort can a Huſband have,
To rule the Houſe where he's a Slave?

SONG 804.

Molly. OH! Jenny, Jenny, where haſt thou been?
Father and Mother are ſeeking for thee;
You have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
Keeping of Jockey Company.

Jenny. Oh! Molly, I've been to hear the Mill clack,
And grind Griſt for the Family;
Full as it went I've brought home my Sack,
For the Miller has taken his Toll of me.

Molly. You hung your Smickets abroad to bleach,
When that was done, where could you be?

Jenny. I ſlipt down in the Quickſet Hedge,
And Jockey the Loon fell after me.

Molly. My Father you told you'd go to Kirk,
When Pray'rs were done, where could you be?

Jenny. Taking a Kiſs of the Parſon and Clerk,
And of other young Laddies ſome two or three.

Molly. Oh! Jenny, Jenny, what wilt thou do,
If Belly ſhould ſwell, where wilt thou be?

Jenny. Look to yourſelf, for Jockey is true,
And whilſt Clapper goes, will take Care of me.

SONG 805.

OH yes! oh yes! oh yes! I cry,
Pray tell ye gentle Swains hard by,
If you a roving Heart did ſee,
Which lately took its Flight from me.

Some Marks to know it I'll expreſs,
It comes of loyal honeſt Race,
By Nature kind, and prone to Love,
And conſtant as the Turtle-Dove.

Upon the Out-ſide of the ſame,
You'll find the charming Damon's Name,
By Love engrav'd, and plain to ſhow,
From which freſh Drops of Blood do flow.

'Tis tender as ſoft down can be,
Or Beauty in its Infancy;
No Wealth can make it e'er untrue,
Such Hearts as mine you'll find but few.

That 'twas confin'd, I late was told,
Amongſt the Lambs in Cupid's Fold;
If ſo, pray ſeek that Deity,
And carry this Reſolve from me.

If he'll reſtore my Heart again,
I'll keep it from Deceits of Men;
From wily Wits and am'rous Tongues,
And all that to their Sex belongs.

But if this Heart he'll me refuſe,
For 'tis a Jewel few would loſe;
Pray let him tell her Damon this,
And in Exchange command me his.

SONG 806.

OH! happy, happy Groves!
Witneſs of our tender Loves!
Oh! happy, happy Shade,
Where firſt our Vows were made,
Bluſhing, ſighing, melting, dying;
Looks would charm a very Jove:
A thouſand pretty things ſhe ſaid,
And all, and all was Love.

But Corinna perjur'd proves,
And forſakes the ſhady Groves:
When I ſpeak of mutual Joys,
She knows not what I mean:
Wanton Glances, fond Careſſes,
Now no more are ſeen,
Since the falſe deluding Fair
Left the flow'ry Green.

Mourn ye Nymphs that ſporting play'd,
Where poor Strephon was betray'd;
There the ſecret Wound ſhe gave,
When I firſt was made her Slave.

SONG 807.

OH! I'll have a Huſband, ah, marry,
For why ſhould I longer tarry,
For why ſhould I longer tarry
Than other briſk Girls have done?
For, if I ſtay,
'Till I grow grey,

They'll call me old Maid,
And fuſty old Jade ;
So I'll no longer tarry,
But I'll have a Huſband, ah, marry,
If Money will buy me one.

My Mother ſhe ſays I'm too coming,
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
That I ſuch vain Thoughts ſhould ſhun ;
My Siſters they cry
Oh fie ! and oh fie !
But yet I can ſee,
They're as coming as me ;
So let me have Huſbands in plenty,
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than die an old Maid undone.

SONG 808.

OLD Saturn, that Drone of a God,
And Father of all the Divine,
Still govern'd the World with a Nod,
Yet fancy'd briſk Women and Wine ;
And when he was whimſical grown,
By ſipping his plentiful Bowl,
Then frankly the Truth he would own,
That a Wench was the Joy of his Soul.

Great Jupiter, like his old Dad,
To Love and a Bottle inclin'd,
When mellow, was conſtantly glad
To find a plump Girl to his Mind ;
And then, as the Story is told,
He'd conjure himſelf in her Arms ;
As once in a Shower of Gold
He rifled fair Danae's Charms.

Stern Mars, the great God of the Field,
All Day tho' delighting in Blood,
At Night his fierce Godſhip would yield
To Beauty and Wine that was good ;
With Nectar he'd cheriſh his Heart,
And raiſe up his wanton Deſires,
Then to Venus, his Darling, impart
The Warmth of his amorous Fires.

Apollo, the Patron of Bays,
Full Goblets would merrily drain,
And ſing forth poetical Lays,
When the Fumes had got into his Brain :
But ſtill as he whimſical grew,
By toping the Juice of the Vine,
To Parnaſſus daily he flew,
To kiſs all the muſical Nine.

Sly Mercury too, like the reſt,
Made Wenching and Wine his Delight,
And thought himſelf perfectly bleſt
With a Bottle and Miſtreſs at Night :
No Wonder Debauches he lov'd,
And Cheating his Pleaſure he made,
For the Gods have ev'ry one prov'd
That Pimping was always his Trade.

Plump Bacchus that tun-belly'd Sot,
His Thirſt could but ſeldom allay,

Till aſtride o'er a Hogſhead he got,
And drank all the Liquor away:
As long as upright he could ſit,
He'd ſtrenuouſly bellow for more;
When drunk, then the Veſſel would quit,
And reel to ſome bacchanal Whore.

SONG 809.

OLD Adam, it is true,
No Care in Eden knew,
Yet his Sons live more gay and more airy:
For he tippled Water,
While we, who come after,
Drink Claret and racy Canary.
Then let each take his Glaſs,
And drink to his Laſs,
But ne'er be a Slave unto either;
For they are only wiſe,
Who both equally prize,
And join Bacchus and Venus together.
Whenever thus they meet,
All our Joys are compleat,
And our Jollity ne'er can expire;
They our Faculties warm,
And as mutually charm,
While each from the other takes fire.

SONG 810.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil, Achilles; [Will is:
I tell you, young Gentleman, what the Fates
You, my Boy, muſt go,
The Gods will have it ſo,
To the Siege of Troy,
Thence never to return to Greece again;
But before thoſe Walls to be ſlain.
Let not your noble Courage be caſt down,
But all the while you lie before the Town,
Drink and drive Care away, drink and be merry; [Ferry.
You'll ne'er go the ſooner to the Stygian

SONG 811.

ON the Brow of Richmond Hill,
Which Europe ſcarce can parallel,
Every Eye ſuch Wonders fill,
To view the Proſpect round;
Where the ſilver Thames does glide,
And ſtately Courts are edify'd,
Meadows deck'd in Summer's Pride,
With verdant Beauties crown'd.
Lovely Cynthia paſſing by,
With brighter Glories bleſt my Eye:
Ah! then in vain, in vain, ſaid I,
The Fields and Flow'rs do ſhine;
Nature in this charming Place
Created Pleaſure in Exceſs;
But all are poor to Cynthia's Face,
Whoſe Features are divine.

SONG 812.

ON, on, my dear Brethren, purſue the great Lecture,
And refine on the Rules of old Architecture:
High Honour to Maſons the Craft daily brings,
To thoſe Brothers of Princes, and Fellows of Kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the Stage, [Age;
And reviv'd the old Arts of Auguſtus' fam'd
And Veſpaſian deſtroy'd the vaſt Temple in vain, [Reign.
Since ſo many now riſe under Montagu's

The noble five Orders, compos'd with ſuch Art, [whole Heart:
Shall amaze the ſwift Eye, and engage the
Proportion, ſweet Harmony, gracing the Whole, [Soul.
Gives our Work, like the glorious Creation, a

Then Maſter and Brethren, preſerve your great Name: [Fame;
This Lodge ſo majeſtic ſhall purchaſe you
Rever'd it ſhall ſtand 'till all Nature expire,
And its Glories ne'er fade, 'till the World is on Fire.

See, ſee, behold here what rewards all our Toil,
Inſpires our Genius, and makes Labour ſmile:
To our noble Grand Maſter let a Bumper [crown'd,
To all Maſons a Bumper, ſo let it go round.

Again, my lov'd Brethren, again let it paſs,
Our ancient firm Union cement with a Cla
And all the Contention 'mongſt Maſons [be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

SONG 813. *You Maidens, &c.*

ON the Banks of a River, cloſe under [Shade,
Young Cleon and Sylvia one Ev'ning
The Youth pleaded ſtrongly for Proof of [Love,
But Honour had won her his Flame to
She cry'd, where's the Luſtre when Clo
ſhade the Sun?
Or what is rich Nectar, the Taſte being
'Mongſt Flowers on the Stalk ſweet O
dwell,
But if gather'd, the Roſe itſelf loſes the
Thou deareſt of Nymphs, the briſk Shep
reply'd,
If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's
In Matters of State let grave Reaſon be
But Love is a Power will be ruled by none.
Nor ſhould a coy Beauty be counted ſo rare,
For Scandal can blaſt both the Chaſte and
Fair;

oft fierce are the Joys Love's Alembic doth fill, [Still.
nd the Roſes are ſweeteſt when put to the

SONG 814.

) N a graſſy Pillow
The youthful Myrtillo
Tranſported was laid;
his Arms a Creature,
hoſe every Feature
For Conqueſt was made;
his Side he claſp'd her,
d fondly graſp'd her,
While ſhe cry'd, O! dear,
dear Myrtillo,
d I known your Will-o,
'd never come here.
ams gently flowing,
d Zephyrs blowing
mbroſial Breeze;
wain admiring,
d all conſpiring
he Charmer to pleaſe:
dear Nymph complying,
more denying,
ſilent Grove;
leſt Myrtillo!
may if you will-o,
e as happy as Jove.

Now the Devil's in it,
If ſuch a Minute
The Shepherd could loſe:
No, no, Myrtillo
Has better Skill-o,
His Moments to chuſe.
The delightful Treaſure
Of Love and Pleaſure,
He boldly ſeiz'd;
And young Myrtillo,
He had his Fill-o
Of what he pleas'd.

SONG. 815.

ONce in our Lives,
Let's drink to our Wives,
Tho' their Numbers be but ſmall,
Heaven take the beſt,
And the Devil take the reſt;
And ſo we ſhall get rid of them all.
To this hearty Wiſh,
Let each Man take his Diſh,
And drink, drink till he fall.

SONG 816.

ONce I lov'd a charming Creature,
But the Flame with which I burn
Is not for each tender Feature,
Nor for her Wit and ſprightly Turn,
But for her Down, derry, down derry,
On the Graſs I ſaw her lying,
Strait I ſeiz'd her tender Maid;

On her Back ſhe lay complying,
With her lovely Body plac'd
Under my Down, &c.
But the Nymph being young and tender,
Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart,
Still unwilling to ſurrender,
Call'd Mamma to take her Part
Of her Down, &c.
Out of Breath, Mamma came running,
To prevent poor Nancy's Fate;
But the Girl, now prov'd more cunning,
Cry'd Mamma you're come too late,
For I am Down, &c.

SONG 817.

ONce fair Serena panting lay,
With Thoughts of Love oppreſt;
Hoping that Slumber might allay
The Fever in her Breaſt.
Her ſleeping Senſe at laſt was caught,
And Slumber ſoon made known;
The Tranſports ſhe enjoy'd in Thought,
She waking durſt not own.
Smiling ſhe lay with longing Arms,
Graſping the fleeting Air;
Melting with thouſand am'rous Charms
Fancy cou'd e'er declare:
Her Swain ſurpriz'd this ſight to view
And hear her Love repeat,
Straight to her Arms like Light'ning flew,
Her Wiſhes to compleat.
The Maid aſham'd to be thus caught,
Sigh'd, bluſh'd, and ſtrove to riſe;
Accuſing that her Swain was nought,
Her Virtue to ſurprize:
She vow'd by all the Gods above,
Her Scorn ſhe wou'd not hide;
But melting ſoon with rapturous Love,
The Nymph forgot to chide.

SONG 818. *Bleſs'd as the, &c.*

OThers falſe Tongues can you believe,
Yet not my truer ſpeaking Eyes?
Men's Tongues Love teaches to deceive,
But with his Looks no Lover lies:

The leſs I boaſt my real Flame,
The more my Paſſion Truth beſpeaks;
Not what the Tongue but Eyes proclaim,
Love's Infidel a Convert makes.

For Lovers, like poſſeſſing Friends,
Are more believ'd, the leſs they ſay;
Who more our artful Speeches minds,
Than Looks, does her own Faith betray.

Believe not my own Rivals then,
Whilſt they to thee ſuch Love profeſs;
True Love is, like true Courage, ſeen,
But more as we pretend to't leſs.

SONG 819.

ONE Ev'ning the loveliest Pair
That ever frequented the Plain,
Bright Lydia, th'all conquering Fair,
And Damon the beautiful Swain,
Sat down in a Jessamine Grove,
Where a murmuring Rivulet stray'd,
When Damon, to kindle old Love,
Thus softly reproached the Maid.

Dam. O Lydia! while I was that he
That ever was blest with your Charms,
And never a Shepherd but me
Clasp'd in that soft Circle your Arms;
Then Damon all chearful did sing,
And his Happiness yielded to none,
Despis'd all the Pomp of a King,
And slighted a glittering Throne.

Lyd. False Damon! the Virgin reply'd,
Whilst you true and constant did prove,
Consuming whole Days by my Side,
In sighing and talking of Love;
Whilst Phillis's Beauty did yield
To mine in your delicate Eye,
Then I was the Pride of the Field,
No Queen was so happy as I.

Dam. Ah name not that beautiful Dame!
She has totally ravish'd my Heart;
Her Charms set me all in a Flame
Which she fans with her musical Art;
One Touch of that powerful Breath
Wounds a Heart as it pierces an Ear;
For her I would freely meet Death,
Would the Powers my Goddess but spare.

Lyd. Alexis, the bloomingest Youth
That treads on the flowery Plains,
With innocent Arts and pure Truth
My Heart not unwilling detains:
Still burning with mutual Desire,
Unbroken Delights we enjoy;
Far oft'ner than once I'd expire
To save adorable Boy.

Dam. But now if my Heart should return
To the Duty it owes thee again;
Leave Phillis to sorrow and mourn,
A Conquest she could not maintain:
If humbly thy Pardon he'll crave,
And sigh when he thinks on the Time
He slighted thy Love, wilt thou leave
Thy Damon to die for his Crime?

Lyd. Ah! no, tho' Alexis the Fair
His Charms like a Planet displays,
And thou art unconstant as Air,
And wrathful as bellowing Seas:

Yet with thee a long Series of Years
Like a minute of Joy I'd conſume,
And at Death, not lament thee with Tears,
But lay myſelf down in thy Tomb.

SONG 820.

ONE April Morn, as from the Sea
Phœbus was juſt appearing;
Damon and Cælia, young and gay,
Long-ſettl'd Love endearing;
Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen
On Parents unrelenting;
He bred of Tory Race had been,
She of the Tribe Diſſenting.

Cælia, whoſe Eyes out-ſhone the God
Newly the Hills adorning;
Told him Mamma would run ſtark Mad,
She miſſing Prayers that Morning:
Damon, his Arms around her Waiſt,
Swore that nought ſhould them ſunder;
Should my rough Dad know how I'm bleſt,
'Twould make him roar like Thunder.

Great ones whom proud Ambition blind,
By Faction ſtill ſupport it;
Or, where vile Money taints the Mind,
They for Convenience Court it;
But mighty Love, that ſcorns to ſhew
Party ſhou'd raiſe his Glory,
Swears he'll exalt a Vaſſal true,
Let him be Whig or Tory.

SONG 821.

ONE Night when all the Village ſlept,
Myrtillo's ſad Deſpair
The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept,
To tell the Woods his Care.
Be gone, ſaid he, fond Thought be gone;
Eyes, give your Sorrows, o'er:
Why ſhould you waſte your Tears for one
That thinks on you no more?

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, the Pow'rs,
That dwell within the Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have paſs'd in Love.
You Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn
A thouſand Times, that like to thoſe
Her Flame ſhou'd ever burn.

But ſince ſhe's loſt, Oh! let me have
My Wiſh, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie.
Sad Nightingales the Watch ſhall keep,
And kindly here complain:
Then down the Shepherd lay to ſleep,
But never wak'd again.

SONG 822.

ON dear Zelinda's Charms I gaze,
And drink Deſtruction from her Eye,

In thoſe bright Orbs Love gaily plays,
And laughing bids his Arrows fly;
He wounds without ceaſing,
The Pain is yet pleaſing;
So ſweet is the Anguiſh,
I love and I languiſh; (die.
And when from my Charmer, methinks I could
And when, &c.

With Venus, when on Ida's Grove,
For Charms Zelinda may compare:
She looks and moves the Queen of Love,
As fair her Face, divine her Air.
Bright Youth and good Nature
Light up ev'ry Feature:
With Wit all inviting
She's gay and delighting,
Inviting, delighting;
O Cupid! aſſiſt me my Charmer to move.
O Cupid, &c.

SONG 823.

ONE Night in my Ramble I chanced to
see
A Thing like a Spirit, it frightened me;
I cock'd up my Hat, and reſolv'd to look big,
And ſtrait fell a tuning the Iriſh Jig.

The Devil drew nearer and nearer; in ſhort,
I found it was one of the Petticoat Sort:
My Fears being over, I car'd not a Fig,
And ſtill I kept tuning the Iriſh Jig.

And then I went to her, reſolving to try her;
I put her agog of a longing Deſire;
I told her I'd give her a Whip for her Gig,
And a Scourge to the Tune of the Iriſh Jig.

Then nothing but dancing our Fancy could
pleaſe,
We lay on the Graſs, and danc'd at our Eaſe;
I down'd with my B——s, and off with my
Wig,
And we fell a dancing the Iriſh Jig.

I thank you kind Sir, for your Kindneſs, ſaid
ſhe,
The Scholar's as wiſe as the Maſter can be;
For if you ſhould chance to get me with Kid,
I'll lay the poor Brat to the Iriſh Jig.

The Dance being ended, as you may ſay,
We roſe by Conſent, and we both went away;
I put on my Cloaths, and left her to grow big,
And ſo went roaring the Iriſh Jig.

SONG 824.

ONE Day I heard Mary ſay,
How ſhall I leave thee?
Stay, deareſt Adonis, ſtay,
Why wilt thou grieve me:
Alas! my fond Heart will break,
If thou ſhould leave me;
I'll live and die for thy Sake;
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, ſay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young Heart betray
New Love, that has griev'd thee;
My conſtant Mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou may believe me;
I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming Youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy Anguiſh ſooth?
This Breaſt ſhall receive thee.

My Paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive Pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee Lad,
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that Thought makes me ſad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor Heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee.

SONG 825. *Lillibulero.*

OUR Shopkeepers Wives are ſo poliſh'd of late,
That each has her Card and her Viſiting-Day;
And whilſt the tame Huſband toils hard with his Fate,
She ruins his Credit and Pocket at Play.
Quadrille, Picquet,
Ombre, Baſſet,
Alternative charm and promote her Delights:
The Children are ſqualling,
And Creditors bawling,
That Force the poor Bankrupt away in the Night.

SONG 826.

POwerful Guardians of all Nature,
O preſerve my beauteous Love!
Powerful Guardians of all Nature,
O preſerve my beauteous Love!
Keep from Inſults that dear Creature,
Her Virtue ſure has Charms to move.
Powerful Guardians of all Nature,
O preſerve my beauteous Love, &c.

SONG 827.

PArnaſſa the Beauty and Pride of the Plain,
The Envy of Nymphs, and Delight of the Swains,
Was woo'd by Aminta, whoſe Flame without Art
To charming Parnaſſa ſurrender'd his Heart,
'Ere Phœbus had Power to ſhine o'er the Plain.
Parnaſſa the Fair, and Aminta the Swain
Wou'd often repair to a Jeſſamine Grove,
And fondly repeat the ſoft Tranſports of Love

By Time and ſoft Kiſſes ſo fond were the Pair,
The Abſence of one, was the other's Deſpair:
But when together, Cœleſtial the Joy;
A Paſſion ſo artleſs, Time never can cloy.

SONG 828.

D Ain'd with her ſlighting Jamie's Love,
Bell dropt a Tear—Bell dropt a Tear:
The Gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear:
They heard the Praiſes of the Youth
From her own Tongue—— from her own Tongue,
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus ſhe ſung—and thus ye ſung.

Bleſt Days when our ingenuous Sex,
More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
Did not her lov'd Adorers vex;
But ſpoke their Mind—but ſpoke their Mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair,
You'd he return—wou'd he return,
He ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cauſe him mourn—or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deſerving Swain, [ſhame,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame,—— yet ſtill thought
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame—to own my Flame?
Why took I Pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy—and ſeem ſeem too coy?

Which makes me now alas! lament
My ſlighted Joy—my ſlighted Joy.
Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Deſire—own your Deſire,
While Love's young Power with his ſoft Wing
Fans up the Fire—fans up the Fire.
O do not with a ſilly Pride,
Or low Deſign—or low Deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy Bride,
But anſwer plain—but anſwer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
With flowing Eyes,—with flowing Eyes:
Glad Jamie heard her all the Time,
With ſweet ſurprize—with ſweet ſurprize.
Some God had led him to the Grove,
His Mind unchang'd—his Mind unchang'd,
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd my Love,
I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd!

SONG 829.

PAN leave Piping, the Gods have done Feaſting,
There's never a Goddeſs a Hunting to Day:
Mortals marvel at Corydon's Jeſting,
That gives the Aſſiſtance to entertain May.
The Lads and the Laſſes, with Scarfs on their Faces,
So lively as paſſes, trip over the Down:
Much Mirth and Sport they make, running at Barleybreak; [Gown.
Lord what Haſte they make for a Green

John with Gillian, Harry with Frances,
Meg and Mary, with Robin and Will;
George and Margery lead all the Dances,
For they were reported to have the beſt Skill:
But Cec'ly and Nanny, the faireſt of many,
That came laſt of any from out of the Towns,
Quickly got in among the midſt of all the Throng, [Gowns.
They ſo much did long for their Green
Wanton Deborah whiſper'd with Dorothy,
That ſhe would wink upon Richard and Sym;
Mincing Maudlin ſhew'd her Authority,
And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.
But Sibel was ſickly, and could not come quickly,
And therefore was likely to fall in a Swoon;
Tib would not tarry for Tom, nor for Harry,
Leſt Chriſtian ſhould carry away the Green Gown.

Blanch and Beatrice, both of a Family,
Came very lazy lagging behind;
Anniſe and Aimable noting their Policy;
Cupid is cunning, altho' he be blind:
But winny the witty, that came from the City,
With Parnel the pretty, and Beſſie the brown;
Clem, Joan, and Iſabel, Sue, Alice, and bonny Nell,
Travell'd exceedingly for a Green Gown.

Now the Youngſters had reach'd the Green Meadow,
Where they intended to gather their May;
Some in the Sun-ſhine, ſome in the Shadow,
Singled in Couples did fall to their Play;
But conſtant Penelope, Faith, Hope, and Charity,
Look'd very modeſtly, yet they lay down;
And Prudence prevented what Rachel repented,
And Kate was contented to take a Green Gown.

Then they deſir'd to know of a Truth,
If all their Fellows were in the like Caſe.
Nem call'd for Edy, and Edy for Ruth,
Ruth for Marcy, and Marcy for Grace;
But there was no Speaking, they anſwer'd with Squeaking,
The pretty Laſs breaking the Head of the Clown; [doing;
But ſome were wooing, while others were
Yet all their going was for a Green Gown.

Bright Apollo was all this while peeping,
To ſee if his Daphne had been in the Throng;
But miſſing her, haſtily downwards was creeping,
For Thetis imagin'd he tarry'd too long:
Then all the Troop mourned, and homeward returned,

For Cynthia ſcorned to ſmile, or to frown;
Thus they did gather May, all the long Summer-day,
And at Night went away with a Green Gown.

SONG 830.

PAnthea all the Senſes treats,
The Eye with Objects dear,
The Smell with Nature's pureſt Sweets,
With Harmony the Ear:
The Taſte with Food ambroſial:
But oh! the Touch is all in all;
But oh! the Touch is all in all;
Is all in all, &c.

SONG 831.

PAſtora's Beauties when unblown,
E'er yet the tender Bud did cleave,
To my more early Love were known,
Their fatal Power I did perceive:
How often in the Dead of Night,
When all the World lay hush'd in Sleep;
Have I thought this my chief Delight,
To ſigh for you, for you to weep?
Upon my Heart, whoſe Leaves of White,
No Letter yet did ever ſtain:
Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
The fair Paſtora here muſt reign:
Her Eyes, thoſe darling Suns, ſhall prove
Thy Love to be of nobleſt Race;
Which took its Flight ſo far above
All human Things, on her to gaze.
How can you then a Love deſpiſe,
A Love that was infus'd by you?
You gave Breath to its infant Sighs,
And all its Griefs that did enſue:
The Pow'r you have to wound I feel,
How long ſhall I of that complain?
Now ſhew the Pow'r you have to heal,
And take away the tort'ring Pain.

SONG 832.

PEace, babling Muſe!
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her Eyes refuſe
To read the Paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my Lute; but if it ſound,
Threatens to ſurl it on the Ground:
And I no leſs her Anger dread,
Than the poor Wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce Lion does embrace
His breathleſs Corps, and lick his Face:
Wrapt up in ſilent Fear he lies,
Torn all in Pieces if he cries.

SONG 833.

PEggy in Devotion
Bred from tender Years,
From my loving Motion
Still was call'd to Pray'rs.
I made muckle Buſtle
Love's dear Fort to win;
But the Kirk Apoſtle
Told her 'twas a Sin.

Faſting and Repentance,
And ſuch whining Cant,
With the Domeſday Sentence,
Frighted my young Saint.

He taught her the Duty
Heav'nly Joys to know;
I, who lik'd her Beauty,
Taught her thoſe below.

Nature took my part ſtill,
Senſe did Reaſon blind,
That, for all his Art ſtill,
She to me inclin'd.

Strange Delights hereafter
Did ſo dull appear,
She, as I had taught her,
Vow'd to ſhare 'em here.

Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,
'Mong'ſt the canting Race,
Neither Son nor Daughter
Ever yet had Grace.

Peggy on the Sunday
With her Daddy vext,
Came to me on Monday,
And forgot his Text.

SONG 834. *Carle and the King come.*

PEggy now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come,
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the King's come.

Nae mair the Hawkies thou ſhalt 'milk,
But change thy Plaiding-coat for Silk,
And be a Lady of that Ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the King's come.

SONG 835.

PHilander and Sylvia, a gentle ſoft Pair,
Whoſe Buſineſs was Loving, and Kiſſing their Care;
In a ſweet-ſmelling Grove went ſmiling along
'Till the Youth gave a Vent to his Heart with his Tongue:
Ah Sylvia! ſaid he, (and ſigh'd when he ſpoke)
Your cruel Reſolves will you never revoke?
No never, ſhe ſaid. How never! he cry'd
'Tis the Damn'd that ſhall only that Sentence abide.
She turn'd her about to look all around,
Then bluſh'd, and her pretty Eyes caſt on the Ground;
She kiſs'd his warm Cheeks, then play'd with his Neck,
And urg'd that his Reaſon his Paſſion would check,
Ah Philander! ſhe ſaid, 'tis a dangerous Bliſs
Ah! never aſk more, and I'll give thee a Kiſs
How never? he cry'd, then ſhiver'd all o'er
No never, ſhe ſaid, then trip'd to a Bower
She ſtopt at the Wicket. He cry'd, let me in
She anſwer'd, I wou'd if it were not a Sin

eav'n ſees, and the Gods will chaſtiſe the poor Head (ſaid
f Philander for this. Straight trembling he
eav'n ſees, I confeſs, but no Tell-tales are there.
e kiſs'd him, and cry'd, you're an Atheiſt, my Dear;
nd ſhou'd you prove falſe, I ſhould never endure.
ow never? he cry'd, and ſtraight down he threw her.
r delicate Body he claſp'd in his Arms;
kiſs'd her, he preſs'd her, heap'd Charms upon Charms;
cry'd, ſhall I now? No never, ſhe ſaid;
ur Will you ſhall never enjoy till I'm dead.
en, as if ſhe were dead, ſhe ſlept and lay ſtill,
even in Death bequeath'd him a Smile:
ich embolden'd the Youth his Charms to apply,
ich he bore ſtill about him to cure thoſe that die.

SONG 836.

Hillis has ſuch charming Graces,
Beauty triumphs in her Eye:
was made for the Embraces
f ſome mighty Deity.
llis has ſuch charming Graces,
muſt love her, tho' I die.
Have a Care celeſtial Creature,
Coyneſs may your Beauty pall;
You an Angel are by Nature;
Angels by their Pride loſt all.
Have a Care, celeſtial Creature,
Leſt I triumph in your Fall.

SONG 837.

PHillis, the Young, the Fair, the gay,
The Youth that fain wou'd ſpoil ye,
Gives you at once the Bloom of May,
And riper Bluſh of July.
While thus the ſoothing Rogue prepares
His Phillis for his Pleaſures,
Learn, fair one, hence t'eſcape his Snares,
And ſave your faireſt Treaſures.
The Bloſſoms by too hot a Taint
Soon drop and fall neglected;
And Fruit that has a Maggot in't,
However fair's rejected.

SONG 838.

PHillis, as her Wine ſhe ſipp'd in,
Gaily talking with her Swain,
Into her Hand ſhe ſlily ſlipp'd in
Tal, lal, lal, lal,
A full Glaſs of briſk Champaigne.
Why ſo coy, ſaid he, and fickle?
Muſt I always ſigh in vain?
Muſt I never hope to tickle
Tal, lal, &c.
Your Ear with a merry Strain?

Long have I been toſs'd and fretting,
Like a Sailor on the Main;
Sure, at length 'tis Time to get in,
Tal, lal, &c.
To the Port I hope to gain.

Hearts you take delight in ſtealing,
Of new Conqueſts ſtill are vain;
Torture others, whilſt I'm feeling,
Pleaſure that is void of Pain.
Tal, lal, &c.
Won at length, ſhe liſten'd kindly,
And from Love could not refrain;
So in the Nick the Nymph was finely
Tal, lal, &c.
Fitted for her cold Diſdain.

SONG 839.

PHillis! why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the Day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span;
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies.
Or would Youth and Beauty ſtay,
Love hath Wings, and will away:
Love hath ſwifter Wings than Time;
Change in Love to Heav'n does climb:
Gods, that never change their State,
Vary oft their Love and Hate.

Phillis! to this Truth we owe
All the Love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I enquire,
What has been our paſt Deſire:
On what Shepherds you have frail'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the Planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do:
For the Joys we now may prove,
Take Advice of preſent Love.

SONG 840.

PHillis, the Faireſt of Love's Foes,
Though fiercer than a Dragon.
Phillis, that ſcorn'd the powder'd Beaus,
What has ſhe now to brag on?
So long ſhe kept her Legs ſo cloſe,
'Till they had ſcarce a Rag on.

Compell'd thro' Want, this wretched Maid
Did ſad Complaints begin;
Which ſurly Strephon hearing ſaid,
It was both Shame and Sin,
To pity ſuch a lazy Jade,
As will neither kiſs nor ſpin.

SONG 841.

PHœbe, the Roſe, the Meadows adorning,
Pride of the Plain, and Queen of the May!
Silvio more cold than Dew of the Morning,
When to his Sports he wakes with the Day.
He laughs at wanton Cupid's Dart,
She ſtill in vain purſues his Heart,

ſtro' Groves and Plains ſhe roves alone,
nd Echo anſwers to her Moan,
Thro' Groves and Plains ſhe roves alone,
And Echo anſwers to her Moan,
ho. Anſwers to her Moan,

ho, ſhe cries, my Sorrow returning,
Sweeteſt of Nymphs that liv'ſt unſeen:
'ning in that the Cauſe of my Mourning,
For my Unkind ne'er comes on the Green.
l tell me, wanton Prattler tell,
ar what remote, what murmuring Rill;
In what cool Shade, what ſilent Bow'r, S.
Say, where he waſtes the ſultry Hour? S.
ho. Here he waſtes the ſultry Hour.

rning aſide, ſhe views the Boy lying,
Sunk in Repoſe, beneath the cool Shade;
ught by her Love to make him complying,
All her ſly Arts employs the ſad Maid.
Echo firſt her Thanks ſhe pays,
d thus her kind Aſſiſtance prays:
What Strain, kind Echo, ſhall I prove,
To wake and rouze my Swain to Love?
ho. Wake and rouze thy Swain to Love.

vio, his Head on his Elbow reclining,
tarted amaz'd at Notes ſo Divine:
ning he view'd the Damſel repining,
While ſhe purſu'd her artful Deſign.
d Echo, call him from the Field,
Love will nobler Pleaſures yield:
Kind Swain, this ſofter Paſtime chuſe,
And whilſt thou fly'ſt, ſee who purſues.
Echo. Whilſt thou fly'ſt, ſee who purſues.
Love in the Form of Phœbe, betraying,
Sweetly reveng'd proud Sylvio's Diſdain:
Quickly he found a Joy in delaying;
Try'd to depart, but ſoon came again.
Kind Echo, cry'd the weeping Dame,
If Sylvio e'er ſhould own Love's Flame.
Bid him, when curs'd with cold Deſpair,
But think on wretched Phœbe's Care.
Echo. Think on wretched Phœbe's Care.
Peace, cry'd the Swain, and ceaſe this upbraiding,
Silvio ſhall ne'er be the Cauſe of her Tears:
Then from his Covert flies to the Maiden,
And on her Lips his Conſtancy ſwears.
The Maid did all his Vows applaud.
She own'd, and he forgave the Fraud.
And both agreed, with grateful Heart,
To thank kind Echo for her Part.
Echo. Thank kind Echo for her Part.

SONG 842.

I Jous Selinda goes to Pray'rs,
If I but aſk the Favour;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.
Wou'd I were free from this Reſtraint,
Or elſe had Hopes to win her;

Wou'd ſhe could make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

SONG 843.

PLague us not with idle Stories,
Whining Loves, and ſenſeleſs Glories;
What are Lovers, what are Kings?
What at beſt but ſlaviſh Things?

Free I liv'd, as Nature made me,
No proud Beauty durſt invade me,
No rebellious Slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd as Nature made me.

Each by Turns, as Senſe inſpir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
I alone have loſt true Pleaſure,
Freedom is the only Treaſure.

SONG 844.

POOR Jenny and I we toiled,
In a long Summer's Day;
Till we were almoſt foiled,
With making of the Hay:
Her Kerchief was of Holland clear,
Bound low upon her Brow;
Iſe whiſper'd ſomething in her Ear,
But what's that to you;

Her Stockings were of Kirchy green,
Well ſtitcht with yellow ſilk;
Oh! ſike a Leg was never ſeen,
Her Skin as white as Milk:
Her Hair as black as any Crow,
And ſweet her Mouth was too;
Oh! Jenny daintily can m—w,
But, &c.

Her Petticoats were not ſo low,
As Ladies they do wear them;
She needed not a Page I trow,
For I was by to bear them:
Iſe took them up all in my Hand,
And I think her Linnen too;
Which made me for to make a ſtand;
But, &c.

King Solomon had Wives enough,
And Concubines a Number;
Yet Iſe poſſeſs more Happineſs,
And he had more of Cumber:
My Joys ſurmount a wedded Life,
With Fear ſhe lets me m—w
A Wench is better than a Wife,
But, &c.

The Lilly and the Roſe combine,
To make my Jenny fair;
There's no Contentment like as mine,
I'm almoſt void of Care:
But yet I fear my Jenny's Face
Will cauſe more Men to woue;
Which if ſhe ſhould, as I do fear,
Still, what is that to you?

SONG 845.

POOR ſighing Damon courts in vain
The blooming Sylvia's Love;
To ev'ry Stream he tells his Pain,
His Care to ev'ry Grove.

Whilſt tender Sylvia's panting Breaſt
For ſcornful Acron burns,
Proud Acron ſlights her fond Requeſt,
And all her Favour ſcorns.

Let ev'ry Nymph that ſlights her Swain,
Still meet with Sylvia's Fate;
And, when ſhe feels her Lover's Pain,
Her own Example hate.

SONG 846.

POOR Cleonice thy Garlands tear
From off thy widow'd Brow;
And bind thy looſe diſhevell'd Hair
With Yew and Cypreſs now:
And ſince the Gods decreed his Years
Should have ſo ſhort a Date;
Let thy ſad Eyes pay Seas of Tears
In Tribute to his Fate.

The Trees a duller Green have worn
Since that dear Swain is gone;
The tender Flocks their Paſture mourn,
And bleat a ſadder Moan:
The Birds that did frequent theſe Groves,
To happy Manſions fly;
And all that once ſmil'd on our Loves,
Now ſeem to bid me die.

SONG 847.

POOR Sawney had marry'd a Wife,
And he knew not what to do with her;
For ſhe'd eat more Barley-bread,
Than he knew how to give her:
We'll all ſup together, we'll all ſup together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till Jove ſends warmer Weather.
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till Jove ſends warmer Weather.

We'll put the Sheep's head in the Pot,
The Wool and the Horns together;
And we will make Broth of that,
And we'll all ſup together,
We'll all ſup together, &c.

The Wool ſhall thicken the Broth,
The Horns ſhall ſerve for Bread:
By this you may underſtand
The Virtue that's in a Sheep's-head:
And we'll all ſup together, &c.

Some ſhall lig at the Head,
And ſome ſhall lig at the Feet;
Miſs Cuddy wou'd lig in the middle,
Becauſe ſhe'd have all the Sheet:
We'll all lig together, &c.
Miſs Cuddy got up in the Loft,
And Sawny wou'd fain have been at her,

Miſs Cuddy fell down in her Smock,
And made the Glaſs Windows to clatter:
We'll all lig together, &c.
The Bride ſhe went to Bed,
The Bridegroom followed after,
The Fidler crept in at the Feet,
And they all ligg'd together:
We'll all lig together, &c.

SONG 848.

PReach not me your muſty Rules,
Ye Drones that mould in idle Cell:
The Heart is wiſer than the Schools,
The Senſes always reaſon well.
If ſhort my Span, I leſs can ſpare
To paſs a ſingle Pleaſure by;
An Hour is long, if loſt in Care,
They only live, who Life enjoy.

SONG 849.

PRepar'd to rail, reſolv'd to part,
When I approach the perjur'd Fair,
What is it awes my tim'rous Heart?
Why does my Tongue forbear?
With the leaſt Glance, a little kind,
Such wond'rous Pow'r have Mira's Charms,
She calms my Doubts, enſlaves my Mind,
And all my Rage diſarms.
Forgetful of her broken Vows,
When gazing on that Form divine;
Her injur'd Vaſſal trembling bows,
Nor dares her Slave repine.

SONG 850.

PRetty Armida will be kind,
When at her Feet you proſtrate fall:
No cruel Look was e're deſign'd,
To dwell within her charming Eye:
Gaze on her Face, and every Part
That is expoſed to your View;
You'll preſently conclude her Heart
To be ſo ſoft, 'twill yeild to you.

But firſt 'tis fit you try your Skill;
You may not think that without Pain,
And ſome Attendance on her Will,
So rich a Prize you ſhall obtain:
Wooers, like Ang'ling-men, muſt wait
Women's Time, and give them play,
'Till ſhe has ſwallow'd well the Bait,
Before ſhe will become their Prey.

What tho' Armida's Looks be kind,
And you read Yeilding in her Eyes;
Yet you, alas! may quickly find,
Thoſe Charms do nought but tantalize:
Her Heart may not ſo eaſy be
As you imagine, but may prove
As hard as Adamant to thee,
And Proof againſt the Darts of Love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
Make Trial of, Sir, if you pleaſe;
Tell her, you are her captive Slave,
And beg of her Relief and Eaſe:

ſhe'll not hear you; for ſhe ſpies.
hat underneath your guilded Bait
afty Hook incloſed lies,
from your Angle ſhe'll retreat.

SONG 851.

inces that rule, and Empire ſway,
How tranſitory is their State!
ws the Glories do allay,
t richeſt Crowns have greateſt Weight.
ghty Monarch Treaſon fears,
bitious Thoughts within him rave;
ſe all Diſcontents end Cares;
d he at beſt is but a Slave.
y we think with fond Delight
eate the Burden of our Cares;
Grief a ſecond does invite,
d Sorrows are each others Heirs.
e, my Honour I'll maintain,
gallant, generous, and brave;
hen I Quietude would gain,
kall, I find it in the Grave.

SONG 852.

hee Friend, leave off thy Thinking,
aſt thy Cares and Love away;
ks ſtill are drown'd in Drinking,
not, do not then delay;
s cares not for thy Will,
ll have us drinking ſtill.
view this Glaſs of Claret,
invitingly it looks;
Drink it quickly, or you'll mar it.
Pox of Fighting, or of Books:
Let us have good Store of Wine,
Hang him t en that does repine.
Call the Drawer, bid him full it,
As full as ever it can hold:
O take heed you do not ſpill it,
'Tis more precious far than Gold;
Let us drink, and then 'twill prove,
Drink is better Sport than Love.

SONG 853. *Ceaſe your, &c.*

I Prithee Filly,
Pen't ſo filly,
Thus to waſt thy Days in Grief;
You ſay, Betty
Will not let ye;
But can Sorrow give Relief?
Leave repining,
Ceaſe your whining;
Pox on Torment, Grief, and Woe;
If ſhe's tender,
She'll ſurrender;
If ſhe's tough, e'en let her go.

SONG 854. *Had I the World, &c.*

I Uſing Beauty, Men deſcry
The diſtant Shore, and long to prove
(Still richer in Variety)
The Treaſure of the Land of Love.
We Women, like weak Indians, ſtand
Inviting, from our golden Coaſt,

The wand'ring Rovers to our Land ;
But ſhe, who trades with 'em, is loſt.
With humble Vows they firſt begin,
Stealing, unſeen, into the Heart ;
But by poſſeſſion ſettled in,
They quickly act another Part.

For Beads and Baubles we reſign,
In Ignorance, our ſhinning Store ;
Diſcover Nature's richeſt Mine,
And yet the Tyrants will have more.

Be wiſe, be wiſe, and do not try,
How he can court, or you be won ;
For Love is but Diſcovery,
When that is made, the Pleaſure's done.

SONG 855.

RIſe Glory riſe, in all thy Charms!
Thy waving Creſt and burniſh'd Arms:
Make thy thund'ring Courſers bound,
Bid the Drums, bid the Trumpets join,
To warm my Soul with Rage Divine.

SONG 856.

RIſe Britannia's Sons ariſe and ſee,
Rebellious Strife intrude on thee :
Brave intrepid Sons of War,
Quick yourſelves for Arms prepare,
Scourge the Traitors that rebel,
And the Romiſh Monſter quell:
And all your Liberties maintain,
Under great George's milder reign.

Treach'rous France, Britannia's Foe,
Now ſeeks our final Overthrow;
Spain and Pruſſia both combin'd,
To deſtroy us are inclin'd:
Then true Britons firmly join,
To prevent their curs'd Deſign,
And all your Liberties maintain,
Under great George's milder Reign.

Let's unite with Heart and Hands,
To free ourſelves from Popiſh Bands,
Let the bold Invader know,
He has found a powerful Foe:
Cruſh the Foes of England's Crown,
And Rebellion trample down,
And all your Liberties maintain,
Under great George's milder Reign.

SONG 857.

RAnging the Plain one Summer's Night,
To paſs a vacant Hour,
I fortunately chanc'd to light
On lovely Phillis Bow'r.

The Nymph, adorn'd with thouſand Charms
In Expectation ſat,
To meet thoſe Joys in Strephon's Arms,
Which Tongue cannot relate.

Upon her Hand ſhe leant her Head,
Her Breſt did gently riſe ;
That e'ery Lover might have read
Her Wiſhes in her Eyes:

e'ery Breath that mov'd the Trees,
She ſuddenly would ſtart;
Cold on all her Body ſeiz'd,
A Trembling on her Heart.

t he that knew how well ſhe lov'd.
Beyond his Hour had ſtay'd;
d both with Fear and Anger mov'd
The melancholy Maid:

Gods, ſhe ſaid, how oft he ſwore,
He would be here by One;
now alas! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come.

ONG 858. *Draw, Cupid, draw.*

Eign, Sylvia, reign,
The Rebel quits his Arms;
Ye Pow'rs compleat,
And I ſubmit
Love's victorious Charms;
The pleaſing Pain,
The gentle Chain
t conſtant Hearts unite,
Such Joys beſtows,
That Freedom knows
ſuch ſincere Delight.

ver, and I burn,
mph, and I mourn,
I faint, I die,
Until I fly
Paſſion to return;
But Oh! I fear,
Too fierce to bear
The mighty Joy will be;
And Love's keen Dart,
Fixt in my Heart,
Prove that of Death to me.

SONG 859.

REmember, Damon, you did tell,
In Chaſtity you lov'd me well;
But now, alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my Moan.
Ho, ho, rah, in Amburah,
Ho, and he, derry
Hi, and hi, derry,
Ho,---derry, derry, derry, derry, Amburah.

To doleful Shades I will remove,
Since I'm deſpis'd by him I love,
Where poor forſaken Nymphs are ſeen,
In lonely Walks of Willow green.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue
Such ſoft perſuaſive Language hung,
That when his Words had ſilence broke,
You wou'd have thought an Angel ſpoke.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Too happy Nymph, whoe'er ſhe be,
That now enjoys my charming He;
For, oh! I fear it to my Coſt,
Sh'as found the Heart that I have loſt.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Beneath the faireſt Flow'r on Earth,
A Snake may hide, or take its Birth;
So his falſe Breaſt conceal it did,
His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

'Tis falſe, who ſays we happy are,
Since Men delight our Hearts t'enſnare:
In Man no Woman can be bleſt,
Their Vows are Wind, their Love's a Jeſt.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Ye Gods in Pity to my Grief,
Send me my Damon, or Relief;
Return that wild delicious Boy,
Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

But, whilſt I'm begging of this Bliſs,
Methinks I hear you anſwer this;
Whom Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,
Who ſees him, loves, who loves him, dies.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

There's not a Bird that haunts this Grove,
But is a Witneſs of my Love;
Echo repeats my plaintive Moans,
The Waters imitate my Groans;
The Trees their bending Boughs recline,
And droop their Heads, as I do mine.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

SONG 860. *Tweed-Side.*

REſtrain'd from the Sight of my Dear,
No Object with Pleaſure I ſee,
Tho' Thouſands all round me appear,
The World's but a Deſart to me:
Ev'ry Morning her Charms to ſurvey
Sol's Abſence I'd gladly excuſe;
'Tis her Eyes that reſtore me the Day,
'Tis Night when their Luſtre I loſe.

In vain are the Verdures of Spring,
The Fields dreſt ſo bloomingly gay;
The Birds that delightfully ſing
Delight not when Cælia's away:
Oh! give the dear Nymph to my Arms,
And the Seaſons unheeded may roll;
Her Preſence like Midſummer warms,
Her abſence out freezes the Pole.

Reclin'd by ſoft murmuring Streams,
I weeping diſburthen my Care,
I tell to the Rocks my fond Themes,
Whoſe Echoes but ſooth my Deſpair.
Ye Streams that ſoft murmuring flow,
Convey to my Love e'ery Tear;
Ye Rocks that refound with my Woe,
Repeat my Complaints in her Ear.
O tell her I languiſhing lie
In the midſt of Life's vigorous Bloom,
That 'tis only herſelf can ſupply
The Cure that retrieves from the Tomb

And if the dear Charmer ſhall deign
To equal my amorous Fire,
That Moment will eaſe all my Pain,
New Life and new Pleaſures inſpire.

SONG 861.

REturn, return, my lovely Nymph,
For Summer's Pleaſures now will fade:
The trembling Leaves begin to drop,
All Nature ſeems as if decay'd.
Th' harmonious Nightingale's retir'd,
Th' Approach of wint'ry Nights to mourn;
The Lark forgets to mount the Sky;
Ah! lovely Cælia, quick return.
The bluſhing Roſe's Charms decay,
The Lilly droops its lovely Head:
Sweet winding Thames begins to ſwell,
And viſit th' untrequented Mead.
The Shepherd's Pipe neglected lies,
The Vallies now no more delight:
All pleaſing Scenes of Country Life
Have taken too their annual Flight.

SONG 862.

RIng, ring the Bar-bell of the World,
Great Bacchus calls for Wine;
Haſte, pierce the Globe, its Juices drain,
To wet him ere he dine.
Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,
When firſt you have pour'd it forth?
The Globe ſhall cluck, as ſoon as tapp'd,
To brood ſuch Sons of Worth;
When this World's out, more World's we'll have:
Who dare oppoſe the Call?
If we had twice ten thouſand Worlds,
Ere Night we'd drink them all.

See, ſee our Drawer Atlas comes,
His Caſk upon his Back;
Haſte! drink and ſwill, let's booze amain,
Till all our Girdles crack.

Apollo cry'd, let's drink amain,
Leſt Time ſhould go aſtray;
We'll make Time drunk, the reſt reply'd,
We Gods can make a Day.

Brave Hercules, who took the Hint,
Required Time to drink,
And made him gorge ſuch Potions down,
That Time forgot to think.

Unthinking Time thus overcome,
And nonplus'd in the Vaſt,
Diſſolv'd in the Æthereal World,
Sigh'd, languiſh'd, groan'd his laſt.

Now Time's no more, let's drink away?
Hang flinching, make no Words;
Like true born Bacchanalian Souls,
We'll get as drunk as Lords.

SONG 863.

ROB's Jock came to woo our Jenny;
On ae Feaſt-Day when we were fou;
She brankit faſt, and made her bonny,
And ſaid, Jock, come ye here to woo?

She burniſt her baith Breaſt and Brou,
And made her cleer as ony Clock;
Then ſpak her Dame, and ſaid, I trou
Ye come till woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock ſaith, forſuith, I yern fu' fain
To luk my Head, and ſit down by you:
Then ſpak her Minny, and ſaid again,
My Bairn has Tocher enough to give you.
Tehie! qo Jenny, kiek, kiek, I ſee you:
Minny, you Man makes but a Mock.
Deil hae the---ſu leis me o'you,
I come to woo your Jenny, qo Jock.

My Bairn has Tocher of her awin;
A Guſe, a Gryce, a Cock and Hen,
A Stirk, a Staig, an Acre ſawin,
Bakbread and a Bannock-ſtane;
A Pig, a Pot, and a Kirn there ben,
A Kame-but and a Kaming-ſtock;
With Coags and Luggies nine or ten:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A Wecht, a Peet-creel and a cradle,
A pair of Clips, a Graip, a Flail,
An Ark, an Ambry, and a Ladle.
A Milſie, and a Sowen-Pale,
A rouſty Whittle to ſheer the Kail,
And a Timber-mell the Bear to knock,
Twa Shelfs made of an auld Fir-dale:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A Furm, a Furlet, and a Peck,
A Rock, a Reel, and a Wheel-band,
A Tub, a Barrow, and a Seck,
A Spurtil-braid, and an Elwand.
Then Jock took Jenny be the Hand,
And cry'd, A Feaſt! and ſlew a Cock,
And made a Brydal upo' Land:
Now I have got your Jenny, qo Jock.

Now Dame, I have your Doughter marri'd,
And tho' ye mak it ne'er ſae tough,
I let you wit ſhe's nae miſcarri'd,
Its well kend I have Gear enough:
Ane auld gawd Gloyd fell owre a Heugh,
A Spade, a Speet, a Spur, a Sock;
Withouten Owſen I have a Pleugh:
May that no ſer your Jenny, qo Jock?

A treen Truncher, a Ram-horn Spoon,
Twa Buits of barkit Blaſint-Leather,
A' Graith that ganes to coble Shoon,
And a Trawcruck to twyne a Teather.
Twa Croks that moup among the Heather,
A Pair of Branks, and a Fetter Lock,
A teugh Purſe made of a Swine's Blather,
To had your Tocher, Jenny, qo Jock.

Good Elding for our Winter Fire,
A Cod off Caff wad fill a Cradle.
A Rake of Iron to clat the Bire,
A Deuk about the Dubs to padle;
The Pennel of an auld Led-ſadle,
And Rob my Eem hecht me a Stock,
Twa Iuſty Lips to lick a Ladle;
May thir no gane your Jenny, qo Jock;

pair of Hames and Brechom fine,
And without Bitts a Bridle-renzie,
Sark made of the Linkome twine,
A gay green Cloke that will not ſtenzie;
Mair yet in ſtore---I need na fenzie,
e hundred Flaes, a fendy Flock;
And are not thae a wakrife Menzie,
gae to Bed with Jenny and Jock?
k thir for my part of the Feaſt,
t is well known I am weel bodin:
need not ſay my part is leaſt,
Wer they as meikle as they're lodin.
The Wife ſpeerd gin the Kail was ſodin,
en we have done, tak hame the Brok;
The Roſt was teugh as Raploch Hodin,
h which they feaſted Jenny and Jock.

SONG 864.

Abina in the dead of Night
In reſtleſs Slumbers wiſhing lay,
thia was Bawd, and her clear Light
To looſe Deſires did lead the Way:
epp'd to her Bedſide with bended Knee,
And ſure Sabina ſaw,
d ſure Sabina ſaw,
And ſure Sabina ſaw.
ſure ſhe ſaw, but would not ſee,
ew the Curtains of the Lawn,
Which did her whiter Body keep;
ſtill the nearer I was drawn,
ethought the faſter ſhe did ſleep;
I call'd Sabina ſoftly in her Ear,
And ſure Sabina heard, but would not hear.
Thus, as ſome midnight Thief (when all
Are wrapt into a Lethargy)
Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
To ſearch for hidden Treaſury:
So mov'd my buſy Hand from Head to Heel,
And ſure Sabina felt, and would not feel.
Thus I ev'n by a Wiſhenjoy,
And ſhe without a Bluſh receives;
As by diſſembling moſt are coy,
She by diſſembling freely gives:
For you may ſafely ſay, may ſwear it too,
Sabina ſhe did hear,
Sabina ſhe did ſee,
Sabina ſhe did feel,
She did hear, ſee, feel, ſigh, kiſs and do.

SONG 865.

SAD Mucidora, all in Woe,
A ſilent Grotto ſeeks;
No more herſelf on Plains do ſhow,
But mourning, thus ſhe ſpeaks:
Why was I born of high Degree?
An humble Shepherdeſs
Had been far happier for me,
Than all this gaudy Dreſs.
A ſumptuous Palace full o' Joy,
To me a Dungeon is;
And all that Mirth does my annoy,
Who know no Tho ught of Bliſs:

She burniſt her baith Breaſt and Brou,
And made her cleer as ony Clock;
Then ſpak her Dame, and ſaid, I trou
Ye come till woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock ſaith, forſuith, I yern fu' fain
To luk my Head, and ſit down by you:
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An humble Shepherdeſs
Had been far happier for me,
Than all this gaudy Dreſs.
A ſumptuous Palace full o' Joy,
To me a Dungeon is;
And all that Mirth does my annoy,
Who know no Thought of Bliſs:

Then, wrapt in Grief, the lovely Maid
Retir'd from all the Throng,
And on a Bank reclin'd her Head,
While Tears ran trickling, trickling down.

SONG 866.

SAW you the Nymph whom I adore,
Saw you the Goddess of my Heart?
And can you bid me love no more,
Or can you think I fell no Smart?
So many Charms around her shine,
Who can the dear Temptation fly!
'Spite of her Scorn she's so divine,
That I must love her, tho' I die.

SONG 867.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
Coming frae the Market;
Bag and Baggage on her Back,
Her Fee and Bountith in her Lap;
Bag and Baggage on her Back;
And a Babie in her Oxter.
I met ayont the Kairny,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing to her Bairny,
Robin Rattles' Bastard;
To flee the Dool upo' the Stool,
And like ane that mocks her
She round about seeks Robin out,
To stap it in his Oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle;
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Use Jenny Nettles kindly:
Score out the Blame, and shun the Shame,
And without mair Debate o't,
Take hame your Wain, mak Jenny fain,
The leel and leesome Gate o't.

SONG 868.

SAve Women and Wine, there is nothing in Life
That can bribe honest Souls to endure it:
When the Heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with Care,
Dear Women and Wine only cure it.
Dear Women, &c.

Come on, then, my Boys we'll have Women and Wine,
And wisely to Purpose employ them:
He's a Fool that refuses such Blessings divine,
Whilst Vigour and Health can enjoy them.
As Women and Wine, dear Women and Wine,
Whilst Vigour, &c.

Our Wine shall be old, bright and sound, my dear Jack,
To heighten our amorous Fires;
Our Girls young and smart, and shall kiss with a smack,
And shall gratify all our Desires;

The Bottles we'll crack, and the Laſſes we'll
And gratify, &c. [Smack

SONG 869.

SAY, all ye Friends that now are met
Around this ſparkling Bowl,
Does any ſad unhappy Fate
Lag heavy on the Soul?

Does any here the Lover mourn
Of ſome imperious Fair,
Who treats his Offerings with Scorn,
And kills him with Deſpair?

Or is there any weary Mind
With Poverty ſo great,
As keeps his Joys too cloſe confin'd,
In ſlaviſh Goals of Debt?

If ſo, drink twice a ſingle Share,
Quick toſs the Liquor round,
And you ſhall find that ſtupid Care
Will preſently be drown'd.

See, ſee the Bowl with pleaſing Smiles
Invites us to a Bliſs;
All cloudy Sorrows it beguiles,
And flows all Happineſs.

Come join in Chorus, to the Praiſe
Of the great God of Wine;
O jolly Bacchus! pow'rful God,
All Happineſs is thine.

SONG 870.

SAY, good Maſter Bacchus, aſtride on your Butt, [run out,
Since our Champaigne's gone, and our Claret's
Which of all the briſk Wines in your Empire that grow, [below?
Will ſerve to delight your poor Drunkards
Reſolve us, grave Sir, and ſoon ſend it over,
Leſt we die, leſt we die of the Sin of being ſober.

SONG 871.

SAY, lovely Sylvia, lewd and fair,
Venus in Face and Mind,
Why muſt not I that Bounty ſhare,
You pour on all Mankind?
That Sun that ſhines promiſcuouſly
On Prince and Porter's Heads,
Why muſt it now leave only me
To languiſh in the Shades?
In vain you cry, you'll ſin no more,
In vain you pray and faſt;
You'll ne'er perſuade us, 'till threeſcore,
That Sylvia can be chaſte.
When thus affectedly you cant,
You're ſuch a young Beginner,
You make at beſt an aukward Saint,
That are a charming Sinner.

SONG 872.

SAY, lovely Dream! where could'ſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that Face?

Colours of this glorious Kind,
Come not from any mortal Place.
In Heav'n itſelf thou ſure wer't dreſt
With that Angel-like Diſguiſe;
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my Joy with cloſed Eyes.
But ah! this Image is too kind,
To be other than a Dream:
Cruel Sachariſſa's Mind
Ne'er put on that ſweet Extreme!
Fair Dream! if thou intend'ſt me Grace,
Change that heav'nly Face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd Love in thy Face,
And make it to appear like mine.
Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a Pity-moving Shape;
Such as wander by the Brook
Of Lethe, or from Graves eſcape.
Then to that matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe Shape thou ſhineſt ſo;
Softly in her ſleeping Ear,
With humble Words expreſs my Woe.
Perhaps from Greatneſs, State and Pride,
Thus ſurprized ſhe may fall;
Sleep does Diſproportion hide,
And, Death reſembling, equals all.

SONG 873.

SAY, cruel Amoret, how long,
In Billet-doux and humble Song,
Shall poor Alexis woo?
If neither writing, ſighing, dying,
Reduce you to a ſoft complying;
O when will you come to?
Full thirteen Moons are now paſt o'er,
Since firſt thoſe Stars I did adore,
That ſet my Heart on Fire:
The conſcious Play-houſe, Parks, and Co
Have ſeen my Suff'rings made your Sport;
Yet am I ne'er the nigher.
A faithful Lover ſhould deſerve
A better Fate, than thus to ſtarve
In Sight of ſuch a Feaſt:
But oh! if you'll not think it fit,
Your hungry Slave ſhould taſte one Bit;
Give ſome kind Looks at leaſt.

SONG 874.

SAys my Uncle, I pray now diſcover
What has been the Cauſe of your Wo
That you pine and you whine like a Lover?
I've ſeen Molly Mogg of the Roſe!
O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Prog;
Half a Crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mogg.
The School-boy's Delight is a Play-day,
The School-maſter's Joy is a flog,
A Fop's the Delight of a Lady,
But mine is in ſweet Molly Mogg.

Will o'Wiſp leads the Trav'ler a-gadding
Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog;
But no Light can e'er ſet me a madding,
But the Eyes of my ſweet Molly Mogg.
For Guineas in other Mens Breeches
Your Gameſters will paum and will cog;
But I envy them none of their Riches,
So I paum my ſweet Molly Mogg.
The Heart that's half-wounded is ranging,
Flit here and there leaps like a Frog;
But my Heart can never be changing,
'Tis ſo fix'd on my ſweet Molly Mogg.
I know that by Wits 'tis recited,
That Women, at beſt, are a Clog;
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving my ſweet Molly Mogg.
The Letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid, and gives me a Jog,
And I fill all my Paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet Molly Mogg.
Well I'm in Love to Diſtraction,
My Senſes are loſt in a Fog;
And in nothing can find Satisfaction,
But in Thoughts of my ſweet Molly Mogg.
I would not give up the Three Graces,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a Dog.
And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,
For a Glance of my ſweet Molly Mogg.
For thoſe Faces want Nature and Spirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a Log;

Juno, Venus, and Pallas's Merit
Unite in my ſweet Molly Mogg.
Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give for my ſweet Molly Mogg.
When Molly comes up with the Liquor,
When Jealouſy ſets me a-gog,
To be ſure ſhe's a Bit for the Vicar,
And ſo I ſhall loſe Molly Mogg.

The Sequel of the foregoing Verſes.

WHEN to Women you make your Addreſs, Sir,
Remember the old Decalogue,
And take heed that you never Tranſgreſs, Sir,
With that beautiful Toaſt, Molly Mogg.

SONG 875. *Waft me ſome ſoft and cooling Breeze.*

SEE! in the limpid floating Glaſs,
How bright Aurelia does appear!
So Lillies, in a Chryſtal Caſe,
Receive a Gloſs, and look more fair.
She like the Orient Morning ſhows,
When lifting o'er the Waves her Head;
Or Venus, when the Goddeſs roſe,
And firſt forſook her wat'ry Bed.
Take heed, ah! lovely Maid, take heed,
Leſt in the Mirrour thou ſhou'dſt ſpy

Thy blooming Charms, and for them bleed,
Narciſſus-like, and for them die.
For who, unmov'd, can view that Breaſt!
That Shape! that Face! thoſe matchleſs Charms!
I find my Soul with Love poſſeſs'd,
And raging Fire my Boſom warms.

Oh! that ſhe was by me entwin'd,
Where now the wat'ry Circles run;
'Till we, like Salamacis, join'd,
Our Bodies blended both in one.
Plunge in the Front, ye old and weak,
'Twill kindle Life, and Youth reſtore,
And, like the Stygian Current, make,
Your Limbs as vig'rous as before.

SONG 876.

SEE what a Conqueſt Love has made!
Beneath the Myrtle's amorous Shade
The charming fair Corinna lies,
All melting in Peſure,
Quenching in Tears thoſe flowing Eyes,
That ſet the World on Fire.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do?
The Youth by Chance came by, and knew
For whom thoſe chryſtal Streams did flow;
And tho' he ne'er before
To her Eyes brighteſt Rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

So when the Heav'ns ſerene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy Light appear,
Each craggy Rock, and ev'ry Stone
Their native Rigour keep;
But when in Rain and Clouds fall down,
The hardeſt Marbles weep.

SONG 877.

SEE how fair Corinna lies,
Kindly calling with her Eyes:
In the tender Minute prove her,
Shepherd! Why ſo dull a Lover?
Prithee, why ſo dull a Lover?

In her Bluſhes ſee your Shame;
Anger they with Love proclaim;
You to coldly entertain her:
Lay your Pipe a little by;
If no other Charms you try,
You will never, never gain her,

While the happy Minute is,
Court her, you may get a Kiſs;
May be, Favours that are greater.
Leave your Piping, to her fly:
When the Nymph you love is nigh,
Is it with a Tune you treat her?

Dull Amintor! fie, oh! fie:
Now your Shepherdreſs is nigh;
Can you paſs your Time no better?

SONG 878.

EE, Phillis, yonder Bower
With e'ery beauteous Flower,
And twining Green array'd:
eet Jonquils, Daffadillies,
nations, Roſes, Lillies,
Invite us to the Shade.

here claſping thee, my Treaſure,
Extaſy 'bove Meaſure,
'll on your Boſom lye;
hile you're with Looks expiring,
y bliſsful Death deſiring,
My Soul with Joy ſhall fly.
ith balmy melting Kiſſes
l crown my dying Bliſſes,
Whilſt you in Pity cry;
y Love, I'll not be cruel,
n this am'rous Duel
We'll both together die.

SONG 879. *The bonny Chirſt-Church Bells.*

SEE how fair and fine ſhe lies
Upon her Bridal Bed;
No Lady at Court,
So fit for the Sport,
On ſhe lock'd ſo curiouſly white and red:
er the firſt and ſecond Time,
The weary Bridegroom ſlacks his Pace;
And cling thy Cheek cloſe to my Face:
Tinkle, tinkle, goes the Bell under the Bed,
Whilſt Time and Touch they keep;
Then with a Kiſs
They end their Bliſs,
And ſo fall aſleep.

SONG 880.

SEE, ſee, like Venus ſhe appears,
With all her Heaven of Charms!
Her ſpotleſs Form, her blooming Years,
Enchant me to her Arms.

Were I to chuſe my fav'rite Joy,
Or Love, Kingly Sway,
Her Smiles would all my Hours employ,
And ſport the World away.

SONG 881.

SEE from the ſilent Grove Alexis flies
And ſeeks with every pleaſing Art,
To eaſe the Pain which lovely Eyes
Created in his Heart.

To ſhining Theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving Airs,
While thus to Muſick's Pow'r the Swain addreſs'd his Pray'rs:

Charming Sounds that ſweetly languiſh,
Muſick, oh compoſe my Anguiſh!
Ev'ry Paſſion yields to thee:
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me;

Cupid ſhall no more deceive me,
I'll to ſprightlier Joys be free.

Apollo heard the fooliſh Swain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak t'aſſuage an amorous Pain,
His own harmonious Harp had prov'd,
And all his healing Herbs how vain.
Then thus he ſtrikes the ſpeaking Strings,
Preluding to his Voice, and ſings:

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, Shepherd, then deceive the;
Muſick is the Voice of Love.
If the tender Maid believe thee,
Soft Relenting,
Kind Conſenting,
Will alone thy Pain remove.

SONG 882.

SEE, ſee my Seraphina comes,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;
Look, Gods, from your celeſtial Domes,
And view her charming Face.

Then ſearch, and ſee if you can find
In all your ſacred Groves,
A Nymph, or Goddeſs, ſo divine,
As ſhe whom Strephon loves.

SONG 883.

SEE, Sirs, ſee here! a Doctor rare,
Who travels much at home!

Here take my Pills, they cure all Ills,
Paſt, preſent and to come;
The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch,
The Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
The Mulligrubs, the bonny Scrubs,
And all Pandora's Pox.
Thouſands I've diſſected,
Thouſands new erected,
And ſuch Cures effected,
As none e'er can tell;
Let the Palſy ſhake ye,
Let the Cholick rake ye,
Let the Crinkums break ye,
Let the Murrain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well.
Thouſands, &c.

Come Wits ſo keen, devour'd with Spleen,
And Beaus who've ſprain'd your Backs,
Big-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades,
And pepper'd Vizard Cracks;
I ſoon remove the Pains of Love,
And cure the love ſick Maid,
The Young, the Old, the Hot, the Cold,
The Living and the Dead;
I clear the Laſs with Wainſcot Face,
And from Pimgennets free
Plump Ladies red like Saracen's Head,
With toping Ratafee.
This with a Jirk will do your Work,
And ſcour ye o'er and o'er;

Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
Never believe me more.

SONG 884.

SEE, see she wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the Sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

With Light united, Day they give,
But diff'rent Fates e're Night fulfil:
How many by his Wrath will live,
How many will her Coldness kill.

SONG 885.

SEnd home my long-stray'd Eyes to me,
Which oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn't such ill,
Such forc'd Fashions,
And false Passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good Sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless Heart again,
Which no unworthy Thought could stain;
But if it has been taught by thine,
To make Jestings
Of Protestings,
And break both
Word and Oath;
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my Heart and Eyes,
That I may know and see thy Lies,
And I may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in Anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.

SONG 886.

SElinda sure's the brightest Thing
That decks the Earth, or breathes our Air,
Mild are her Looks like opening Spring,
And like the blooming Summer fair.

But then her Wit's so very small,
That all her Charms appear to lie
Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
And strike no further than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxuriously she treats,
Our Ears are absent from the Feast;
One Sense is surfeited with Sweets,
Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with Aspect bright,
And taudry Pride a Tullip swell;
Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
Dull and insipid to the Smell.

SONG. 887.

SHall I, waisting in Despair,
Die because a Woman's fair?

Shall my Cheeks look pale with Care,
'Cauſe another's roſie are?
Be ſhe fairer than the Day,
Or the flow'ry Meads in May;
Yet if ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how fair ſhe be!
Shall a Woman's Goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her Love?
Or, her worthy Merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be ſhe with that Goodneſs bleſt,
As may merit Name the beſt,
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhe be!
Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more deſpair;
If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die ere ſhe ſhall grieve;
If ſhe ſlight me when I woo,
I will ſcorn, and let her go:
So if ſhe be not fit for me,
What care I for whom ſhe be.

SONG 888. *Chloe, be wiſe, &c.*

SHE that would gain a conſtant Lover,
Muſt at a Diſtance keep the Slave;
Not by a Look her Heart diſcover,
Men ſhould but gueſs the Thoughts we have.
Whilſt they're in doubt, their Flame increaſes,
And all Attendance they will pay:
When we're poſſeſt their Tranſport ceaſes,
And Vows, like Vapours, fleet away.

SONG 889.

ENDYMION.

SHE comes, my Goddeſs comes!
Oh! I dream; 'tis not for waking Eyes
To ſee ſuch wond'rous Joys:
Joys like my mighty Love extream;
All Heav'n is round me, oh! I dream!

CYNTHIA.

Awake, awake, Endymion,
Awake, awake, Endymion, from above,
Thy Cynthia, Cynthia comes!
To crown, to crown, to crown thy Love.

SONG 890.

SHE tells me with Claret ſhe cannot agree
And ſhe thinks of a Hogſhead when
ſhe ſee me;
For I ſmell like a Beaſt, and therefore muſt
Reſolve to forſake her, or Claret deny.
Muſt I leave my dear Bottle, that was alwa
my Friend?
And I hope will continue ſo to my Life's en
Muſt I leave it for her? 'Tis a very hard T
Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil: B
t'other whole Flaſk. [forbe
Had ſhe tax'd me with Gaming, and ba
'Tis a thouſand to one I had lent her an

d she found out my Sally, up three Pair of Stairs,
d haulk'd her, and gone to St. James's to Pray'rs:
d she bade me read Homillies three times a-day,
perhaps had been humour'd, with little to fay:
at Night to deny me my Bottle of Red,
her go to the Devil, there's no more to be faid.

SONG 891.

HE fung—with such a Sweetness sung,
And look'd with such a Grace,
bought I heard an Angel's Tongue,
nd saw an Angel's Face.

eauty such a winning Charm,
ch Innocence of Soul,
ce the coldest Heart may warm,
e warmest may controul.

hall then Gold—(O impious Thought!)
h Excellence out-weigh?
he (O vile Exchange!) be bought
bruta! Lust a Prey?

hese the Fruits of Charms divine!
nd'rous hapless Maid!
o the more thy Graces shine,
more to be betray'd?

But know, O Fair! the World's a Stage,
And Life itself a Play;
The vary'd Act, a vary'd Age,
The changeful Scene, a Day.
How sweetly hast thou fill'd thy Heart
As Casmire's gen'rous Wife!
Be still the same, and keep thy Heart
Still spotless in thy Life.
O! Scorn a Polly's tawdry Fate—
No, still be nobly poor:
What Gold can gild, or change the hateful—
Name of Guilt or W—
Nor need'st thou (as I judge) be told,
No Sums can countervail the Cost,
(Tho' Crowns or Garters give the Gold)
Of Innocence and Virtue lost.

SONG 892.

SHould I die by the Force of good Wine,
'Tis my Will that a Tun be my Shrine;
And for the Age to come,
Engrave this Story on my Tomb:
Here lies a Body once so brave,
Who by drinking made his Grave.
Since thus to die will purchase Fame,
And raise an everlasting Name;
Drink, drink away; drink, drink away:
And here let's be nobly interr'd;
Let Misers and Slaves pop into their Graves,
And rot in a dirty Church-yard.

SONG 893.

SHould auld Acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with Scars?
Theſe are the noble Hero's Lot,
Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
Welcome, my Varo, to my Breaſt,
Thy Arms about me twine,
And me once again as bleſt,
As I as was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us, on each Bough,
A thouſand Cupids play;
Whilſt thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object makes me gay:
Since your Return, the Sun and Moon
With brighter Beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft Notes while they run,
As they lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the Court and Din of State;
Let that to their Share fall,
Who can eſteem ſuch Slav'ry great,
While bounded like a Ball:
But ſunk in Love upon my Arms
Let your brave Head incline,
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
You may purſue the Chace,
And, after a blyth Bottle, end
All Cares in my Embrace:
And in a vacant rainy Day
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the Hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The Hero, pleaſs'd with the ſweet Air,
And Songs of generous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
Bow'd to the Pow'rs above:
Next Day, with Conſent and glad Haſte,
Th' approach'd the ſacred Shrine;
Where the good Prieſt the Couple bleſt,
And put them out of Pine.

SONG 894

SIgh no more, my lovely Cælia:
Why, ah! why thoſe mournful Sighs?
Where, ah! where's the beauteous Luſtre
Once adorn'd thoſe brilliant Eyes?
See how briny Floods o'erwhelm them,
Breaking on the bluſhing Shore;
And like Summer's Dew on Lillies,
Decks the Boſom I adore.

The Flow'rs that form'd by Nature drooping
Yet their fragrant Odours riſe;
And my Cælia, tho' ſhe's weeping,
Hath thoſe Charms ſhe can't diſguiſe.

SONG 895.

SIghs and Storms invade my Breaſt,
Cruel Love admires no Reſt.

ant me, Flora, ſome Relief;
ll I love, but to deſpair,
uel Flora, cruel Fair.

ra's falſe, ſhe is not true,
t I muſt my Fair purſue.
ll not Sighs nor Tears prevail?
ely Flora, then farewell;
ewell, Love, I know my Doom,
go to haſten to my Tomb.

SONG 896.

lent Night yeilds no Repoſe,
Silent Night my Anguiſh knows;
And the gay Morning
Now returning,
Only lights to me new Woes.
nt Night yeilds no Repoſe,
nt Night yeilds no Repoſe.

g muſt I this Torture bear?
g muſt I love and deſpair?
What Life denies us,
Death ſupplies us.
ndly Death, come end my Care,
ndly Death, come end my Care,
Long muſt I this Torture bear?
Long muſt I this Torture bear?

SONG 897.

ince thus you ſlight my Pain,
Return my Heart again,
False, ungreatful Swain,
Or meet my Paſſion.
But if my Heart you prize,
O do not tyrannize!
O do not tyrannize!
But ſhew Compaſſion.

SONG 898.

SInce Drinking has Pow'r for to give us Relief,
Come fill up the Bowl, and a Pox on all Grief.
If we find that won't do, we'll have ſuch another,
And ſo we'll proceed from one Bowl to the other,
Till, like Sons of Apollo, we'll make our Wit ſoar,
Or, in Homage to Bacchus, fall down on the Floor.

Apollo and Bacchus were both merry Souls,
They each of them lov'd for the tops off their Bowls.
Then let's try to ſhew ourſelves true Men of Merit,
By toaſting thoſe Gods in a Bowl of good Claret,
And then we ſhall all be deſerving of Praiſe:
But the Man that drinks moſt ſhall go off with the Bays.

SONG 899.

SInce Cælia only has the Art,
And only ſhe can captivate,
And wanton in my Breaſt;
All other Pleaſures I deſpiſe,
Than what are from my Cælia's Eyes.
In her alone I'm bleſt.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles, new Life ſhe gives,
And happy, happy, who receives
From her enchanting Breath:
Then prithee Cælia, ſmile once more,
Since I no longer muſt adore,
For when you frown 'tis Death.

SONG 900.

SInce all my Vows, falſe Maid,
Are blown to Air,
And my poor Heart betray'd
To ſad Deſpair.
Into ſome Wilderneſs
My Grief I will expreſs,
And thy Hard-heartedneſs,
O cruel Fair:
Have I not graven our Loves
On every Tree:
In yonder ſpreading Groves,
Tho' falſe thou be:
Was not a ſolemn Oath
Plighted betwixt us both;
Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,
Conſtant to be?
Some bloomy Place I'll find,
Some doleful Shade
Where neither Sun nor Wind
E'er Entrance had:
Into that hollow Cave,
There will I ſigh and rave,
Becauſe thou doſt behave
So faithleſly.
Wild Fruit ſhall be my Meat,
I'll drink the Spring,
Cold Earth ſhall be my Seat:
For Covering
I'll have the ſtarry Sky
My Head to canopy,
Until my Soul on high
Shall ſpread its Wing.
I'll have no Funeral Fire,
Nor Tears for me:
No Grave do I deſire,
Nor Obſequy:
The courteous Red-breaſt he
With Leaves will cover me,
And ſing my Elegy,
With doleful Voice.
And when a Ghoſt I am,
I'll viſit thee:
O thou deceitful Dame,
Whoſe Cruelty

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s kill'd the kindeſt Heart
at e'er felt Cupid's Dart,
d never can deſert
From loving thee.

SONG 901.

nce all that's fair in Womankind,
You boaſt you can diſcover,
rth, with a Freedom unconfin'd,
Their Stock of Charms all over.

d when the mighty Pains you've took,
nd ſaid whate'er you can ſay,
'll own; the faireſt, in her Smock,
Was faireſt in your Fancy.

SONG 902.

ce now the World's turn'd upſide down;
And all Things chang'd in Nature;
f a Doubt were newly grown,
e had the ſame Creator:

ncient Modes and former Ways,
ll teach you, Sirs, the Manner,
ood Queen Beſſe's Golden Days,
hen I was a Dame of Honour.

d an ancient noble Seat,
o' now 'tis come to Ruin;
re Mutton, Beef, and ſuch good Meat,
th' Hall were daily chewing:

Of humming Beer my Cellar full,
I was the yearly Donor;
Where toping Knaves had many a Pull,
When I was, &c.

My Men of home-ſpun honeſt Greys,
Had Coats and comely Badges;
They wore no dirty ragged Lace,
Nor e'er complain'd for Wages:
For gaudy Fringe, and Silks o'th' Town,
I fear'd no threatning Dunner;
But wore a decent Grogram Gown,
When I was, &c.

I never thought Cantharides,
Ingredient good in Poſſet;
Nor ever ſtript me to my Stays,
To play the Punck at Baſſet:
In Ratafie ne'er made Debauch,
Nor reel'd like toping Gunner,
Nor let my Mercer ſeize my Coach,
When I was, &c.

I ſtill preſerv'd my Maiden Fame,
In ſpite of Oaths and Lying;
Tho' many a long-chin'd Youngſter came,
And fain would be enjoying:
My Fan to guard my Lips I kept,
From Cupid's lewd O'er-runner,
And many a Roman Noſe I rapp'd,
When I was, &c.

My curling Locks I never bought
Of Beggars dirty Daughters;
Nor, prompted by a wanton Thought,
Above Knee ty'd my Garters:
I never glow'd with painted Pride,
Like Punk, when th' Devil has won her,
Nor prov'd a Cheat, to be a Bride,
When I was, &c.

My Neighbours ſtill I treated round,
And Strangers that came near me;
The Poor too always Welcome found,
Whoſe Pray'rs did ſtill endear me:
Let therefore who at Court would be
No Churl, nor yet no Fawner,
Match in old Hoſpitality
Queen Beſſe's Dame of Honour.

SONG 903.

SInce you will needs my Heart poſſeſs,
'Tis juſt to you I firſt confeſs
The Faults to which 'tis given.
It is to Change much more inclin'd
Than Woman, or the Sea, or Wind,
Or aught that's under Heav'n.

Nor will I hide from you this Truth,
It has been from its very Youth,
A moſt egregious Ranger:
And ſince from me 'thas often fled,
With whom it was both born and bred,
'Twill ſcarce ſtay with a Stranger.

The Black, the Fair, the Gay, the Sad,
(Which often made me fear 'twas mad)
With one kind Look could win it;
So nat'rally it loves to range,
That it has left Succeſs for Change,
And, what's worſe, glories in it.

Oft, when I have been laid to Reſt,
'Twould make me act like one poſſeſt
For ſtill 'twill keep a Pother;
And tho' you only I eſteem,
Yet it will make me, in a Dream,
Court and enjoy another.

And now, if you are not afraid,
After theſe Truths that I have ſaid,
To take this arrant Rover,
Be not diſpleas'd if I proteſt,
I think the Heart within your Breaſt
Will prove juſt ſuch another.

SONG 904.

SInce Truth and Conſtancy are vain,
Since neither Love nor Senſe of Pain,
Nor Force of Reaſon, can perſuade,
Then let Example be obey'd.

In Courts and Cities, could you ſee
How well the wanton Fools agree;
Where all the Curtins drawn, you'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.

Minerva, naked from above,
With Venus, and the Wife of Jove,
Expoſing ev'ry Beauty bare.
Deſcended to the Trojain Heir;
Yet this was ſhe whom Poets name
Goddeſs of Chaſtity and Fame.

Penelope, her Lord away,
Gave am'rous Audiences all Day;
Now round the Bowl the Suitors ſit,
With Wine, provoking Mirth and Wit;
Then down they took the ſtubborn Bow:
Their Strength, it ſeems, ſhe needs muſt know
Thus twenty chearful Winters paſt,
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaſte.

Smile, Mira, then, reward my Flame,
And be as much ſecure of Fame;
By all thoſe matchleſs Beauties fir'd,
By my own matchleſs Love inſpir'd,
So will I ſing, ſuch Wonders write,
That when th' aſtoniſh'd World ſhall cite
A Nymph of ſpotleſs Worth and Fame,
Mira ſhall be th' immortal Name.

SONG 905.

SInging charms the Bleſt above;
Angels ſing, and Saints approve;
All we below of Heav'n can know,
Is that they both ſing and love.

Mira hath an Angel's Air;
Sweet her Notes, her Face as fair,
Vaſſals and Kings
Feel when ſhe ſings
Charms of warbling Beauty near.

Savage Nature conquer'd lies,
All is Wonder and Surprize;
Souls expiring,
Hearts a firing,
By her charming Notes and Eyes.

Let the Viol and the Harp
Hang and moulder till they warp;
Let Flute and Lyre
In Duſt expire,
Shatter'd by a Vocal Sharp.

SONG 906.

SInce Spartan Heroes were ſo dull,
They felt no Beauty's Pow'r;
Thrice happy we, whoſe Joys are full,
Whilſt Love grows ev'ry Hour.

'Tis Pity in a noble Mind
Nature ſhould bear no Part;
How can the brave be truly kind,
And Love not touch the Heart?
Tho' Mars his Empire rule by Day,
And boaſt his mighty Spoils;
Yet Love at Night ſhall full repay
The Hazard of his Toils:
Whilſt Courage does with Vigour move,
Our Conqueſt to compleat;

The Fair an eaſy Victim prove,
The Brave by Force ſubmit.

SONG 907.

SInce we poor ſlaviſh Women know
Our Men we cannot pick and chuſe,
To him we like, why ſay we No,
And both our Time and Lover loſe?

With feign'd Repulſes and Delays
A Lover's Appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant ſtays,
His Stomach's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient am'rous Gueſt,
Unknown to us away may ſteal,
And rather than ſtay for a Feaſt,
Take up with ſome coarſe ready Meal.

When Opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be ſo too;
And if the Man be to your Mind,
Till needs you muſt, ne'er let him go.

The Match ſoon made is happy ſtill,
For only Love has there to do:
Let no one marry 'gainſt her Will,
But ſtand off when her Parents woo,

And only to the Suits be coy:
For ſhe whom Jointure can obtain,
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for Gain.

SONG 908.

SPring Renewing all things Gay,
Nature dictates, all obey,
In each Creature we may ſee,
The effect of Loves Decree;
Thus their State, ſuch their Fate,
Do not Polly ſtay to late, Do not &c.

Look around and ſee them Play,
All are wanton while they may;
Why ſhould precious time be loſt,
After Summer comes a Froſt,
All purſue, Nature due;
Let us Polly do ſo too, Let us &c.

Mark how kind that Swain and Laſs,
Yonder ſitting on the Graſs;
See how earneſtly he Sues,
Whilſt ſhe bluſhing, can't refuſe:
See You two, How they Woe,
Let us Polly do ſo too, Let us &c.

Mark the Cloud above the Plain,
See, See it ſeems to threaten Rain,
Herds and Flocks do run together,
Seeking ſhelter from the Weather;
Fear not you, I'll be true,
Therefore let us be ſo too, Therefore &c.

SONG 909.

SYlvia, wilt thou waſte thy Prime,
Stranger to the Joys of Love,

Thou has Youth, and that's the Time
Ev'ry Minute to improve:
Round thee wilt thou never hear,
Little wanton Girls and Boys,
Sweetly sounding in thy Ear,
Infant Prate and Mother's Toys.

Only view that little Dove,
Softly cooing to it's Mate,
As a farther Proof of Love;
See her for his Kisses wait?
Hark! that charming Nightingale,
As it flies from Spray to Spray;
Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale,
I love, I love, it strives to say.

Could I to thy Soul reveal,
But the least the thousand Part;
Of those Pleasures Lovers feel,
In a mutual Change of Hearts:
Then repenting wouldst thou say,
Virgins Tears from hence remove?
All the Time is thrown away,
That we cannot spend in Love.

SONG 910.

SInce the Day of poor Man,
That little, little Span,
'Tho long it can't last,
For the future and past
Is spent with Remorse and Despair,
With such a full Class
Let that of Life pass;
'Tis made up of Trouble,
A Storm tho' a Bubble,
There's no Bliss like forgeting our Care.

Why all this whining,
Why all this pining,
Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain?
Nothing so common
As Wealth and Woman,
To raise the Vapours, and so dull the Brain.

To him that's merry,
That's frolick and airy,
Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is sad:
Then rouse up thy Spirit,
And take off thy Claret,
In one smiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.
If Chloe fly thee
And still deny thee,
Never look sneaking, nor never repine:
If 'tis her Fashion
To slight your Passion,
Then seem most easy, and deny her thine

Yet slily wooe her,
And closely pursue her,
Or she'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh you to Scorn:
When she seems waspish,
Coquettish and prudish,
Then give her Humour, and let her be gone.

When next you meet her,
Again intreat her,
And if ye find ſtill ſhe makes you her Tool,
Ne'er let it vex ye,
Or once perplex ye,
She'll ſoon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her,
Deſpiſe her, and ſlight her,
And what you commended, as much diſcommend;
But if Love grieve thee,
And will not leave thee,
Then e'en love thyſelf, and next love thy Friend.

SONG 911.

SInce from my dear Aſtræa's Sight
I was ſo rudely torn,
My Soul has never known Delight,
Unleſs it was to mourn.

But oh, alaſs! with weeping Eyes
And bleeding Heart I lie;
Thinking on her, whoſe Abſence 'tis
That makes me wiſh to die.

SONG 912.

SInce Love has kindled in our Eyes
A chaſte and holy Fire,
It were a Sin if thou or I
Should let its Flame expire.

What tho' our Bodies never meet,
Love's Fuel's more divine;
The fixt Stars by their Twinklings greet,
And yet they never join.

Falſe Meteors, that ſtill change their Place,
Tho' they ſeem fair and bright,
Yet, will they covet to embrace,
Fall down, and loſe their Light.

If thou perceive thy Flame decay,
Come light thy Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine fade away,
I'll make freſh Fires from thine.

Thus then we ſhall preſerve from Waſte
The Flames of our Deſires:
No Veſtals ſhall preſerve more chaſte,
Or more immortal Fires.

SONG 913.

SInce, Cælia, 'tis not in our Pow'r,
To tell how long our Lives may laſt,
Begin to love this very Hour,
You've loſt too much in what is paſt.
For ſince the Pow'r we all obey
Has in your Breaſt my Heart confin'd,
Let me my Body to it lay;
In vain you part what Nature join'd.

SONG 914.

SLaves to London, I'll deceive you,
For the Country now I leave you;

Who can drink, and not be mad,
Wine ſo dear, and yet ſo bad?
So much Noiſe, and Air ſo ſmoaky,
That to ſtun, and this to choak ye;
Men ſo ſelfiſh, falſe, and rude;
Nymphs ſo young, and yet ſo lewd.
If we play, we're ſure of loſing;
If we love, our Doom we're chuſing:
At the Play-houſe tedious Sport,
Cant i'th City, Cringe at Court.

Dirty Streets, and dirtier Bullies,
Jolting Coaches, Whores and Cullies;
Knaves and Coxcombs ev'ry where,
Who that's wiſe would tarry here?
Quiet, harmleſs Country Pleaſure
Shall at home engroſs my Leiſure:
Farewell, London, I'll repair
To my native Country Air;
And leave all thy Plagues behind me;
But at home my Wife will find me:
Oh! ye Gods! 'tis ten times worſe,——
London is the milder Curſe.

SONG 915.

SMooth was the Water, calm the Air,
The Evening Sun depreſt,
Lawyers diſmiſs'd the noiſy Bar,
The Labourer at Reſt,
When Strephon, with his charming Fair,
Croſs'd the proud River Thames,
And to a Garden did repair
To quench their mutual Flames.

The crafty Waiter ſoon eſpy'd
Youth ſparkling in her Eyes:
He brought no Ham, no Neat-Tongues dry'd,
But Cream and Strawberries.
The am'rous Strephon aſk'd the Maid,
What's whiter than this Cream?
She bluſh'd, and could not tell, ſhe ſaid:
Thy Teeth, my pretty Lamb.

What's redder than theſe Berries are?
I know not, ſhe reply'd:
Thoſe Lips which I'll no longer ſpare,
The burning Shepherd cry'd,
And ſtreight began to hug her:
This Kiſs, my Dear,
Is ſweeter far
Than Strawberries, Cream, and Sugar.

SONG 916.

SO calm, and ſo ſerene, but now,
What means this Change on Mira's Brow?
Her aguiſh Love now glows and burns,
Then chills and ſhakes, and the cold Fit returns.

Mock'd with deluding Looks and Smiles,
When on her Pity I depend;
My airy Hope ſhe ſoon beguiles,
And laughs to ſee my Torments never end.

So up the ſteepy Hill, with Pain,
The weighty Stone is roll'd in vain;
Which having touch'd the Top, recoils,
And leaves the Lab'rer to renew his Toils.

SONG 917.

SO well Corinna likes the Joy,
She vows ſhe'll never more be coy,
She drinks eternal Draughts of Pleaſure;
Eternal Draughts do not ſuffice,
O! give me, give me more, ſhe cries,
'Tis all too little, little Meaſure.

Thus wiſely ſhe makes up for Time
Miſpent, while Youth was in its Prime:
So Travellers who waſte the Day,
Careful and cautious of their Way,
Noting at length the ſetting Sun,
They mend their Pace as Night comes on;
Double their Speed to reach their Inn,
And whip and ſpur thro' thick and thin.

SONG 918.

SO num'rous Flavia's Charms appear,
As may her Form diſplay
In all the Dreſſes of the Year,
And Beauties of the Day.

Calm and ſerene like Spring, her Air;
Like Autumn, ſoft her Mold;
Her Face, like Summer, blooming fair;
Her Heart, like Winter, cold.

Her Boſom, Cynthia's full orb'd Light;
Her Cheeks Noon's Rays adorn;
Her Treſſes ſhew the falling Night;
Her Eyes, the riſing Morn.

SONG 919.

The Shepherd's Complaint.

SWeet were once the Joys I taſted,
All was Jollity and Love:
Time, methought, too nimbly haſted,
Which on Pleaſure's Wings did move.
Chloe then was all my Treaſure,
Never was a richer Swain;
Chloe doubled ev'ry Pleaſure,
Chloe baniſh'd ev'ry Pain.
But the envious Gods repining
So much Bliſs on Earth to ſee,
All their bitt'reſt Curſes joining,
Daſh'd my Cup with Jealouſy.
Now, where'er my Pipe reſounded,
Steals the Sigh and Heart-felt Groan;
Love by Fears and Doubts ſurrounded,
Ill diſputes a tott'ring Throne.
Fool, that ever art purſuing,
What conceal'd is ever beſt;
Jealouſy, Love's Child and Ruin,
Leave, O leave my tortur'd Breaſt.
With the Slave thy Power confeſſing,
Thou too, Venus, mildly deal:
Thoſe who ſhun or ſlight thy Bleſſing,
Should alone thy Terrors feel.

SONG 920.

SOft invader of my Soul,
Love who can thy Power controul,
All that haunt Earth, Air and Sea,
Own thy Force, and bow to thee.
All the dear inchanting Day,
Cælia ſteals my Heart away.

All the tedious live-long Night,
Cælia ſwims before my Sight.
Happy, happy were the Swains,
Who might ſuch a Prize obtain:
Other Joys he need not prove,
He's bleſt enough in Cælia's Love.

All that temptingly beguiles
Sparkling Eyes and dimpling Smiles,
Ev'ry Eye, and ev'ry Grace,
Dwell on Cælia's beauteous Face.
Open, gen'rous, free from Art,
Virtues live within her Heart.

Modeſty and Truth combin'd,
Suit her Paſſion to her Mind.
Happy, happy were the Swain,
Who might ſuch a Prize obtain:
Other Joys he need not prove,
Bleſt enough in Cælia's Love.

SONG 921.

The RECOVERY.

SEE, Stella, as your Health returns,
All Nature does her Charms renew;
Phœbus with greater Luſtre burns,
Who veil'd his Face in Grief for you.
No longer Iris ſheds her Tears;
The Zephyrs ſofter Breezes blow;
Flora in all her Pride appears;
The Streams in dimpling Gladneſs flow.

Wonder not then too charming Maid,
To ſee your Thyrſis ſympathize;
Exceſs of Joy has Love betray'd,
And I no longer can diſguiſe.
Not Adam when in Eden bleſt,
Did a more rant'rous Tranſport prove;
When the fair Partner of his Breaſt,
Firſt met his Eyes and taught him Love.

SONG 922.

STand round my brave Boys with Heart and with Voice,
And all in full Chorus agree;
We'll fight for our King, and as loyally ſing,
And let the World know we'll be free,
And let the World know we'll be free.

The Rebels ſhall fly, as with Shouts we draw nigh,
And Echo ſhall Victory bring;
Then ſafe from Alarms we'll reſt on our Arms,
And Chorus it long live the King,
Long live the King, long live the King,
Long live the King, long live the King,
And Chorus it long live the King.

With Hearts firm and ſtout, we'll repell the [bould rout
And follow fair Liberty's call,
We'll ruſh on the Foe, and deal Death in each [blow
Till Conqueſt and honour crown all.
And Choris, &c.

Then Commerce once more, ſhall bring wealth to our Shore,
And Plenty and Peace bleſs the Iſle;
The Peaſant ſhall quaff, off his Bowl with a [laugh
And reap the ſweet fruits of his toil,
And Choris, &c.

Kind love ſhall repay, the fatigue of the Day,
And melt us to ſofter alarms;
Coy Phillis ſhall burn, at her Soldier's return,
And bleſs the brave Youth in her Arms.
And Choris, &c.

SONG 923.

SOL declining,
Cynthia ſhining,
Warm was the Seaſon, and ſweet the Air,
When Philander
Chanc'd to wander
In a cloſe Thicket with Phillada fair;
Love invading,
Hope perſwading;
Yet was his Paſſion reſtrain'd by Fear.

Hopes collecting,
Fears ſubjecting,
Thus he begun to avow his Flame:
Faireſt Creature,
Pride of Nature,
Slight not my Love, nor my Paſſion blame.
She diſdaining
His Complaining,
Prompted the Youth to take ſurer Aim.

He, grown bolder,
Plainly told her,
She muſt ſurrender her Maidenhead:
Words denying,
Looks complying,
Countenance changing, now pale, now red
She reſiſting,
He perſiſting,
Love aſſiſting, her Virtue fled.

Cloſely preſſing,
Fond by careſſing,
Mutual Endearments each other charm'd;
She now lying,
Panting, dying,
Told him his Actions her Soul had warm'd
Her diſdaining
Was but feigning;
She wou'd have hated him had he not ſtorm'

SONG 924.

SOme ſing Molly Mogg of the Roſe,
And call her the Oakingham Pelle,

hilſt others do Verſes compoſe
On peautiful Molly Lepelle.

t of all the young Firgins ſo fair,
Which Pritain's crete Monarchy owns ;
Peauty there's none to compare
With hur charming dear Gwinifrid Shones.

enviet the ſplentit Contition
Of Princes that ſit upon Thrones :
e higheſt of all hur Ampition,
Is the Loſe of fair Gwinifrid Shones.

d Mortals the Clobe will ſearch ofer
For Cold, and for Tiamond Stones ;
t hur can more Treaſure tiſcofer
n peautiful Gwinitrid Shones.

m the piggeſt crete Mountain in Pritain,
Hur wou'd fenture the preaking her Pones,
that the ſoft Lap hur might ſit on
Of peautiful Gwinifrid Shones.

t the Nightingale's pitiful Note,
Can expreſs how poor Shenkin bemoans
Fates, when in Places remote,
Hur is abſent from Gwinifrid Shones.

r Loſe iſs than Honey far ſweeter,
And hur is no Shenkin ap Drones ;
wou'd lapour in Proſe, and in Metre,
To praiſe hur tear Gwinifrid Shones.

the Harp of St Tavit ſurpaſſes
The Pagpiges, poor Tweettles and Crones ;
So Lepelle, Molly Mogg, and all Laſſes
Are excell'd by hur Gwinifrid Shones.

SONG 925.

SOme liken Man to brittle Glaſs,
Some to a burning Taper,
To Garden Flow'rs, or Meadow Graſs,
Or to a riſing Vapour.

But doubtleſs Beer in Barrel tunn'd,
Or cloſe in Bottle pent,
Does human Life thro' all its round
Moſt clearly repreſent.

The Infant Drink will driv'ling doſe,
And cry like Child in Cradle ;
You muſt let neither lie too looſe,
Nor yet too cloſely ſwaddle.

New Ale, we know, is full of Wind,
Wanting due Time to ſtale it ;
The Dregs, not yet by Age refin'd,
Are nauſeouſs to the Palate.

Freſh Hops ſometimes our Art employs,
To rectify the Liquor ;
And who believes, but that the Boy's
Correction is a Bitter ?

At length, improv'd by rip'ning Age,
Both Man and Beer grow bright ;
To Converſation they engage,
And ev'ry Friend delight.

But if the Cork be naught in one,
And weak the Head in t'other;
The Liquor's flat, and Dunce the Man,
And neither can recover.

SONG 926.

SOme hoist up Fortune to the Skies,
Others debase her to a Bubble:
I nor her Frowns nor Favours prize,
Nor think the Chang'ling worth my Trouble.

If at my Door she chance to light,
I civilly my Guest receive:
The Visit paid, I bid good Night;
Nor murmur when she takes her Leave.

Tho' prosp'rous Gales my Canvass crowd,
Tho' smooth the Waves, serene the Sky,
I trust not Calms, they Storms forbode,
And speak th' approaching Tempest nigh.
Then Virtue, to the Helm repair,
Thou, Innocence, shalt guide the Oar;
Now rage, ye Winds, Storms, rend the Air,
My Bark, thus mann'd, shall gain the Shore.

SONG 927.

SOme say Women are like the Seas,
Some the Waves, and some the Rocks;
Some the Rose, that soons decays,
Some the Weather, and some the Cocks:
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
As Wine, Wine, Women and Wine;
They run in a Parallel, they run in a Parallel.

Women are Witches, when they will,
So is Wine, so is Wine;
They make the Statesman lose his Skill,
The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine;
They put a Gig in the grave's Skull,
And send their Wits to gather Wool:
'Tis Wine, &c.

What is't that makes your Visage so pale;
What is it makes your Looks divine?
What is't that makes your Courage to fail?
Is it not Women? Is it not Wine?
'Tis Wine that makes your Head not well,
'Tis Women that make your Forehead to swell,
'Tis Wine, &c.

SONG 928.

SOme brag of their Chloris, and some of their Phillis,
Some cry up their Cælia, and bright Amaryllis.
Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
And Goddesses frame from the Wash-bowl and Tub;
But away with these Fictions, and counterfeit Folly;

ere's a thouſand more Charms in the Name
of my Dolly.
nnot deſcribe you her Beauty and Wit,
e Manna to each ſhe's a reliſhing Bit;
alone by Enjoyment the more does pre-
vail,
ll ſtill with freſh Pleaſures does hoiſt up
your Sail:
, had you a Surfeit but took of all others,
Look from my Dolly your Stomach re-
covers.

SONG 929.

Doner than I'll my Love forego,
And loſe the Man I prize;
bravely combat ev'ry Woe,
r fall a Sacrifice.

Bolts nor Bars ſhall me controul,
Death and Danger dare: S
aint but fires the Active Soul, S.
d urges fierce Deſpair, S,

Window now ſhall be my Gate,
l either fall or fly;
e I'll live with him I hate. S.
him I love, I'll die. S

SONG 930.

e, mighty Love, O ſpare a Slave,
That at thy Feet for Mercy lies:
What would thy cruel Godhead have?
See how he bleeds, ſee how he dies!
Upon a noble Conqueſt go,
And for thy Glory and my Peace,
O make the ſcornful Cælia know
The Pains ſhe now regardleſs ſees.
O make, &c.

Dye all thy Arrows in my Tears,
And ſubtly poiſon ſo each Dart,
That ſpite of all the Arms ſhe wears,
The Point at laſt may reach her Heart:
Revenge, revenge the Wounds I bear,
And make our Fortunes ſo agree,
That I may find that Cure from her,
Which ſhe may need as much from me.
That I may, &c.

SONG 931. *Woes my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

SPeak on,——ſpeak thus, and ſtill my Grief,
Hold up a Heart that's ſinking under
Theſe Fears, that ſoon will want Relief,
When Patie muſt from Peggy ſunder.
A gentle Face and Silk Attire,
A Lady rich in Beauty's Bloſſom,
Alake, poor me! will now conſpire,
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's Boſom.

No more the Shepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder

Shall now his Peggy's Praiſes tell;
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye Meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye Banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-ſcented Rucks round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your Sweets when we're aſunder
Again; ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the Know with ſilent Duty,
Kindly to watch the while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly Beauty?
Hear Heav'n, while ſolemnly I vow.
Tho' thou ſhouldſt prove a wand'ring Lover,
Thro' Life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a Wife to any other.

SONG 932. *The London Medley.*

STate and Ambition, all Joy to great Cæſar,
Sawney ſhall never be Colly my Cow;
All Hail to the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,
And call upon Dobbin, with hi, je, ho.
Remember, ye Whigs, what was formerly done;
And Jenny come tie my bonny Cravat;
If I live to grow old, for I find I grow down,
For I cannot come every Day too woo.

Jove in his Throne was a Fumbler, Tom Farthing,
And Jockey and Jenny together did lie!

Oh! Mother, Roger: Boys, fill us a Bumper,
For why will ye die, my poor Cælia, ah! why
Hark! how thund'ring Cannons do roar,
Ladies of London, both wealthy and fair;
Charon make haſte, and ferry me over,
Lilli burlero bullen a la.

Chloris, awake, four-pence half-penny farthing,
Give me the Laſs that is true Country-bred
Like John of Gaunt, I walk Covent-Garden
I am a Maid, and a very good Maid:
'Twa' bonny Lads were Sawney and Jockey
The Delights of the Bottle, and Charms of good Wine;
Wading the Water ſo deep, my ſweet Meg,
Cold and raw, let it run in the right Line.

Old Obadiah ſings Ave Maria,
Sing Lulla-by Baby on the Tree Top;
An old Woman and her Cat ſat by the Fire,
Now this is my Love, dy'e like her or not?
Old Charon thus preach'd to his Pupil Achilles,
And under this Stone here lies Gabriel John.
Happy was I at the Sight of fair Phillis,
What ſhould a young Woman do with an old Man?

There's old Father Peters, with his Round Creatures,
There was an old Woman ſold Puddings and Pies;

nons with Thunder ſhall fill them with Wonder.
nce lov'd a Laſs that had bright rolling Eyes;
re's my Maid Mary, ſhe minds her Dairy,
k to my Heels, and away I did run;
bid him prepare to be happy To-morrow,
! I don't know the right End of a Gun.
Life and Death lie both in your Pow'r,
y Man to his Mind, Shrewſberry for me;
he Bank of a Brook, as I ſat fiſhing,
I die a Maid, and ne'er married be?
nds, let Oliver now be forgotten,
is as good as my Lady in the Dark;
olds are Chriſtians, Boys, all the World over,
here's a full Bumper to Robin, John Clark.

SONG 933.

y, Shepherd, ſtay; I prithee ſtay;
d not you ſee her go this Way?
can ſhe be, can you not gueſs?
! I have loſt my Shepherdeſs!
ſome Satyr has betray'd
and'ring Nymph out of the Shade:
Oh! woe is me, I am undone!
For in the Shade ſhe was my Sun.

The Pink, the Violet, and the Roſe,
Strive to ſalute her as ſhe goes?
Nay, be content to kiſs her Shoe;
The Primroſe, and the Daiſie too.

Oh! woe is me! what muſt I do?
Or who muſt I complain unto?
Methinks the Vallies cry, Forbear,
And ſighing ſay, She is not here.

Oh! what ſhall I, unhappy, do;
O who muſt I complain unto?
Where may ſhe be, can you not gueſs?
Where I may find my Shepherdeſs?

SONG 934.

STay, Phœbus, ſtay!
The World to which you fly ſo faſt,
Conveying Day
From us to them, can pay your Haſte
With no ſuch Object, nor ſalute your Riſe
With no ſuch Wonder, as du Mornay's Eyes.

Well does this prove
The Error of thoſe antique Books,
Which made you move
About the World: Her charming Looks
Would fix your Beams, and make it ever Day,
Did not the rowling Earth ſnatch her away.

SONG 935.

STella and Flavia ev'ry Hour
Do various Hearts ſurprize:
In Stella's Soul lies all her Pow'r,
And Flavia's in her Eyes.

More boundleſs Flavia's Conqueſt are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can diſcern a Face that's fair,
But few a heav'nly Mind.

Stellia like Britain's Monarch reigns
O'er cultivated Lands;
Like Eaſtern Tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then boaſt, fair Flavia, boaſt thy Face
Thy Beauty's only Store;
Each Day that makes thy Charms decreaſe,
Will give to Stella more.

SONG 936.

STella, Darling of the Muſes,
Fairer than the blooming Spring;
Sweeteſt Theme the Poet chuſes,
When of thee he ſtrives to ſing:

While my Soul with Wonder traces
All thy Charms of Face and Mind;
All the Beauties all the Graces
Of thy Sex in thee I find.

Love and Joy, and Admiration,
In my Breaſt alternate riſe;
Words no more can paint my Paſſion,
Than the Pencil can thy Eyes:

Laviſh Nature, thee adorning,
O'er thy Lips and Cheeks hath ſpread
Colours, that can ſhame the Morning,
Smiling with Celeſtial Red.

Could the Gods, in bleſt Condition,
Ought on Earth with Envy view,
Lovely Stellia, their Ambition
Would be to reſemble you.

SONG 937.

STella, with Heart-controuling Grace,
Young Hylas firſt Sight ſurpriz'd;
The Beau that knew his luckleſs Face,
Runs to his Glaſs to be adviſ'd.

Tell me, ſaid he, what I ſhall wear,
How curl, or how adorn my Hair,
This Charmer to command?
What taking Dreſs ſhall I put on,
To bring this Taſſel gently down,
And lure her to my Hand?

The God of Love that heard, reply'd,
Fond Fool, aſpire not to poſſeſs;
Her angel Mind, averſe to Pride,
Deſert eſteems, and not the Dreſs;

To thee ſhe will no more incline,
Than mighty Jove the Joys divine,
That crown his Paradiſe,
To him that hopes to be a Saint,

y powdering, patching and by paint,
Inſtead of Sacrifice.

SONG 938.

Till I'm wiſhing, ſtill deſiring,
Still ſhe's giving, I requiring;
Yet each Gift I think too ſmall:
ll the more I am preſented,
ll the leſs I am contented;
Tho' ſhe vows ſhe has given me all.

n Druſilla give no more?
s ſhe laviſh'd all her Store?
Muſt my Hopes to nothing fall?
! you know not half your Treaſure:
e me more, give over Meaſure,
Yet you can never, never give me all.

SONG 939.

Till, Chloe, ply thy courtly Art,
Touch and retouch my Face,
ll the coſmetick Pow'rs impart
A Bloom to every Grace.

at tho' the home-bred Country Maid,
To modeſt Rules a Slave,
ains all Uſe of White and Red,
And what plain Nature gave;
t if to vie with thee ſhe dare,
Whoe'er the Umpire be,
muſt be blind, or muſt refer
The Palm entire to thee.

For whilſt her aukward Cheeks diſplay
Pale Rage, or bluſhing Shame,
No Change thy ſteady Looks betray,
They always ſhine the ſame.

SONG 940.

STrephon when you ſee me fly,
Let not this your Fear create;
Maids may be as often ſhy
Out of Love, as out of Hate:
When from you I fly away,
It is becauſe I dare not ſtay.

Did I out of Hatred run,
Leſs you'd be my Pain and Care;
But the Youth I love, to ſhun,
Who can ſuch a Trial bear?
Who, that ſuch a Swain did ſee,
Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel Duty bids me go,
Gentle Love commands my ſtay:
Duty's ſtill to Love a Foe,
Shall I This or That obey?
Duty frowns, and Cupid ſmiles,
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by theſe Chryſtal Streams
I could ſit, and hear thee ſigh;
Raviſh'd with theſe pleaſing Dreams,
Oh! 'tis worſe than Death to fly:
But the Danger is ſo great,
Fear gives Wings inſtead of Hate.

Strephon, if you love me, leave me,
If you ſtay, I am undone;
Oh! with eaſe you may deceive me,
Prithee, charming Swain, be gone:
Heaven decrees that we ſhould part,
This has my Vows, but you my Heart.

SONG 941.

STrephon the young the loveliest Swain,
That ever grac'd th' Arcadian Plain,
Fair Cælia lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.

Hymen had warranted Delight;
But ſtill the Sun, with hated Light,
Deferr'd the Pleaſures of the Night.

To eaſe his Pain his Harp he ſtrung,
And charm'd the Wain of Night along,
With his ſoft harmonious Song.

Phœbus, Ruler of the Day,
Swiftly drive the Hours away;
In the Ocean drop the Light,
And haſten on the lazy Night.

If e'er thou heard'ſt a Lover's Vow,
Propitious Phœbus hear me now;
Since thou, who art the Sun, haſt known
Love's Fires burn fiercer than thy own.

And when, by my Entreaties bow'd,
Thou ſett'ſt in yonder Ev'ning Cloud;
In Thetis' Boſom thou may'ſt lie,
And truſt the Day to Celia's Eye.

To her bright Look thy Rays will be,
But what Aurora is to Thee:
Envy ſhall make thee later riſe,
And own the Conqueſt of her Eyes.

With ſuch ſoft Muſick did the Swain
Of Love's tormenting Cares complain,
That Phœbus haſted on the Night,
And on the Ocean dropt the Light:
To Cælia's Arms then Strephon came,
And in them quencht as bright a Flame.

SONG 942.

STrike up ye drowſie Gut-ſcrapers;
Gallants be ready,
Each with his Lady;
Foot it about,
'Till the Night be worn out,
Let no one's Humour pall:
Briſk Lads now cut your Capers;
Put your Legs to't,
And ſhew you can do't;
Friſk, friſk it away
'Till Break of Day,
And hey for Richmond Ball.
Fortune-Biters,
Hags, Bum-fighters,
Nymphs of the Woods,
And ſtale City Goods;
Ye Cherubins,
And Seraphins,
Ye Caravans,

And Haradans,
rder all advance:
Twickenham Loobies,
Thiſtleworth Boobies,
Wits of the Town,
And Beaus that have none;
Ye Jacobites as ſharp as Pins,
Ye Monſieurs, and ye Sooterkins,
ach you all the Dance.

The DANCE.

ff, Tom, behind Jonny,
Do the ſame Nanny,
Eyes are upon ye;
Trip it between
Little Dickie and Jean,
et in the Second Row:
, caſt back you muſt too,
And up the firſt Row
Nimbly thruſt thro';
Then, then turn about
To the left, or you're out,
eet with your Love below.
Paſs then croſs,
Then Jack's pretty Laſs,
n turn her about, about and about;
ack, if thou can'ſt do ſo too
retty, whilſt the Time is true,
ll all you Fear commend.
ll there's more
o lead all four;
wo by Nancy ſtand,
And give her your Hand,
Caſt her quickly down below,
Then ſtand in the ſecond Row:
And meet her below,
The Dance is at an end.

SONG 943.

STript of their Green our Groves appear,
Our Vales lie bury'd deep in Snow,
The blooming North controuls the Air,
A nipping Cold chills all below,
The Froſt has glaz'd the deepeſt Streams,
Phœbus withdraws his kindly Beams;
Yet Winter bleſs'd be thy Return,
Thou'ſt brought the Swain for whom I us'd to mourn,
And in thy Ice with pleaſing Flames I burn.
Too ſoon the Sun's reviving Heat
Will thaw that Ice, and melt that Snow;
Trumpets will ſound, and Drums will beat,
And tell me the dear Youth muſt go.
Then muſt my weak unwilling Arms
Reſign him up to ſtronger Charms:
What Sweets, what Flow'rs, what beauteous Thing,
Now Damon's gone can Eaſe or Pleaſure bring?
Winter brings Damon, Winter is my Spring.

SONG 944

SUppoſe a Man
Does all he can

T'unſlave himſelf for a ſcolding Wife:
He can't get out,
But hops about,
Like a married Bird in the Cage of Life.
She on Miſchief bent
Is never content,
But makes the poor Man cry out,
Rigid Fate,
Marriage State;
No Reprieve
But the Grave:
Oh! hard Condition.

Come, I'll tell you how
This Wife to bow,
And quickly bring her to her laſt:
Your Senſes pleaſe,
Indulge your Eaſe,
But reſiſt no Joy, and each Humour taſte:
Then let her ſquall,
And tear and bawl,
And with Whining cry her Eyes out;
Take a Flaſk,
Double Flaſk,
Whip it up,
Sip it up,
That's your Phyſician.

SONG 945.

SUre never was Dog ſo wretched as I,
Whoſe Reſt is for ever prevented;
I'm neither at Peace when Aurelia looks c
Nor when ſhe looks kind am contented.
Her Frowns give a Pain I'm unable to be
The thought of them ſets me a trembli
Her Smiles give no Joy, ſince I plaguily fe
They can be no more than diſſembling.
Then prithee, my deareſt, conſent and be ki
Put an end to this troubleſome wooing;
For I ſee I ſhall ne'er be at Peace in my M
Till once you and I have been doing.
Let you poor Dog no longer with Juſtice co
plain
Of Uſage that's hard above Meaſure;
But ſince he has taſted ſo much of Love's P
Prithee fling him a Bit of his Pleaſure.

SONG 946.

SWain, thy hopeleſs Paſſion ſmother,
Perjur'd Cælia loves another;
In his Arms I ſaw her lying,
Panting, kiſſing, trembling, dying;
There the fair Deceiver ſwore,
As ſhe had done to you before.

Oh! ſaid you, when ſhe deceives me,
When that conſtant Creature leaves me,
Iſis' Waters back ſhall fly,
And leave their oozy Channels dry:
Turn ye Waters, leave your Shore,
For perjur'd Cælia loves no more.

SONG 947.

Wains I ſcorn, who nice and fair,
Shiver at the Morning Air:
ugh and hardy, bold and free,
the Man that's made for me.

Slaves to Faſhion, Slaves to Dreſs,
's themſelves alone careſs;
them without Rival be,
ey are not the Men for me.

whoſe nervous Arm can dart
e Jav'lin to the Tyger's Heart,
om all Senſe of Danger free,
's the Man that's made for me.

While his Speed out-ſtrips the Wind,
oſely wave his Locks behind:
om fantaſtick Fopp'ry free,
e's the Man that's made for me.

Nor ſimp'ring Smile, nor dimpled Sleek
oil his manly Sun-burnt Cheek;
y Weather let him painted be,
e's the Man that's made for me.

If falſe he proves, my Jav'lin can
evenge the Perjury of Man;
nd ſoon another brave as he
hall be found the Man for me.

SONG 948.

SWeet are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the Damaſk Roſe;
Soft as the Down of Turtle-Doves,
Gentle as Air when Zephyr blows:
Refreſhing as deſcending Rains
To Sun-burnt Climes, and thirſty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun;
Conſtant as gliding Waters roll,
Whoſe ſwelling Tides obey the Moon:
From ev'ry other Charmer free,
My Life and Love ſhall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid purſues;
Sweet Philomel in ſhady Bow'rs
Of verdant Spring her Note renews:
All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my Soul's Deſire.

Nature muſt change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seaſons riſe;
As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
Summer th'Approach of Autumn flies:
No Change on Love the Seaſons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with ſtealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;
Ev'n Marble Tow'rs, and Walls of B[illegible]ſs,
In his rude March he levels low:
But Time, deſtroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel Dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove,
And drive them from the bleeding Heart,
To mingle with the Blest above:
Where known to all his kindred Train,
He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love and his Sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born from Heav'n together came;
Love will the Universe controul,
When dying Seasons lose their Name:
Divine Abodes shall own his Pow'r,
When Time and Death shall be no more.

SONG 949.

SWeet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy Cell,
By slow Mæander's Margent green,
And in the Vi'let-embroider'd Vale,
Where the Love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well:
Canst thou tell me of a gentle Pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh! if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry Cave,
Tell me where,
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphere;
So may'st thou be translated to the Skies,
And give resounding Grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

SONG 950.

SWeet Nelly, my Heart's Delight,
Be loving, and do not slight
The Proffer I make, for Modesty's sake;
I honour your Beauty bright.
For Love I profess, I can do no less,
Thou hast my Favour won;
And since I see your Modesty,
I pray agree, and fancy me,
Tho' I am but a Farmer's Son.

No: I am a Lady gay;
'Tis very well known I may
Have Men of Renown, in Country or Town
So, Roger, without delay,
Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Pru
Their Loves will soon be won;
As tho' I were at my last Pray'r,
But don't you dare to speak me fair,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

My Father has Riches store,
Two hundred a Year or more,
Besides Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows, and Ploughs;
His Age is above Threescore:
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won;
Both Land and Kine, all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a Farmer's Son.

A Fig for your Cattle and Corn,
Your profer'd Love I ſcorn,
is known very well, my Name it is Nell,
And you're but a Bumpkin born.
ell, ſince it is ſo, away I will go,
And I hope no Harm is done;
ewel, adieu: I hope to woo
good as you, and win her too,
Tho' I am but a Farmer's Son.
Be not in haſte, quoth ſhe,
Perhaps we may ſtill agree,
, Man, I proteſt, I was but in jeſt;
Come, prithee ſit down by me:
thou art the Man that verily can
Perform what muſt be done;
h ſtrait and tall, genteel withal,
re I ſhall be at your Call,
To marry a Farmer's Son.
Dear Lady, believe me now,
I ſolemnly ſwear and vow,
Lords in their Lives take Pleaſure in Wives,
Like Fellows that drive the Plow;
whate'er they gain with Labour and Pain,
They don't to Harlot's run,
Courtiers do: I never knew
London Beau, that could out do
A Country Farmer's Son.

SONG 951.

Weet Sir, for your Courtiſie,
When you come by the Baſs then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Keeking-glaſs then.
Keek into the Draw-well,
Janet, Janet.
And there ye'll ſee ye'r bonny ſell,
My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the Draw-well clear,
What if I ſhou'd fa' in,
Syne a'my Kin will ſay and ſwear,
I drown'd myſelf for Sin.
Had the better be the Brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the Brae,
My Jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your Courtiſie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
But what if Dancing on the Green,
And ſkipping like a Mawking,
If they ſhou'd ſee my clouted Shoon,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at E'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their Fauts will na be ſeen,
My Jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your Courteſie,
When ye gae to the Croſs then,

For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Packing-Horſe then.
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
My Jo Janet.

My Spinning-wheel is auld and ſtiff,
The Rock o't winna ſtand, Sir;
To keep the Temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my Hand, Sir.
Make the beſt o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a Man,
My Jo Janet.

SONG 952. *Jocky blyth and gay.*

SWift, Sandy, Young and Gay
Are ſtill my Heart's Delight,
I ſing their Sangs by Day,
And read their Tales at Night.
If frae their Books I be,
'Tis Dulneſs then with me;
But when theſe Stars appear,
Jokes, Smiles, and Wit ſhine clear.

Swift, with uncommon Stile,
And Wit that flows with Eaſe,
Inſtructs us with a Smile,
And never fails to pleaſe.
Bright Sandy greatly ſings
Of Heroes, Gods, and Kings:
He well deſerves the Bays,
And ev'ry Briton's Praiſe.

While thus our Homer ſhines,
Young, with Horatian Flame,
Corrects thoſe falſe Deſigns,
We puſh in love of Fame.
Blyth Gay, in pawky Strains,
Makes Villains, Clowns, and Swains
Reprove, with biting Leer,
Thoſe in a higher Sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Long may you give Delight;
Let all the Dunces bray,
You're far above their Spite:
Such, from a Malice ſour,
Write Nonſenſe, lame and poor,
Which never can ſucceed,
For who the Traſh will read.

SONG 953.

SYlvia, on her Arm inclining,
In a ſhady Grove's Retreat,
Lay in looſe Attire, deſigning, fal, la, la, &c.
To avoid the ſultry Heat.

Tho' unveil'd, ſhe thought no Stander
By could view the lonely Fair,
While young Zephyrs came and fann'd her,
fal, la, &c.
Beauteous Face with fragrant Air.

There the blooming Nymph lay panting,
Sighing for her abſent Swain,
There extended ſhe lay wanting, fa, la, &c.
Him to eaſe her Love-ſick Pain.

Soon the happy Youth, who won her,
To the kind Retreat drew near;
And in Tranſport gaz'd upon, fa, la, &c.
Charms repos'd in Slumber there.

Love perſuaded, 'twas no Sin to
Vent his Flames without Debate,
So he boldly enter'd into, fa, la, &c.
Tales of Love with Sylvia ſtrait.

SONG 954.

SYlvia, methinks you are unfit,
For tho' we all allow you Wit,
We can't a handſome Face.
Then where's the Pleaſure, where's the Good,
Of ſpending Time and Coſt?
For if your Wit been't underſtood,
Your Keeper's Bliſs is loſt.

SONG 955.

SYlvia the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent Warmth, as ſhe lay on the Green;
She had heard of a Pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt,
By the towzing and tumbling, and touching her Breaſt;
She ſaw the Men eager, but was at a Loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

Ah! ſhe cry'd; ah! for a languiſhing Maid,
In a Country of Chriſtians to die without Aid
Not a Whig. or a Tory, or Trimmer a leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant Parſon, or Catholick Prieſt,
To inſtruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

Cupid in ſhape of a Swain did appear,
He ſaw the ſad Wound, and in Pity drew near;
Then ſhew'd herhis Arrow, and bidhernot fear,
For the Pain was no more than a Maiden might bear:
When the Balm was infus'd ſhe was not at a Loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;

By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

SONG 956.

STrephon why that cloudy Forehead?
Why ſo vainly croſs'd thoſe Arms?
Silly Swain, thy Aſpect horrid,
Rather frightens her than Charms.

Rouſe each dull and drooping Spirit,
Fling away thy Myrtle Wreath:
Bumpers large of gen'rous Claret,
Makes thee love, and Raptures breathe.

Sacrifice this Juice prolifick,
To each Letter of her Name,
Gods they deem'd it a Specifick,
Why not Mortals do the ſame.

See the high charg'd Goblet ſmiling,
Bids the Strephon drink and prove,
Wine's the Liquor moſt beguiling,
Wine's the Weapon conquers Love.

SONG 957.

TAke not a Woman's Anger ill,
But let this be your Comfort ſtill,
This be your Comfort ſtill,
That if one won't another will:
Tho' ſhe that's fooliſh does deny,
She, ſhe that's wiſer will comply,
And if 'tis but a Woman, what care I,
What care I, what care I,
If 'tis but a Woman what care I,

Then who'd be damn'd, to ſwear untrue,
And ſigh, and weep, and whine, and woo,
As all our common Coxcombs do;
All Women love it, and tho' this
Does ſullenly forbid the Bliſs,
Try but the next, you cannot miſs.

SONG 958.

TAke my Word, when I declare,
I can never, no, no, never,
No, no, never eaſe your Care:
Thus you think of ev'ry Lover,
No one yet was ever true:
Ah what Weakneſs they diſcover,
Who this Paſſion can't ſubdue!

SONG 959.

TAke not the firſt Refuſal ill,
Tho' now ſhe won't, anon ſhe will:
She were not Woman, if ſhe knew
One Moment what the next ſhe'd do.
If you'll have Patience, ſhe'll be kind;
To-day ne'er knew To-morrow's Mind:
Wait till you find her in the Cue,
If you don't aſk her, ſhe'll aſk you.

SONG 960. *The Broom of Cowden knows.*

TEach me, Chloe, how to prove
My boaſted Flame ſincere;
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my Care.

Sleep in vain diſplays her Charms,
To bribe my Soul to reſt;
Vainly ſpreads her ſilken Arms,
And courts me to her Breaſt.

Where can Strephon find Repoſe,
If Chloe is not there?
For ah! no Peace his Boſom knows,
When abſent from the Fair.

What tho' Phœbus from on high,
Withholds his chearful Ray,
Thine Eyes can well his Light ſupply,
And give me more than Day.

SONG 961.

TEll me no more of Flames in Love,
That common dull Pretence,
Fools in Romances uſe to move
Soft Hearts of little Senſe:
No Strephon, I'm not ſuch a Slave,
Love's baniſh'd Pow'r to own;
Since Int'reſt and Convenience have
So long uſurp'd his Throne.

No burning Hope or cold Deſpair,
Dull Groves or purling Streams,
Sighing and talking to the Air,
In Love's fantaſtick Dreams,
Can move my Pity or my Hate,
But Satyriſt I'll prove,
And all ridiculous create,
That ſhall pretend to Love.

Love was a Monarch once, 'tis true,
And God-like rules alone,
And tho' his Subjects were but few,
Their Hearts were all his own:
But ſince the Slaves revolted are,
And turn'd into a State,
Their Int'reſt is their only Care,
And Love grows out of Date.

SONG 962.

TEll me, Sileno, why you fill
With fancied Woes your Life?
Why's all your Time expended ſtill
In thinking, or in talking ill,
Of your too virtuous Wife?

For, Faith, I can't ſee to what End
You keep her up ſo cloſe;
Nor how you could yourſelf offend,
That like a Snail, my gloomy Friend,
You never leave your Houſe.

Ah! were ſhe but adviſ'd by me,
Her many Taunts and Scorns

With Int'reſt ſhould refunded be;
She'd make a perfect Snail of thee,
By decking thee with Horns.

SONG 963.

TEll me, Delia, tell me why,
My kindeſt, fondeſt, Looks you fly?
What means that Frown upon thy Brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how?

Some Change has happen'd in thy Heart;
Some Rival there has ſtol'n a Part;
Reaſon thoſe Fears might diſapprove,
But oh! I fear, becauſe I love.

SONG 964.

TEll me no more I am deceiv'd,
That Chloe's falſe and common;
By Heav'n, I all along believ'd,
She was a very Woman:
As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
She cou'd do more for no Man.

But, oh! her Thoughts on others ran;
And that you think a hard Thing:
Perhaps ſhe fancy'd you the Man;
Why, what care I one Farthing?
You think ſhe's falſe; I'm ſure ſhe's kind,
I'll take her Body, you her Mind;
Who has the better Bargain;

SONG 965. *I lov'd,*

TEll me, tell me, charming Creature,
Will you never eaſe my Pain?
Muſt I die for every Feature?
Muſt I always love in vain?
The Deſire of Admiration
Is the Pleaſure you purſue:
Prithee, try a laſting Paſſion,
Such a Love as mine for you.

Tears and Sighing could not move you,
For a Lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you ſaid I went too far.
Are ſuch giddy Ways beſeeming?
Will my Dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the Joy of Women,
Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your Neglect with Torment fills me,
And my deſp'rate Thoughts increaſe;
Pray conſider, if you kill me,
You will have a Lover leſs.
If your wand'ring Heart is beating
For new Lovers, let it be;
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a Day and fix on me.

SONG 966.

TEll me, lovely lovely Pair!
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?

Why ſo careleſs of our Care,
Only to yourſelves ſo dear?
By this cunning Change of Hearts,
You the Pow'r of Love controul;
While the Boy's deluded Darts
Can arrive at neither Soul.

For in vain to either Breaſt,
Still beguiled Love does come;
Where he finds a foreign Gueſt,
Neither of your Hearts at Home,

Debtors thus with like Deſign,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the Law decline,
To ſome Friend make all away.

Not the Silver Doves that fly,
Yoak'd in Cytherea's Car;
Not the Wings that lift ſo high,
And convey her Son ſo far.

Are ſo lovely, ſweet, and fair,
Or do more enoble Love;
Are ſo choicely match'd a Pair,
Or with more Conſent do move.

SONG 967.

TEll me no more you love in vain,
Fair Cælia, you this Paſſion feign,
Can they pretend to love, who do
Refuſe what Love perſuades them to?
Who once has felt its active Flame,
Dull Laws of Honour will diſdain:
You would be thought his Slave, and yet
You will not to his Pow'r ſubmit.

More cruel than thoſe Beauties are,
Whoſe Coyneſs wounds us to Deſpair;
For all the Kindneſs which you ſhow,
Each Smile and Kiſs which you beſtow,
Are like thoſe Cordials which we give
To dying Men, to make them live,
And languiſh out an Hour in Pain:
Be kinder, Cælia, or diſdain.

SONG 968.

Shepherdeſs. TEll me, Thyrſis, why you anguiſh,
Why you ſigh, and why you languiſh
When the Nymph whom you adore,
Grants the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing,
What can Love and I do more?
Shepherd. Think its Love beyond all Meaſure,
Makes me faint away with Pleaſure:
Strength of Cordial may deſtroy,
And the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing
Kills me with Exceſs of Joy.

Shepherdeſs. Thyrſis, how can I believe you,
But confeſs, and I'll forgive you?

Men are falſe, and ſo are you,
Never Nature fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd. Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still poſſeſſing, ſtill deſiring,
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown,
Ever ſhining, and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.

SONG 969.

TEll me, Hamilla, tell me why,
Thou do'ſt from him that loves thee run?
Why from his ſoft Embraces fly,
And all his kind Endearments ſhun?

So flies the Fawn with Fear oppreſt,
Seeking it's Mother ev'ry where;
It ſtarts at ev'ry emty Blaſt,
And trembles when no Danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in View,
To gaze the Glories of thy Face;
Nor with a hateful Step purſue,
As Age, to riſle ev'ry Grace.

Ceaſe then, dear Wilderneſs, ceaſe to toy,
But haſte all Rivals to out-ſhine,
And grown mature, and ripe for Joy,
Leave Mamma's Arms, and come to mine.

SONG 970.

THat Man who for Life
Is bleſs'd in a Wife,
Is ſure in a happy Condition;
Go Things how they will,
She ſticks by him ſtill;
She's Comforter, Friend, and Phyſician,
She's, &c.

Pray where is the Joy
To trifle and toy,
Yet dread ſome Diſaſter from Beauty?
But ſweet is the Bliſs
Of a conjugal Kiſs,
Where Love mingles Pleaſure with Duty,
Where, &c.

One extravagant Whore
Shall coſt a Man more,
Than twenty good Wives that are ſaving;
For Wives they will ſpare,
That their Children may ſhare,
But Whores are eternally craving.
But, &c.

SONG 971. *Ye Madcaps, &c.*

THat the World is a Lottery, what Man can doubt?
When born we're put in, when dead we're drawn out;
And tho' Tickets are bought by the Fool and the Wiſe,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten Blanks to a Prize.
Sing Tantarara, Fools all, Fools all,
Sing Tantarara, Fools all.

The Court has itſelf a bad Lottery's Face,
Where ten draw a Blank, before one draws a Place.
For a Ticket in Law, who wou'd give you Thanks?
For that Wheel contains ſcarce any but Blanks.
Sing Tantarara, keep out, &c.

'Mongſt Doctors and Lawyers ſome good ones are found,
But alas! they are rare as the ten thouſand Pound;
How ſcarce is a Prize, if with Women you deal?
Take Care how you marry---for oh! in that Wheel,
Sing Tantarara, Blanks all, &c.

That the Stage is a Lottery, by all 'tis agreed,
Where ten Plays are damn'd ere one can ſucceed.
The Blanks are ſo many, the Prizes ſo few,
We all are undone, unleſs kindly you
Sing Tantarara, clap all, &c.

SONG 972.

THat ſcornful Sylvia's Chains I wear,
The Groves and Streams can tell;
Thoſe blaſted with my Sighs appear,
Theſe with Tears, my Tears o'erſwell.

But Sighs and Tears bring no Redreſs,
And Love that ſees, that ſees me grieve,
Conſpires with Sylvia to oppreſs
The Heart he ſhould relieve.

The God that ſhould reward my Pain,
Makes Sylvia more my Foe:
As ſhe encreaſes in Diſdain,
He makes my Paſſion grow:
And muſt I, muſt I ſtill admire
Thoſe Eyes that cauſe my Grief?
'Tis juſt, ſince I myſelf conſpire
Againſt my own Relief.

SONG 973.

THat which her ſlender Waiſt confin'd,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crown,
His Arms might do what this has done.
It was my Heav'ns extremeſt Sphere,
The Pale wh ch held that lovely Deer:
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move!

A narrow Compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this Riband bound,
Take all the reſt the Sun goes round.

SONG 974. *Lillibulero.*

THE Doctor is feed for a dang'rous Draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a ſcore;

Of all the best Drugs the Dispensaries taught,
'Twere well each could cure one Disease,
and no more:
But here's the Juice,
Of sovereign Use,
'Twill cure your Distempers whatever they be,
In Body or Spirit,
Wherever you bear it;
Take of this a large Dose, and it soon sets you free.

By cunning Directors if trick'd of your Pelf,
Your Losses a Dose of good Claret can heal;
Or if you have been a Director yourself,
'Twill teach you no Loss of your Honour to feel;
Stocks fall or rise,
Tell Truth or Lies,
Your Fame and your Fortune here Remedy find;
If Sylvia be cruel,
Take this Water-gruel,
'Twill soon cure the Fever that burns up your Mind.

SONG 975.

THE Cares of Lovers, their Alarms,
Their Sighs, their Tears, have powerful Charms;
And if so sweet their Torment is,
Ye Gods! how ravishing the Bliss;
So soft, so gentle, is their Pain,
'Tis e'en a Pleasure to complain.

SONG 976.

THE Rosy Morn unbarr'd her Gate,
To let the Day appear,
When I, afraid of being too late,
Stole softly to my Dear.

Wrapp'd in a pleasing Sleep she lay;
Her Veil was loosely spread,
Which did her tender Limbs betray,
Nor kept one Beauty hid.

I gently stole an am'rous Kiss,
Which crimson'd o'er her Face;
Nor yet content with such a Bliss,
Sought a diviner Place:

Her Eyes then opening like the Day,
Emit a piercing Beam;
She wak'd; I stole with speed away;
She took it for a Dream.

SONG 977.

THE old Wife she sent to the Miller he
Daughter,
To grind her Grist quickly, and so re'u
back;
The Miller so work'd it, that in eight Mont
after
Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack;
Young Robin so pleas'd her, that when sh
came home,

She gap'd like a ſtuck Pig, and ſtar'd like a Mome,
She hoyden'd, ſhe ſcamper'd, ſhe halloo'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,
This, this was her Song,
Was ever a Maiden ſo lericompoop'd?

Oh Nelly, cry'd Cælia, thy Clothes are all mealy,
Both Backſide and Belly are rumpled all o'er,
You moap now and ſlabber, why what a Pox ails ye?
I'll go to the Miller, and know all, ye Whore:
She went, and the Miller did grinding ſo ply,
She came cutting Capers a Foot and half high,
She waddled, ſhe ſtraddled, ſhe halloo'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long
This, this was her Song,
Hey! were ever two Siſters ſo lericompoop'd?

Then Mary o'th' Dairy, a third of the Number,
Wou'd fain know the Cauſe they ſo jigg'd it about,
The Miller her Wiſhes long would not incumber,
But in the old manner the Secret found out.
Thus Cælia and Nelly, and Mary the mild,
Were juſt about Harveſt-Time all big with Child,
They danc'd in the Hay, they halloo'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long.
This, this was their Song,
Hey! were ever three Siſters ſo lericompoop'd?
And when they were big they did ſtare at each other,
And crying, Oh Siſters! what ſhall we now do?
For all our young Bantlings we have but one Father,
And they in one Month will all come to Town too:
O why did we run in ſuch haſte to the Mill,
To Robin, who always the Toll Diſh would fill?
He bump'd up our Bellies, then halloo'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,
This, this was their Song,
Hey! were ever three Siſters ſo lericompoop'd?

SONG 978.

THE wounded Deer flies ſwift away,
The bearded Arrow in his Side;
Still vainly hoping that he may
Mix'd with the Herd, 'ſcape undeſpy'd.

But oh! the Moment that they ſee
The ſtreaming Blood flow from his Wound,
They ſhun him in his Miſery,
And leave him dying on the Ground.
Thus the poor Nymph, who, ſore diſtreſt,
Has gaz'd her Liberty away,
To all the World becomes a Jeſt,
And falls of ſland'rous Tongues the Prey.

SONG 979.

THE ſmiling Morn, the breathing Spring,
Invite the tuneful Birds to ſing;
And while they warble from each Spray,
Love melts the univerſal Lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the Hour that flies,
And in ſoft Raptures waſte the Day
Among the Birks of Endermay.
For ſoon the Winter will appear,
And ſtormy Blaſts conclude the Year;
At this thy lively Bloom will fade,
As that muſt blaſt each verdant Shade:
Our Taſte of Pleaſure then is o'er;
The feather'd Songſters love no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

SONG 980.

THE Fire of Love in youthful Blood,
Like what is kindled in Bruſh Wood,
But for a Moment burns:
Yet in that Moment makes a mighty Noiſe:
It crackles, and to Vapours turns,
And ſoon itſelf, itſelf deſtroys,
And ſoon itſelf, itſelf deſtroys.
But when crept into aged Veins,
It ſlowly burns, and long remains,
And with a ſullen Heat,
Like Fire in Loggs, it glows and warms 'em long.
And tho' the Flame be not ſo great,
Yet is the Heat, the Heat as ſtrong,
Yet is the Heat, the Heat as ſtrong.

SONG 981.

THE Stars which Gild the vaulted Skies,
And glittering, deck the Shades of Night
Retire, when Phœbus doth ariſe,
And ſpreads his more refulgent Light:
So with my Celia's brighter Eyes,
What Beauty can contend the Prize.
When Philomel begins her Song,
So ſweet her Notes, her Voice ſo clear,
The reſt of all the Feather'd throng,
No longer pleaſe our raviſh'd ear:
So charms my Celia when ſhe ſings,
Or gently ſtrikes the ſpeaking Strings.
The choiceſt Plants, and faireſt Flowers,
In Nature's gayeſt colours ſhewn;
That paint the Fields, or ſhady Bowers,
What are they, when the Roſe is blown?

Yet Celia's Cheeks more charms diſcloſe,
Her Lips more ſweeter than the Roſe.
She is of every Charm poſſeſt,
Of ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace;
With all Minerva's wiſdom bleſt,
And Venus' nicer Shape and Face:
With charms like theſe, ſure Heav'n deſign'd,
The lovely Fair one ſhou'd be kind.

SONG 982.

THE Nymph that ſeems to Love inclin'd,
It ever lovely ſeen;
Has Wiſdom's Goddeſs in her Mind,
And fair as Beauty's Queen:
Chaſte as Aurora's dewy ſhowers,
That purify the Morn;
And drop their Sweets on every Flower,
That doth her Neck adorn.
Her Cheeks are like the opening Roſe,
That bluſhes as it heats;
Her Breath ſuch Odours doth diſcloſe,
Perfumes whate'er it meets.
Her lilly Breaſts are like young Doves,
With Innocency bleſt;
And each at other trembling moves,
As fearful to be preſt.
Such is the Nymph, and ſuch my Love,
With all her native Charms;
Proteſt her then, ye Powers above,
To bleſs Philander's Arms.

SONG 983.

THE Lawland-lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and idly gawdy!
How much unlike that graceful Mein,
And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie?
O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
My handſome charming Highland Laddie;
May Heaven ſtill guard, and Love reward
Our Lawland-Laſs and her Highland Laddie.

If I were free at Will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt Lawland Lady,
I'd take young Donald without Trews,
With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt Beau in Borrows-town,
In, his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown,
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland-kin and Dady.
Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
He'll ſcreen me with his Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room, and ſilken Bed,
May pleaſe a Lawland Laird and Lady:
But I can kiſs, and be as glad,
Behind a Buſh in's Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland Laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his Love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerves my Highland Laddie.
O my Bonny, &c.

SONG 984. *The young Laſs contra auld Man.*

THE Carle he came o'er the Croft,
And his Beard new ſhaven,
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
The Carle trows that I wad hae him:
Howt away, I winna hae him!
Na forſooth, I winna hae him!
For a' his Beard new ſhaven,
Ne'er a Bit will I hae him.

A Siller Broach he gae me nieſt,
To faſten on my Curtchea nooked;
I wor'd a wi upon my Breaſt;
But ſoon alake! the Tongue o't crooked;
And ſae may his: I winna hae him,
Na forſooth, I winna hae him!
An twice a Bairn's, a Laſs's Jeſt;
Sae ony Fool for me may hae him.

The Carle has nae Fault but ane,
For he has Land and Dollars plenty;
But waes me for him! Skin and Bane
Is no for a plump Laſs of twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
What ſignifies his dirty Riggs,
And Caſh, without a Man wi them;
But ſhould my canker'd Dady gar
Me take him 'gainſt my Inclination,
I warn the Fumbler to beware,
That Antlers dinna claim their Station.
Howt awa' I winna hae him!
Na forſooth, i winna hae him!
I'm flee'd to crack the holy Band,
Sae Lawty ſays, I ſhould na hae him.

SONG 985.

THE Morn was fair, ſaft was the Air,
All Nature's Sweets were ſpringing;
The Buds did bow with ſilver Dew,
Ten thouſands Birds were ſinging:
When on the Bent, with blyth Content,
Young Jamie ſang his Marrow,
Nae bonnier Laſs e'er trad the Graſs
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How ſweet her Face, where every Grace
In heav'nly Beauty's planted;
Her ſmiling Een, and comely Mein
That nae Perfection wanted.

I'll never fret, nor ban my Fate,
But bleſs my bonny Marrow;
If her dear Smile my Doubts beguile,
My Mind ſhall ken nae Sarrow.

Yet tho' ſhe's fair, and has full Share
Of every Charm enchanting,
Each Good turns ill, and ſoon will kill
Poor me, if Love be wanting.
O bonny Laſs! have but the Grace
To think, ere ye gae furder;
Your Joys maun flit, if ye commit
The crying Sin of Murder.

My wandring Ghaiſt ſhall ne'er get reſt,
And Night and Day affright ye;
But if you're kind, with joyful Mind
I'll ſtudy to delight ye.
Our Years around with Love thus crown'd,
From all Things Joys ſhall borrow;
Thus none ſhall be more bleſt than we
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O ſweeteſt Sue! 'tis only you
Can make Life worth my Wiſhes,
If equal Love your Mind can move
To grant this beſt of Bliſſes;
Thou art my Sun, and thy leaſt Frown
Would blaſt me in the Bloſſom;
But if thou ſhine, and make me thine,
I'll flouriſh in thy Boſom.

SONG 986. *Polwart on the Green.*

THE Dorty will repent,
If Lover's Heart grow cauld,
And nane her Smiles will tent,
Soon as her Face looks auld:

The dawted Bairn thus takes the Pet,
Nor eats, tho' Hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its Meat,
And's laught at by the Lave.

They jeſt it till the Dinner's paſt,
Thus by its ſell abus'd,
The Fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

SONG 987.

THE Laird who in Riches and Honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor Tenants, who labour
To riſe aboon Poverty:
Elſe he like the Pack-horſe that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faut;
Thus Virtue by Hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And Rackers aft tine their Rent.

SONG 988.

THE bony gray'ey'd Morning begins to peep,
And Darkneſs flies before the riſing Ray,
The hearty Hynd ſtarts from his lazy Sleep,
To follow healthful Labours of the Day;

Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow,
The Lark and the Linnet tend his Levee,
And he joins their Concert, driving his Plough,
From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.

While fluſter'd with Wine, or madden'd with Loſs,
Of half an Eſtate, the Prey of a Main,
The Drunkard and Gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for Calmneſs and Slumber in vain.

Be my Portion Health, and Quietneſs of Mind,
Plac'd at due Diſtance from Parties and State,
Where neither Ambition or Avarice blind,
Reach him who has Happineſs link'd to his Fate.

SONG 989. *'Twas on a, &c.*

THE Night was ſtill, the Air ſerene,
Fann'd by a ſouthern Breeze;
The glimm'ring Moon might juſt be ſeen,
Reflecting thro' the Trees.

The bubbling Water's conſtant Courſe,
From off th' adjacent Hill,
Was mournful Echo's laſt Reſource,
All Nature was ſo ſtill.

The conſtant Shepherd ſought this Shade,
By Sorrow ſore oppreſs'd,
Cloſe by a Fountain's Margin laid,
His Pain he thus expreſs'd.

Ah, wretched Youth! why didſt thou love,
Or hope to meet Succeſs;
Or think the Fair would conſtant prove,
Thy blooming Hopes to bleſs?

Find me the Roſe on barren Sands;
The Lilly 'midſt the Rocks;
The Grape in wide-deſerted Lands;
A Wolf to guard the Flocks.

Thoſe you, alas! will ſooner gain,
And will more eaſy find,
Than meet with aught but cold Diſdain
In faithleſs Womankind.

Riches alone now win the Fair,
Merit they quite deſpiſe;
The conſtant Lover, thro' Deſpair,
Becauſe not wealthy, dies.

SONG 990.

THE Stone, that all Things turns at Will,
To Gold, the Chymiſt craves;
But Gold, without the Chymiſt's Skill,
Turns all Men into Knaves.
And a cheating they will go, &c.

The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat,
When on his Goods he lays
Too high a Price—but, faith he's bit,
For a Courtier never pays.
And a cheating, &c.

The Lawyer, with a Face demure,
Hangs him who ſteals your Pelf;
Becauſe the good Man can endure
No Robber but himſelf.
And a cheating, &c.

Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman,
What Diff'rence can there be?
Tho' this with Piſtol, that with Pen,
Both kill you for a Fee.
And a cheating, &c,

The Huſband cheats his loving Wife,
And to a Miſtreſs goes;
While ſhe at home, to eaſe her Life,
Carouſes with the Beaus.
And a cheating, &c.

The Tenant doth the Steward nick,
(So low this Art we find)
The Steward doth his Lordſhip trick,
My Lord tricks all Mankind.
And a cheating, &c.

One Sect there are, to whoſe fair Lot
No cheating Arts do fall,
And thoſe are Parſons call'd, God wot,
And ſo I cheat you all.
And a cheating, &c.

SONG 991. *I wiſh my, &c.*

THE thirſty Earth drinks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
The Plants ſuck in the Earth and are
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair.
The Sea itſelf, which one would think
Should have but little need of Drink,
Drinks ten thouſand Rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.
The buſy Sun (and one ſhould gueſs,
By's drunken fiery Face, no leſs)
Drinks up the Sea; and when h'as done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun;
They drink and Dance by their own Light,
They drink and revel all the Night:
Nothing in Nature's ſober found,
But an eternal Health goes round.
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the Glaſſes there; for why
Shou'd every Creature drink but I;
Why, Men of Morals, tell me why?

SONG 992.

THE Hounds are all out, and the Morning does peep,
Why how now you ſluggardly Sot?
How can you, how can you lie ſnoring aſleep
While we all on Horſeback have got?
Brave Boys, while we all on Horſeback, &c.
I cannot get up, for the over-night's Cup
So terribly lies in my Head;
Beſides, my Wife cries, my Dear do not riſe,
But cuddle me longer a-bed,
Dear Boy, but cuddle, &c.

Come, on with your Boots, and ſaddle your Mare,
Nor tire us with longer Delay;
The Cry of the Hounds, and the Sight of the Hare,
Will chaſe all our Vapours away,
Brave Boys, will chaſe, &c.

SONG 993. *Come let us prepare.*

THE Macedon Youth
Left behind him this Truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drunk, and he fought,
'Till he had what he ſought.
The World was his own by good drinking.
He drench'd his brave Soul
In a plentiful Bowl,
And caſt away Trouble and Sorrow;
His Head never run
Of what was to be done,
For he car'd not to-day, for to-morrow.

SONG 994. *As Fidlers and Archers, &c.*

THE Laſs that would know how to manage a Man,
Let her liſten and learn it from me,
His Courage to quell, or his Heart to trapan,
As the Time and Occaſion agree.
The Girl that has Beauty, tho' ſmall be her Wit,
May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;
The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit
By the Uſe of that pretty Word, No.
When powder'd Toupees around are in Chat
Each ſtriving his Paſſion to ſhow;
With kiſs me, and love me my Dear, and a that,
Let her Anſwer to all be, O no.
When a Doſe is contriv'd to lay Virtue aſleep
A Preſent, a Treat, or a Ball;
She ſtill muſt refuſe, if her Empire ſhe'll keep
And No be her Anſwer to all.
But when Mr Dapperwit offers his Hand,
Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
A Horſe, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land
She's an Idiot, if then ſhe ſays No.
But if ſhe's attack'd by a Youth full of Charm
Whoſe Courtſhip proclaims him a Man;
When preſs'd to his Boſom, and claſp'd i his Arms,
Then let her ſay No, if ſhe can.

SONG 995. *Highland Laddie.*

THE Lawland Maids ging trig and fine
But aft they're ſour, and unco ſaucy,
Sae Proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd Highland Laſſie.

) my bonny, bonny Highland Laſſie,
My lovely, ſmiling Highland Laſſie,
May never Care make thee leſs fair,
The Bloom of Youth ſtill bleſs my Laſſie.

That ony Laſs on Borrowſtown,
Who make their Cheeks with Patches motie,
'd tak my Katie, but a Gown,
And Barefoot, in her little Cotie.
) my bonny, &c.

enſath the Brier or Breckin Buſh,
Whene'er I kiſs and court my Dautie,
appy and blythe as ane wad wiſh,
My flighteren Heart gangs pittie pattie.
my bonny, &c.

'er higheſt heathery Hill I'll ſtenn,
With cockit Gun, and Ratches tenty,
o drive the Deer out of their Den,
To feaſt my Laſs on Diſhes dainty.
my bonny, &c.

here's nane ſhall dare, by Deed or Word,
'Gainſt her to wag a Tongue or Finger,
hile I can wield my truſty Sword,
Or fra my Side whiſk out a Whinger.
my bonny, &c.

e Mountains clad with purple Bloom,
And Berries ripe invite my Treaſure,
range with me; let great Folk gloom
While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleaſure.
ny bonny, &c.

SONG 996.

THE Morn was fair, the Sky ſerene,
The Face of Nature ſmil'd,
Soft Dews impearl'd the tufted Plain,
And Daiſy-painted wild:
The Hills were gilded by the Sun,
Sweet breath'd the vernal Air;
Her early Hymn the Lark begun
To ſooth the Shepherd's Care.

When Mira fair and Colin gay,
Both fam'd for faithful Love,
Delighted with the riſing Day,
Together ſought the Grove:
And near a ſmooth tranſlucent Stream,
That ſilent ſtole along,
Thus Colin to his matchleſs Dame
Addreſs'd the tender Song.

Hark! Mira, how from yonder Tree
The feather'd Warblers ſing,
They tune their artleſs Notes for thee,
For thee more ſweet than Spring:
How choice a Fragrance thro' the Air
Thoſe Spring-born Bloſſoms ſhed!
How ſeems that Vi'let proud to rear
Its purple tinctur'd Head!

Ah! Mira, had the tuneful Race
Thy Heart-bewitching Tongue,
Who would not fondly haunt the Place,
Enamour'd while they ſung?

Ye Flow'rs, on Mira's Boſom preſt,
Ne'er held ye Place ſo fair,
Tho' oft ye breathe on Venus' Breaſt,
And ſcent the Graces' Hair.

Shall I to Gems compare thine Eyes,
Thy Skin to Virgin Snows,
Thy balmy Breath, to Gales that riſe
From ev'ry new-blown Roſe?
Ah, Nymph! ſo far thy Charms out-ſhine
The faireſt Forms we ſee,
We only gueſs at Things divine
By what appears in thee.

'Twas thus enamour'd Colin ſung
His Love-excited Lays;
The Grove with tender Echo's rung,
Reſounding Mira's Praiſe:
And thus cries Love, who ſported near,
And wav'd his ſilken Wings,
What Wonder, ſince the Nymph's ſo fair,
So fond the Shepherd ſings?

SONG 997. *Lillibullero.*

THE Soldier diſbanded, and forc'd for to beg,
May talk of his Wars, and his Suff'rings ſo hard;
But tho' ſeam'd o'er with Scars, and with never a Leg,
His Wants we neglect, nor his Courage regard;
And the Laſs that is poor
Is ſent for a Whore,
With Hemp and with Hammer to make h
Complaint:
But if you have Money,
All Honours are done ye,
A Coward's a Hero, a Whore is a Saint.

SONG 998.

THE utmoſt Grace the Greeks could ſhe
When to the Trojans they grew kind
Was with their Arms to let 'em go,
And leave their lingring Wives behind.
They beat the Men, and burnt the Town,
Then all the Baggage was their own.

There the kind Deity of Wine
Kiſs'd the ſoft wanton God of Love;
This clapt his Wing, that preſs'd his Vi
And their beſt Pow'rs united move:
While each brave Greek embrac'd his Pun
Lull'd her aſleep, and then grew drunk.

SONG 999.

THE Valiant Eugene to Vienna is gon
And ſince denied
To be ſupply'd,
All his Troops are undone;
For the haughty Vendoſme,
New Recruits being come,

So proud is grown
Of two to one,
Revenge ſwears to puſh home:
And late Loſſes,
Diſgraces and Croſſes,
I ſoon retaliate now the General is gone:
Oh! Leopold, oh! Baden,
What Fiend was perſwading
Your Prieſt-ridden Clan,
Simply to baulk ſo rare a Man?
' Carthage grew proud, when Story once
ſhew'd
How well the grand
Blind African
the Alps hew'd out his Road;
All the Rocks in his Way
Were but Puff-paſte and Clay,
To thoſe were ſeen
To great Eugene
his rugged Eſſay;
Where no Storm nor
Loud Thunder, this Wonder
ever from his Purpoſe cauſe to halt or
ſtay.
Tho' Watches, Diſpatches,
And lying there frying,
His Youth did ſo decay,
Sable Locks turn'd into grey.

Then Latium give o'er, name Cæſar no more;
Nor the Macedon,
Whoſe high Renown
Were ſo blaz'd on before;
But let glorious Eugene,
That auguſt Man of Men,
Be ſounded high,
As far as Sky,
Or the Globe can contain;
For a braver
Or bolder,
Good Soldier,
Did never on the bloody Field maintain his
Ground:
Hell take thoſe remove him;
And here's to thoſe love him;
Drink, drink, Boys around,
And his Foes Pluto confound.

SONG 1000.

THE wanton God that pierces Hearts,
Dips in Gall his pointed Darts;
But the Nymph diſdains to pine,
Who bathes the Wound with roſy Wine.
Farewel Lovers, when they're cloy'd;
If I'm ſcorn'd, becauſe enjoy'd:
Sure the ſqueamiſh Fops are free
To rid me of dull Company.

They have Charms, whilſt mine can pleaſe,
I love them much, but more my Eaſe;
Nor jealous Fears my Love moleſt,
Nor faithleſs Vows ſhall break my Reſt.
Why ſhould they e'er give me Pain,
Who to give me Joy diſdain?
All I hope of mortal Man,
Is to love me—whilſt he can.

SONG. 1001.

THE Groves, the Plains,
The Nymphs, and Swains,
The Silver Streams, and cooling Shade,
All, all, declare
How falſe you are,
How many Hearts you have betray'd.
Diſſembler, go,
Too well I know
Your fatal, falſe, deluding Art;
To ev'ry She,
As well as Me,
You make an Off'ring of your Heart.

SONG 1002.

THE Sun had juſt withdrawn his Fires,
And Phœbus ſhone with milder Ray,
When Thyrſis to the Grove retires,
As Love had pointed out the Way.

His trembling Knees the Turf receives,
His aching Head the Cowſlips preſs;
His Breaſt, that Sighs alone relieves,
At laſt gave Way to this Addreſs.

O Queen, that guid'ſt the ſilent Hours,
If e'er Endymion ſooth'd thy Pain,
By all the Joys in Carian Bow'rs,
Reſtore me Roſalind again.

To thee my mournful Plaint I ſend,
Protectreſs of the virtuous Mind:
Do thou thy chaſte Aſſiſtance lend,
Venus is lewd, and Cupid blind.

Behold thoſe Cheeks, how pale, how wa
That once were grac'd with roſy Pride:
Dim are my Eyes, their Luſtre gone,
My Lips a purple Hue deride.

To wretched me it nought avails,
That Phœbus ſelf has ſtrung my Lyre,
Since Plutus, worthleſs God prevails,
And only ſordid Wealth can fire.

The Nightingale, that pines with Love,
With melting Notes does Grief ſuſpend
My Verſe, nor ſweeteſt Sound can move,
My Torments ſhe alone can end.

But hark! the Raven's direful Croak,
Join'd with the Owl's ill-boding Skriek
In frightful Conſort Fate have ſpoke;
Alas! my Love-ſick Heart will break.

Too cruel Nymph, haſte, haſte away,
And ſee your Victim proſtrate lye;
I faint, I can no longer ſtay,
O Roſalind, for thee I die!

SONG 1003.

THE Sun was ſunk beneath the Hill,
The weſtern Clouds were lin'd with Gold,
e Sky was clear, the Winds were ſtill,
The Flocks were pent within the Fold:
ien from the Silence of the Grove
or Damon thus deſpair'd of Love.

o ſees to pluck the fragrant Roſe
rom the bare Rock, or oozy Beach:
o from each barren Weed that grows,
xpects the Grape, or bluſhing Peach:
h equal Faith may hope to find
Truth of Love in Womankind.

ve no Herds, no fleecy Care,
o Fields that wave with golden Grain,
Paſture green, nor Garden fair,
Damſel's venal Heart to gain:
n all in vain my Sighs muſt prove,
I, alas! have nought but Love.

w wretched is the faithful Youth,
ce Women's Hearts are bought and ſold;
y aſk not Vows of ſacred Truth,
hene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for Gold;
can the Frowns of Scorn remove,
I, alas! have nought but Love.

uy the Gems of India's Coaſt,
hat Wealth, what Treaſure can ſuffice?
all the Fire can ever boaſt
e living Luſtre of her Eyes:
For theſe the World too cheap would prove,
But I, alas! have nought but Love.

O Sylvia! ſince nor Gems nor Ore
Can with your brighter Charms compare,
Conſider that I proffer more,
More ſeldom found, a Heart ſincere:
Let Treaſure meaner Beauties move,
Who pays thy Worth, muſt pay in Love.

SONG 1004.

THE Play of Love is now begun,
And thus the Actions do go on:
Strephon enamour'd courts the Fair,
She hears him with a careleſs Air,
And ſmiles to find him in Love's Snare.

The Act Tune play'd, they meet again,
Her Pity moves her for his Pain,
Which ſhe evades for ſome Pretence,
And thinks ſhe can with Love diſpenſe,
But pants to hear a Man of Senſe.

The Third Approach her Lover makes,
She colours up whene'er he ſpeaks.
But with feign'd Slights ſtill puts him by,
And faintly cries, ſhe can't comply,
Altho' ſhe gives her Heart the Lie.

Now the Plot riſes: he ſeems ſhy,
As if ſome other Fair he'd try:
At which ſhe ſwells with Spleen and Fear,
Leſt one more wiſe his Love ſhould ſhare,
Which yet no Woman e'er can bear.

The laſt Act now is wrought ſo high,
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy:
She does no more his Paſſion ſhun,
He ſtrait into her Arms does run;
The Curtain falls—the Play is done.

The SEQUEL.

NOW come Love's Plagues; the fair enjoy'd,
And with the Pleaſure Strephon cloy'd,
A feign'd Content the Lover wears,
And with falſe Raptures ſooths her Fears,
While his Retreat employs her Cares.

Next Time they meet, a forc'd Reſpect
Makes the Fair dread a cold Neglect;
Strait her full Boſom heaves with Sighs,
Yet tho' diſtracting Fears ariſe,
Fond Love forbids to truſt her Eyes.

Tortur'd with Doubts ſhe next complains,
And aſks if hers are fancy'd Pains?
With well tim'd Rage he ſwears he'll rove,
Vows, tho' he burns, he'll never prove
The curſt Fatigue of Jealous Love.

To bring him back all Arts ſhe tries,
And bids his jealous Fury riſe;
Pleas'd he that Stratagem diſdains,
Vows that no Fair can give him Pains,
That o'er a Fop contented reigns.

With Grief diſtracted, now ſhe burns,
And to ſtern Rage her Paſſion turns;
On the whole Sex her Fury bends,
And the firſt Blockhead that attends,
Marries, and jilts, to gain her Ends.

SONG 1005.

THE Charms of Florimel
No Force of Time or Art,
Shall ſever from my Heart;
But ever to the World I'll tell,
The Charms of beauteous Florimel.

Each Rock, and Sunny Hill,
The flow'ry Meads and Groves,
Shall ſay Myrtillo loves;
And Echo ſhall be taught to tell
The Charms, &c.

Each Tree within the Vale,
That on its Banks doth wear
The Triumphs of the Fair,
To future Times in Verſe ſhall tell
The Charms, &c.

Each Brook and purling Rill,
Shall on its bubling Stream
Convey the Virgin's Name;
And, as it rolls, in Murmurs tell
The Charms, &c.

The Sylvan Gods that dwell
Amidſt this Sacred Grove,
Shall wonder at my Love;
Whilſt ev'ry Sound conſpires to tell
The Charms of beauteous Florimel.

SONG 1006.

HE Man that is drunk, is void of all Care ;
He needs neither Parthian Quiver, nor Spear :
Moor's poiſon'd Dart he ſcorns for to wield :
Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.

aunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
ckiſhes Windows, and breaks open Doors ;
revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,
boldly defies both Proctor and Devil.

te I rode out with my Skin full of Wine,
mbered neither with Care nor with Coin,
dly confronted a horrible Dun ;
ghted, as ſoon as he ſaw me, he run.

Monſter cou'd put you to half ſo much Fear,
ld he in Apulia's Foreſt appear ;
rica's Defart there never was ſeen
onſter ſo hated by Gods and by Men.

place me, ye Deities, under the Line,
e grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine ;
hot-burning Sands I'll ſwelter and ſweat,
-footed, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

ce me where Sun-ſhine is ne'er to be found,
e the Earth is with Winter eternally bound ;
Ev'n there I would nought but my Bottle require,
My Bottle ſhould warm me, and fill me with Fire.

My Tutor may job me, and lay me down Rules ;
Who minds 'em but damn'd philoſophical Fools ?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis Time enough then for to ſit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Ariſtotle an Aſs for his Pain ;
His Sorrow he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the World was his own.

This World is a Tavern with Liquor well ſtor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a Lord ;
My Life is the Reck'ning, which freely I pay,
And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll ſtagger away.

SONG 1007.

THE Charms of bright Beauty ſo powerful are,
For that we make Peace, and for that we make War ;
Then tell me no more of Religion and Laws ;
Your Cant of Injuſtice, the good and bad Cauſe

Your Conquests and Triumphs, your Captives and Spoils,
Shall never incite me to hazardous Toils;
To be great, wise, and wealthy, I never would chuse,
Should the Nymph I adore, her Favour refuse;
But let my Eugenia prove faithful and kind,
I'll weather the Winter, and weary the Wind;
I'll ravage the Seas, the Earth, and the Air,
And combat for her even Death and Despair.

SONG 1008.

THE Danger is over, the Battle is past,
The Nymph had her Fears, but she ventur'd at last:
She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
She smil'd at her Folly, and own she had won.
By her Eyes we discover the Bride has been pleas'd;
Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd;
She dissembles her Joy, and affects to look down,
She sighs, 'tis for Sorrow, 'tis ended so soon.
Appear all ye Virgins, both aged and young,
And you that have carry'd that Burthen too long,
Who've lost precious Time, and you who are losing,
Betray'd by your Fears 'twixt doubting and chusing,
Draw near and learn what will settle yo
Mind,
You'll find yourselves happy, when once y
are kind;
Do but wisely resolve the sweet Venture to
The Loss will be little, and much to be w

SONG 1009.

THE wakeful Nightingale that takes
Rest,
While Cupid warms his little Breast;
All Night how sweetly he complains,
And makes us fear that Love has Pains:
No, no, no, no 'tis no such thing,
For Love that makes him wakeful, makes h
sing.

SONG 1010.

THE Sun was just setting, the Reaping
done,
And over the Common I tript it alone;
Then whom should I meet, but young D
of our Town,
Who swore ere I went I shou'd have a
Gown;
He prest me, I stumbl'd;
He push'd me, I tumbl'd;
He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd;
But still he kiss'd on;

rose and went from me, as soon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for serving me
May I be worse rumpl'd, [so,
Worse tumbl'd and jumbl'd,
Wherever, wherever I go.

e an Old Justice I summon'd the Spark,
how do you think I was serv'd by his Clerk?
pull'd out his Ink-horn, and ask'd me his Fee,
now shall relate the whole Business, quoth he.
He prest me, &c.

Justice then came, tho' grave was his Look,
'd to wish I wou'd kiss him instead of the Book;
whisper'd; his Clerk then leaving the Place,
s had to his Chamber to open my Case.
He prest me, &c.

ent to our Parson to make my Complaint;
look'd like a Bacchus, but preach'd like a Saint;
id, we should soberly Nature refresh;
nine times he urg'd me to humble the Flesh.
He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He push'd me, I tumbl'd,
He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd;
But still he kiss'd on;
Then rose and went from me, as soon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for serving me
May I be worse rumpl'd, [so,
Worse tumbl'd, and jumbl'd,
Wherever, wherever I go.

SONG 1011.

THE Sun was now with'drawn,
The Shepherds home were sped,
The Moon wide o'er the Lawn
Her silver Mantle spread,
When Damon stay'd behind,
And saunter'd in the Grove:
Will ne'er a Nymph be kind,
And give me Love for Love?

Oh! those were golden Hours,
When Love, devoid of Cares,
In all Arcadia's Bow'rs,
Lodg'd Nymphs and Swains by Pairs,
But now from Wood and Plain
Flies ev'ry sprightly Lass;
No Joys for me remain,
In Shades, or on the Grass.

The winged Boy draws near,
And thus the Swain reproves:
While Beauty revell'd here,
My Game lay in the Groves:

At Court I never fail
To ſcatter round my Arrows;
Men fall as thick as Hail,
And Maidens love like Sparrows.

Then, Swain, if me you need,
Strait lay your Sheep-hook down;
Throw by your Oaten Reed,
And haſte away to Town:
So well I'm known at Court,
None aſk where Cupid dwells,
But readily reſort
To B----n's or L----ll's.

SONG 1012.

THE happieſt Mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each deſirous of the Bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
The happieſt Mortals once were we.

But ſince cruel Fates diſſever,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever;
Tortures end me;
Death befriend me;
Of all Pains the greateſt Pain
Is to love--- and love in vain.

SONG 1013.

THE Shepherd Adonis being weary'd with Sport,
He for a Retirement to the Woods did reſort;
He threw by his crook, and he laid him down;
He envy'd no Monarch, nor wiſh'd for Crown.
He drank of the Burn, and he ate frae Tree,
Himſelf he enjoy'd, and frae Troubles free;
He wiſh'd for no Nymph, tho' never ſae fair,
Had nae Love or Ambition, and therefore Care.
But as he lay thus in an Evening ſae clear,
A heavenly ſweet Voice ſounded ſaft in Ear;
Which came frae a ſhady green neighbouring Grove,
Where bonny Amynta ſat ſinging of Love.
He wander'd that Way, and found wha there;
He was quite confounded to ſee her ſae fair;
He ſtood like a Statue, not a Foot could move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him; but believ'd it was Love.
The Nymph ſhe beheld him with a kind deſt Grace,
Seeing ſomething that pleas'd her in his Face,

blushing a little, she to him did say,
Shepherd! what want ye? how came you this Way?
Spirits reviving, he to her reply'd,
Ne'er saw surpriz'd at the Sight of a Maid;
I beheld thee, from Love I was free,
Now I'm ta'en Captive, my Fairest, by thee.

SONG 1014. *She raise, &c.*

'T Night her silent Sable wore,
And gloomy were the Skies;
Glit'ring Stars appear'd no more,
But those in Nelly's Eyes:
At her Father's Yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been;
Shrowded only with her Smock,
She rose and loot me in.

Lock'd within her close Embrace,
I trembling stood asham'd;
Swelling Breast and glowing Face,
At ev'ry Touch enflam'd:
Her Passion I obey'd,
Boldly the Fort to win;
Her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
She yield and let me in.

Oh, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the Joy;
For no greater Blessing,
Blest a Man was I.

And she, all ravish'd with Delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry Night
She'd rise and let me in.

But ah! at last she prov'd with Bairn,
And sighing sat and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en just like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash Sin;
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour
That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such Beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart:
But wedded, and conceal'd our Crime:
Thus all was well again;
And now she thanks the happy Time
That e'er she loot me in.

SONG 1015.

THE Ordnance Board
Such Joy does afford,
That no Mortal, no Mortal,
No Mortal e'er more can desire:
Each Member repairs
From the Tower to the Stairs,
And by Water, whush, and by Water, whush,
And by Water go down to the fire.

Each Piece that's on ſhore.
They ſearch from the Bore;
And to proving, to proving,
To proving they go in all Weather;
Our Glaſſes are large,
And whene'er we diſcharge,
With a boom, huzza boom, huzza,
Guns and Bumper's go together.

Old Vulcan for Mars
Made Tools for Wars,
To enable him, enable him,
Enable him to conquer the faſter:
But Mars, had he been
On our Woolwich Green,
To hear boom, huzza boom, huzza,
He'd have own'd Great Marlb'ro' his Maſter.

SONG 1016.

THE Larks awake the drowzy Morn,
My deareſt lovely Chloe riſe,
And with thy dazzling Rays adorn
The ample World and azure Skies:
Each Eye of thine out-ſhines the Sun,
Tho' deck'd in all his Light;
As much as he excels the Moon,
Or each ſmall twinkling Star at Noon,
Or Meteor of the Night.
Look down and ſee your Beauty's Pow'r,
See, ſee the Heart in which you reign;
No conquer'd Slave in Triumph bore,
D'd ever wear ſo ſtrong a Chain:
Feed me with Smiles that I may live,
I'll ne'er wiſh to be free;
Nor ever hope for kind Reprieve,
Or Love's greatful Bondage leave,
For Immortality.

SONG 1017.

THE Inſtrument with which to ſing
Romana oft my Ears did bleſs;
Neglected now with broken String,
Deny'd the long'd-for Happineſs.

Till I reſolv'd to loſe no Part
Of Joy, and taught by Love the Way,
Devoted one that ſtrung my Heart,
Provided ſhe would ſing and play.

Then Muſick ſweeter than the Spheres,
That from her Hands and Lips did fall,
My Soul ſo raviſh'd thro' my Ears,
My Heart ne'er felt its Loſs at all.

SONG 1018.

THE Devil he pull'd off his Jacket of Flame,
The Fryar he pull'd off his Cowle;
The Devil took him for a Dunce of the Game,
And the Fryar took him for a Fool:

He piqu'd and repiqu'd ſo oft, that at laſt
He ſwore by the jolly fat Nuns

ards come no better than thoſe that are paſt,
Oh! I ſhall loſe all my Buns.

SONG 1019.

HE ſweet roſy Morning
Peeps over the Hills,
h Bluſhes adorning
The Meadows and Fields;
While the merry, merry, merry Horn calls,
Come, come, come away,
Awake from your Slumber.
And hail the new Day.

Stag rous'd before us,
Away he ſeems to fly,
pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full Cry.
Then follow, follow, follow
The muſical Chaſe,
Where Pleaſure, and vigorous
Health you embrace.

Day's Sport when over,
Makes Blood circle right,
gives the briſk Lover
reſh Charms for the Night.
Then let us, let us enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown the Day,

SONG 1020.

THE Wheel of Life is turning quickly round,
And nothing in this World of Certainty is found:
The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out:
Good lack! good lack! how things are wheel'd about!
Some few aloft on Fortune's Wheel do go,
And as they mount up high, the others tumble low;
In this we all agree, that Fate at firſt did will,
That this great Wheel ſhould never once ſtand ſtill.

The Courtier turns to gain his private Ends,
'Till he's ſo giddy grown he quite forgets his Friends;
Proſperity oft-times deceives the Proud and Vain,
And wheels ſo faſt, it turns them out again.
Some turn to this, to that, and ev'ry Way,
And cheat, and ſcrape for what can't purchaſe one poor Day;
But this is far below the generous-hearted Man,
Who lives, and makes the moſt of Life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd about in Life's ſhort Farce,
'Till we at laſt are wheel'd off in a rumbling Hearſe:
The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out:
Good Jack! good Jack! how Things are wheel'd about.

SONG 1021. *Lillibulero.*

THE Modes of the Court ſo common are grown,
That a true Friend can hardly be met;
Friendſhip for Intereſt is but a Loan,
Which they let out for what they can get;
'Tis true you find
Some Friends ſo kind,
Who will give you good Counſel themſelves to defend,
In ſorrowful Ditty,
They promiſe, they pity,
But ſhift you for Money, from Friend to Friend.

SONG 1022.

THE Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No leſs than a Wonder by Nature deſign'd:
She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,
And the Cauſe of a Flame that never can die.
Her Mouth, from whence Wit ſtill obliging flows,
Has the beautiful Bluſh, and the Smell of the Roſe.
Love and Deſtiny both ſtill attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown can kill.

The deſperate Lover can hope no Redreſs,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in exceſs
In Silvia they meet, ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her muſt love, and who loves her muſt die.

SONG 1023.

THE rolling Years the Joys reſtore,
Which happy, happy Britain knew,
When in a Female Age before
Beauty the Sword of Juſtice drew;
Nymphs and Fawns, and rural Pow'rs,
Of chryſtal Floods and ſhady Bow'rs.
No more ſhall here preſide:
The flowing Wave, and living Green,
Owe only to their preſent Queen
Their ſafety and their Pride.

United Air, and Pleaſures bring,
Of tender Note, and tuneful String,
All your Arts devoted are
To more the Innocent and Fair:

While they receive the pleaſing Wound,
Echo repeats the dying Sound

SONG 1024.

THE Lark now leaves his wat'ry Neſt,
And, climbing, ſhakes his dewy Wings;
He takes this Window for the Eaſt,
And, to implore your Sight, he ſings.

Awake, awake, the Morn will never riſe,
Till ſhe can dreſs her Beauties at your Eyes.

Awake, awake, break thro' your Veil of Lawn;
Then draw your Curtain and begin the Dawn.

Charming is your Face and Eyes,
Ev'ry Look gives freſh Surprize.

'Tis always Night, when you're away,
But when you'r preſent, always Day.

SONG 1025.

THE Spring's a coming,
All Nature is blooming,
Each amorous Lover
Does Vigour recover,
The Birds are ſinging,
And Flowers are ſpringing;
Here's Toys to be raffled for,
Who makes one?
Bliſs paſt Compariſons
At Mr. Harriſon's,

Dices are ratt'ling,
Beaus are pratt'ling,
Ladies walking,
And wittily talking;
Madam, the Medley is juſt begun.

SONG 1026.

THE Minute's paſt appointed by the Fair,
The Minute's fled,
And leaves me dead
With Anguiſh and Deſpair.

My flatter'd Hopes their Flight did make
With the appointed Hour;
None can the Minutes paſt o'ertake,
And nought my Hopes reſtore.

Ceaſe your Plaints, and make no Moan,
Thou ſad repining Swain;
Altho' the fleeting Hour be gone,
The Place does ſtill remain.

The Place remains, and ſhe may make
Amends for all your Pain;
Her Preſence can paſt Time o'ertake,
Her Love your Hope regain.

SONG 1027.

THE Men of Pleaſure,
Who count the Seizure
Of Virgin's Treaſure,
A pleaſing Taſk;

No ſooner gain it,
But they refrain it,
Nay, oft diſdain it,
For t'other Flaſk.

SONG 1028. *Young Philaret and Celia met.*

THE Youth whom I, to ſave would die,
Surpaſſes all Deſire;
Love's fatal Dart enflames my Heart,
And ſets it all on Fire.

The plaintive Dove, without her Love,
Thus mourns, like me oppreſt;
But when her Mate arrives tho' late,
Joy triumphs in her Breaſt.

SONG 1029.

THE Boy thus of a Bird poſſeſt,
At firſt how great his Joys:
He ſtrokes it oft, and in his Breaſt
The little Favourite lies.

But ſoon as grown to riper Age,
The Paſſion quits his Mind;
He hangs it up in ſome cold Cage,
Neglected and confin'd.

SONG 1030.

THE dusky Night rides down the Sky,
And uſhers in the Morn,
The Hounds all join in glorious Cry,
The Huntſman winds his Horn.
And a hunting we will go.
The Wife around her Huſband throws
Her Arms, and begs his Stay;
My Dear, it rains, and hails, and ſnows,
You will not hunt To-day.
But a hunting, &c.
A bruſhing Fox in yonder Wood
Secure to find, we ſeek;
For why, I carry'd ſound and good,
A Cart load there laſt Week.
And a hunting, &c.
Away he goes, he flies the Rout,
Their Steeds all ſpur and ſwitch;
Some are thrown in, and ſome thrown out,
And ſome thrown in the Ditch.
But a hunting, &c.
At length his Strength to Faintneſs worn,
Poor Reynard ceaſes Flight;
Then hungry homeward we return,
To feaſt away the Night.
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

SONG 1031.

THE Man who for Life
Is plagu'd with a Wife,
Is ſure in a wretched Condition;
Go Things how they will,
She ſticks by him ſtill,

And Death is his only Phyſician.
Poor Man, &c.

To trifle and toy
May give a Man Joy,
When Paſſion's promoted by Beauty?
But where is the Bliſs
Of a conjugal Kiſs
When Paſſion is prompted by Duty?
Poor Man, &c.

The Dog when poſſeſs'd
Of Mutton the beſt,
A Bone he may leave at his Pleaſure;
But if to his Tail,
'Tis try'd, without fail
He is harraſs'd and plagu'd beyond Meaſure.
Poor Cur, &c.

SONG 1032.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
And, Oh! ſhe's wond'rous bonny;
A Laird he was that ſought her,
Baith rich in Land and Money.
The Tutors watch'd the Motion
Of this young honeſt Lover;
But Love is like the Ocean:
Who can its Depth diſcover?

He had the Art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His Air ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.

The Collier's bonny Laſſie,
Fair as the new-blown Lilly,
Ay ſweet and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the Heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond Expreſſion
The Charms that were about her.
And panted for Poſſeſſion;
His Life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
Cloſe to his Breaſt he held her;
In ſofteſt Flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her.

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
Let nathing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty Tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye,
For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love ſays 'tis my Duty,
To ware what Heaven has lent me
Upon your Wit and Beauty.

SONG 1033.

THE laſt Time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me;
Ye Pow'rs! what Pain do I endure,
When ſoft Ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy Morn diſplay'd,
The beaming Day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely Maid,
In fit Retreats for Wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd Time away,
Till Night ſpread her black Curtain.
I pitied all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me;

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me:
Yet Hopes again to ſee my Love,
To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes.
Shall make my Cares at Diſtance move,
In Proſpect of ſuch Bliſſes.
In all my Soul there's not one Place,
To let a Rival enter:
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love ſhall center:
Sooner the Seas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their Waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland Ice ſhall Roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor,
She ſhall a Lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's ſacred Bonds ſhall clain
Heart to her fair Boſom;
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

SONG 1034.

THere was a Swain full fair,
Was tripping it over the Graſs;
And there he ſpy'd with her Nut-brown Hair,
A pretty tight Country Laſs:
Fair Damſel, ſays he,
With an Air briſk and free,
Come let us each other know.
She bluſh'd in his Face,
And reply'd with a Grace,
Pray forbear, Sir: No, no, no, no, &c,
The Lad being bolder grown,
Endeavour'd to ſteal a Kiſs.
She cry'd, piſh---let me alone,
But held up her Noſe for the Bliſs,
And when he begun,
She would never have done,
But unto his Lips ſhe did grow;
Near ſmother'd to Death,
As ſoon as ſhe'd Breath,
She ſtammer'd out, No, no, no, no. &c.

Come, come, ſays he, pretty Maid,
Let's walk to yon private Grove;
Cupid always delights in the Shade,
There I'll read thee a Leſſon of Love:
She mends her Pace,
And haſtes to the Place;

But if her Lecture you'd know,
Let a baſhful young Muſe
Plead the Maiden's Excuſe,
And anſwer you, No, no, no, no, &c.

SONG 1035.

THere was a certain Uſerer,
He had a pretty Niece,
Was courted by a Barriſter,
Who was her doating Piece.
Her Uncle, to revent the ſame,
Did all that in him lay;
For which he's very much to blame,
As all good People ſay.

A Country 'Squire was to wed
This fair and dainty Dame;
But ſuch Contraries in a Bed,
Wou'd be a mon'ſtrous Shame;
To ſee a Lady bright and gay,
Of Fortune, and of Charms,
So ſhamefully be thrown away,
Into a Looby's Arms.

The Lovers, thus diſtracted,
It ſet 'em on a Plot;
Which lately has been acted.
And---ſhall I tell you what?
The Gentleman diſguis'd himſelf
Like to the Country 'Squire,
Deceiv'd the old miſchievous Elf,
And got his Heart's Deſire.

SONG 1036.

THere were three Lads in our Town,
Slow Men of London!
They courted a Widow was bonny and brown,
And yet they left her undone.
They went to work without their Tools,
Slow Men of London!
The Widow ſhe ſent them away like Fools,
Becauſe they left her undone.
They often taſted this Widow's Cheer,
Slow Men of London!
But yet the Widow was never the near,
For ſtill they left her undone.
Blow ye Winds, and come down Rain,
Slow Men of London!
They never ſhall woo this Widow again,
Becauſe they left her undone.

SONG 1037.

THey that never had the Uſe
Of the Grape's ſurprizing Juice,
To the firſt delicious Cup
All their Reaſon render up;
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be beſt or no.
So, they that are to Love inclin'd,
Sway'd by Chance, not Choice, or Art;
To the firſt that's fair, or kind,
Make a Preſent of their Heart:
'Tis not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To Man that was in th' Ev'ning made,
Stars gave the firſt Delight;
Admiring in the gloomy Shade,
Thoſe little Drops of Light.

Then, at Aurora, whoſe fair Hand
Remov'd them from the Skies,
He gazing tow'rd the Eaſt did ſtand,
She entertain'd his Eyes.

But when the bright Sun did appear,
All thoſe he 'gan deſpiſe;
His Wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe:

He neither might, nor wiſh'd to know
A more refulgent Light;
For that (as mine your Beauties now)
Employ'd his utmoſt Sight.

SONG 1038.

THis great World is a Trouble,
Where all muſt their Fortunes bear;
Make the moſt of the Bubble,
You'll have but Neighbours Fare.

Let not Jealouſy teaze ye,
Think of nought but to pleaſe ye;
What's paſt, 'tis but in vain
For Mortals to wiſh again.

When dull Cares do attack ye,
Drinking will thoſe Clouds repel?
Four good Bottles will make ye
Happy, they ſeldom fail.

If a Fifth ſhould be wanted,
Aſk the Gods 'twill be granted;
Thus, with eaſe, you'll obtain
A Remedy for all your Pain.

SONG 1039.

THis is no mine ain Houſe,
I ken by the Rigging o't;
Since with my Love I've changed Vows,
I dinna like the Bigging o't.
For now that I'm young Robie's Bride,
And Miſtreſs of his Fire-ſide,
Mine ain Houſe I'll like to guide,
And pleaſe me with the Trigging o't.

Then farewel to my Father's Houſe,
I gang where Love invites me;
The ſtricteſt Duty this allows,
When Love with Honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my Kin.
And to refuſe him were a Sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.
When I'm in mine ain Houſe,
True Love ſhall be at hand ay,
To make me ſtill a prudent Spouſe,
And let my Man command ay;
Avoiding ilka Cauſe of Strife,
The common Peſt of married Life,
That makes ane wearied of his Wife,
And breaks the kindly Band ay.

SONG 1040.

THink when to Pleaſure
The Powers do invite you
Time on the Wing is fleeting away,
And as the bright Seaſon
Of Youth does delight you,
Crown the dear Moments
With Mirth while you may;
As time approaches by kind Advances,
With truly Grateful
And free open Fancies,
Of Songs and briſk Dances,
I treat him to ſtay.

His golden Treaſure
Then prudently meaſure,
Let innocent Paſtime
And Virtue delight you,
Virtue and Innocence always are gay;
Thoſe who inherit
Such Sweetneſs of Spirit,
Live, live, live, live.

SONG 1041.

THO' bootleſs I muſt needs complain,
My Fate is ſo extream;
I lov'd, and was belov'd again,
Yet all was but a Dream:
For as that Love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
I'll touch no more a Flame ſo hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Creature, be ſhe ne'er ſo fair,
Shall any more beguile
My Fancy with a feigned Tear,
Nor tempt me with a Smile:
I'll never think Affection feign'd,
That is ſo fairly ſhewn;
I'll touch no more a Flame ſo hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

Should now the little God conſpire
Again t'entrap my Mind;
And ſtrive to ſet my Heart on Fire,
Alas! the Boy's too blind:
For ſuch I'll never venture Smiles,
Nor hazard Mirth for none;
Nor yet regard a Woman's Wiles,
I'd rather lie alone.

The blazing Torch is ſo burnt out,
The Diamond's Light abides;
The Fire her Glory hurls about,
The Woman her Virtue hides:

That Spark, (if any ſhould be mine)
That elſe ſhews like to none;
For if to ev'ry Eye ſhe ſhine,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Woman ſhould decive my Thought,
With Colours not in Grain;
Nor put a Love ſo ſlightly wrought
Into my Hands again:
I'll pay no more ſo dear for Wit,
I'll love upon my own;

Nor ſhall Affection trouble it,
I'd rather lie alone.

And ſo I'll ſet my Heart at reſt,
My loving Labour's loſt;
I'll be no more ſo rarely bleſt,
To be ſo ſtrangely croſt:
The Love-loſt Turtle ſo doth die,
The Phœnix is but One;
They ſeek no Mates, no more will I,
I'd rather lie alone.

SONG 1042.

THO' Fortune and Love may be Deities ſtill,
To thoſe they oblige by their Power;
For my Part, they ever have us'd me ſo ill,
They cannot expect I'll adore:
Hereafter a Temple to Friendſhip I'll raiſe,
And dedicate there all the reſt of my Days,
To the Goddeſs accepted my Vows,
To the Goddeſs accepted my Vows.

Thou perfecteſt Image of all Things divine,
Bright Center of endleſs Deſires,
May the Glory be yours, and the Service be mine,
When I light at your Altars the Fires.
I offer a Heart has Devotion ſo pure,
It would for your Service all Torments endure,
Might you but have all Things you wiſh,
Might you, &c.

But yet the Goddeſs of Fools to deſpiſe,
I find I'm too much in her Power;
She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wiſe,
In Abſence of her I adore:
If Love then undoes me before I get back,
I ſtill with Reſignment receive the Attack,
Or languiſh away in Deſpair,
Or languiſh, &c.

SONG 1043.

THO' the Pride of my Paſſion fair Sylvia betrays,
And frowns at the Love I impart;
Tho' kindly her Eyes twiſt amorous Rays,
To tye a more fortunate Heart:
Yet her Charms are ſo great, I'll be bold in my Pain;
His Heart is too tender,
Too tender, that's ſtruck with Diſdain.

Still my Heart is ſo juſt to my paſſionate Eyes,
It diſſolves with Delight while I gaze,
And he that loves on, tho' Sylvia denies,
His Love but his Duty obeys:
I no more can refrain her Neglects to purſue,
Than the Force, the Force
Of her Beauty can ceaſe to ſubdue.

SONG 1044.

THO' Jockey ſu'd me long, he met Diſdain,
His tender Sighs and Tears were ſpent in vain:

Give o'er, ſaid I, give o'er
Your ſilly fond Amour,
I'll ne'er, ne'er more comply;
At laſt he forc'd a Kiſs,
Which I took not amiſs,
And ſince I've known the Bliſs,
I'll ne'er deny.

My Jockey he had ſike a Man-like Face,
And often did appear to me with muckle Grace,
Tho' I cry'd, Jockey fie,
Your Suit I muſt deny,
I'll ne'er, ne'er ne'er, ne'er, yield, nor I.
With that he was amaz'd,
He kiſs'd my Hand and gaz'd,
Which ſo much Paſſion rais'd,
I did comply.

When Jockey ſaw me yield, heme embrac'd,
And claſp'd his folded Arms about my Waiſt:
My Dear, ſaid he, to you,
I'll ever be true,
And ne'er, ne'er, ne'er you deceive:
But will for ever love you,
And prize none above you,
From you I'll ne'er remove,
You may believe.

Then when you court a Laſs that's coy,
Who hears your Love, yet ſeems to ſhun its Joy,
If you preſs her to do ſo,
Never her mind her no, no, no, no,
But truſt her Eyes:
For Coyneſs gives Denial,
When ſhe wiſhes for the Trial;
Tho' ſhe ſwears you ſhan't come nigh all,
I am ſure ſhe lies.

SONG 1045.

THO' cruel you ſeem to my Pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true:
Yet, Phillis, you love a falſe Swain,
Who has other Nymphs in his View:
Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
To me what a Heav'n it would be;
To him but a Woman you ſeem,
But ah! you're an Angel to me.

Thoſe Lips which he touches in Haſte,
To them I for ever could grow,
Still clinging around that dear Waiſt,
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go;
That Arm, like a Lilly ſo white,
Which over his Shoulders you lay,
My Boſom would warm it all Night,
My Lips they would preſs it all Day.
Were I like a Monarch to reign,
The Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave them and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee.

But if I muſt feel thy Diſdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
Oh! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

SONG 1046.

THE Laſs of Peaty's Mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In ſpite of all my Skill,
Hath ſtole my Heart away.
When teiding of the Hay
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midſt her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their Dawn,
To Age it would give Youth,
To preſs 'em with his Hand,
Thro' all my Spirits ran
And Extaſy of Bliſs,
When I ſuch Sweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiſs.

Without the Help of Art,
Like Flow'rs which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her Looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my Bride,

O had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill.
Inſur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleaſures at my Will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The Laſs of Peaty's Mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

SONG 1047.

THERE lately was a Maiden fair,
With ruddy Checks and Nut-brown Hair;
Who up to Town did trudge, Sir:
This pretty Maid, whoſe Name was Kate,
Met here a hard unlucky Fate,
As you anon ſhall judge, Sir.

A little ere it did grow dark,
She needs muſt walk into the Park,
The Gentry for to ſee, Sir;
Where ſoon ſhe met a Footman gay,
That ſtopp'd her ſhort, and made her ſtay,
To ſit down under Tree, Sir.

This Footman ſwore he was a Lord,
Which ſoon made Katy to accord,
And grant him his full Will, Sir;
She kiſs'd his Lordſhip o'er and o'er,
And open'd all her Country Store,
And let him take his Fill, Sir.

But when ſhe heard one call out, John,
Up roſe her Spark, and ſtrait was gone

To trot before the Chair, Sir;
Which made this Damſel all alone
To ſigh and ſob, and make great Moan,
And ſhed full many a Tear, Sir,
Quoth ſhe, if theſe be London Tricks,
God ſend me down among my Dicks,
That live on Dunſmore Heath, Sir;
If ever I come here again.
Or e'er believe one Man in ten,
May the De'll come ſtop my Breath, Sir,

SONG 1048.

THere was a bonny Blade
Had marry'd a Country Maid,
And ſafely conducted her home, home, home;
She was neat in ev'ry Part,
And ſhe pleas'd him to the Heart,
But ah! alas! ſhe was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the Day,
And brisk as the May,
And as round and as plump as a Plumb,
Plumb, Plumb;
But ſtill the ſilly Swain
Could do nothing but complain,
Becauſe that his Wife ſhe was dumb, dumb,
dumb.

She could brew, and ſhe could bake,
She could ſew, and ſhe could make,
She could ſweep the Houſe with a Broom,
Broom, Broom,
She could waſh, and ſhe could wring,
She could do any kind of Thing:
But ah! alas! ſhe was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor then he went,
For to give himſelf Content,
And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum,
mum:
O! 'tis the eaſieſt Part
That belongs unto my Art,
For to make a Woman ſpeak that is dumb,
dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor he her brings,
And he cuts her chatt'ring Strings,
And at Liberty he ſet her Tongue, Tongue,
Tongue;
Her Tongue began to walk,
And ſhe began to talk,
As tho' ſhe had never been dumb, dumb,
dumb.

Her Faculty ſhe tries,
And ſhe fill'd the Houſe with Noiſe,
And ſhe rattl'd in his Ears like a Drum,
Drum, Drum.
She bred a deal of Strife,
Made him weary of his Life,
He'd give any Thing again ſhe was dumb,
dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor then he goes,
And thus he vents his Woes,

Oh! Doctor you've me undone, undone, undone;
For my Wif she's turn'd a Scold,
And her Tongue can never hold,
I'd give any Kind of Thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake,
To make thy Wife to speak,
It was a Thing eafily done, done, done;
But 'tis past the Art of Man,
Let him do whate'er he can,
For to make a scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue, Tongue.

SONG 1049.

THere was a Wife won'd in a Glen,
And she had Daughters nine or ten,
That sought the House baith butt and benn,
Ta find their Mam a Snishing.
The auld Wife beyont the Fire,
The auld Wife anieft the Fire,
The auld Wife aboon the Fire,
She died for Lack of Snishing.

Her Mill into some Hole had fawn:
What recks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
For I maun ha'e a young Geudman
Shall furnish me with Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Her eldest Dochter said, right bauld,
Fy, Mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if ye with a Yonker wald,
He'll waste away your Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

The youngest Dochter ga'e a Shout,
O Mother dear! your Teeth's a' out,
Besides halff blind, you ha'e the Gout,
Your Mill can haud no Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye Limmers, cried auld Mump,
For I ha'e baith a Tooth and Stump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting of my Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pawky Slut,
Mother, if you can crack a Nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a Pistol Bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To won herself a Snishing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Braw Sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her Gums sae squeez and row't,

While frae her Jaws the Slaver flow't,
And ay ſhe curs'd poor Stumpy.
The auld Wife, &c.

At laſt ſhe ga'e a deſperate Squeez,
Which brak the lang Tooth by the Neez,
And ſyne poor Stumpy was at Eaſe,
But ſhe tint Hopes of Sniſhing.
The auld Wife, &c.

She of the Taſk began to tire,
And frae her Dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the Fire,
And died for lack of Sniſhing.
The auld Wife, &c.

Ye auld Wives notice well this Truth,
Aſſoon as ye're paſt Mark of Mouth,
Ne're do what's only fit for Youth,
And leave aff Thoughts of Sniſhing:
Elſe like his Wife beyont the Fire,
Y'er Bairns againſt you will conſpire;
Nor will ye get, unleſs ye hire
A young Man with your Sniſhing.

Note. Sniſhing in its literal Meaning is Snuff made of Tobacco; but in this Song it means ſometimes Contentment, a Huſband, Love, Money, &c.

SONG 1050.

THere was an old Woman that had but one Son,
And he had neither Land nor Fee;
He took great Pains,
But got little Gains,
Yet fain a Landlord he would be.
With a fa dariddle la, fala da riddle la, fala la fa la la re.

And as he was going Home,
He met his old Mother upon the Highway;
O Mother, quoth he
Your Bleſſing grant me,
Thus the Son to the Mother did ſay.
With a fa, &c.

I ha' begg'd Butter-milk all this long Day,
But I hope I ſhan't be a Beggar long;
For I've more Wit come into this Pate,
Then e'er I had when I was young.
With a fa, &c.

This Butter-milk I will it ſell,
A Penny for it I ſhall have, you ſhall ſee;
With that Penny I ſhall buy me ſome Eggs,
And I ſhall have ſeven for my Penny.
With a fa, &c.

And thoſe ſeven Eggs I'll ſet under a Hen,
Perhaps ſeven Cocks they may chance for to be;
And when thoſe ſeven Cocks are ſeven Capons,
There will be ſeven Half Crowns for me,
With a fa, &c.

But as he was going Home,
Accounting up of his Riches all;

His Foot it ſtumbled againſt a Stone,
Down came Butter-milk Pitcher and all
With a fa, &c.

CHORUS.

His Pitcher was broke and his Eggs were diſpatch'd:
This 'tis to count Chickens before they are hatch'd.
With a fa, &c.

SONG 1051.

THO' Flavia to my warm Deſire
You mean no kind Return,
Yet ſtill with undiminiſh'd Fire
You wiſh to ſee me burn.

Averſe my Anguiſh to remove,
You think it wond'rous right
That I love on, for ever love,
And you for ever ſlight.

But you and I ſhall ne'er agree,
So Gentle Nymph adieu;
Since you no Pleaſure have for me,
I'll have no Pain for you.

SONG 1052.

'THO' envious Old Age ſeems in part to impair me,
And makes me the Sport of the wanton and Gay,
Briſk Wine ſhall recruit, as Life's Winter ſhall wear me,
And I ſtill have a Heart to do what I may.

Then, Venus, beſtow me ſome Damſel of Beauty,
As Bacchus ſhall lend me a cheriſhing Glaſs;
Silenus, tho' old, ſhall to both do his Duty;
And firſt claſp the Bottle, and then claſp the Laſs;
The Bottle, the Laſs,
The Laſs and the Bottle,
And firſt claſp the Bottle, and then claſp the Laſs.

SONG 1053.

THO' I'm a Man in ev'ry Part,
And much inclin'd to change;
Yet I muſt ſtop my wand'ring Heart,
When it deſires to range.

I muſt indeed my Cælia love,
Altho' I have enjoy'd;
And make that Bliſs ſtill pleaſant prove,
With which I have been cloy'd;

I muſt that Fair one Juſtice do,
I muſt ſtill conſtant be:
For 'twere unkind to be untrue,
While ſhe is true to me.

Then, Cupid I muſt teach you how
To make me ſtill her Slave;

That Food to make me reliſh now,
Which once a Surfeit gave.

You muſt, to play this Game at firſt,
Some Jealouſy contrive;
That ſhe may vow I am the worſt,
And falſeſt Man alive.

Let her in Anger perſevere,
Be Jealous as before;
'Till I begin to huff, and ſwear
I'll never ſee her more.

Then let her uſe a little Art,
And lay aſide her Frown;
Let her ſome am'rous Glances dart,
To bring my Paſſion down.

Thus whilſt I am again on Fire,
Make me renew my Pain:
Make her conſent to my Deſire,
And me ſtill hug my Chain.

SONG 1054.

THO' Beauty like the Roſe
That ſmiles on Polwarth Green,
In various Colours ſhows,
As 'tis by Fancy ſeen:

Yet all his different Glories lye
United in thy Face,
And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
So ſmooth, ſo calm her Mind,
That to ſome Angel's Care
Each Motion ſeems aſſign'd:
But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly gay,
The joyful Moments fly,
As if for Wings they ſtole the Ray
She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
With Tuneful Voice ſhe ſings,
Perfume her Breath and Smile,
And wave their balmy Wings:
But as the tender Bluſhes riſe,
Soft Innocence doth warm,
The Soul in bliſful Extaſies
Diſſolveth in the Charm.

SONG 1055.

THO' Darkneſs ſtill attends me,
It aids internal Sight;
And from ſuch Scenes defend, me,
As bluſh to ſee the Night.

No Villain's Smile deceives me,
No gilded Fop offends;
No weeping Object grieves me,
Kind Darkneſs me befriends,

Henceforth no uſeleſs Wailings,
I find no Reaſon why;
Mankind to their own Failings
Are all as blind as I.

Who painted Vice desires,
Is blind, whate'er he thinks;
Who Virtue not admires,
Is either blind, or winks.

SONG 1056.

THO' you make no Return to my Passion,
Still, still I presume to adore;
'Tis in Love but an odd Reputation,
When faintly repuls'd to give o'er:
When you talk of your Duty,
I gaze on your Beauty,
Nor mind the dull Maxim at all;
Let it reign in Cheapside
With a Citizen's Bride,
It will ne'er be receiv'd at Whitehall.

What Apochryphal Tales are you told,
By one that wou'd make you believe,
That, because of to Have and to Hold,
You still must be pinn'd to his Sleeve;
'Twere apparent High Treason
'Gainst Love and good Reason,
Shou'd one such a Treasure engross;
He who knows not the Joys
That attend such a Choice,
Shou'd resign to another who does.

SONG 1057.

THO' late I was a Nun most pure,
I now am alter'd quite-a;
A Cloyster I'll no more endure,
Nor say my Pray'rs i'th' Night-a:
In warmer Work the Hours I'll spend,
Nor to a Priest give Ear-a;
Tho' to Religion some pretend,
A young Gallant is dear-a.

My Clothes were once of Linnen clean,
But now they're Silk most gay-a;
For since the courtly Dames I've seen,
I'll be as fine as they-a.
Old Father Girards I'll despise,
Nor to their Rules incline-a;
I'll love but those, who say, my Eyes
The rising Sun out-shine-a.

To Church, alas! I'll never go,
Nor at Confession kneel-a;
But at the Play I'll hear some Beau
His tender Passion tell-a.
Since Maids such Pleasures here partake,
Who would be then confin'd-a?
I do not doubt but Time will make
Each Vestal of my Mind-a.

SONG 1058.

THO' over all Mankind besides,
My conquering Beauty, conquering
Beauty, my conquering Beauty reigns
My conquering Beauty reign;
From him I love, from him I love, when I
meet Disdain,
A killing Damp, a killing Damp comes o'er
my Pride:

I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young
I'm fair and young in vain.
I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young,
I'm fair and young in vain.
No, no, no, let him wander where he will,
Let him wander, let him wander,
Let him wander, let him wander where he will,
I shall have Youth and Beauty, Youth and Beauty, Youth and Beauty,
I shall have Youth and Beauty, Youth and Beauty still;
I shall have Beauty that can charm a Jove;
Can charm a Jove, and no Fault,
No, no, no, no, no, no. no, no, no, no, no Fault, no, no, no, Fault,
But constant Love;
From my Arms then let him fly, fly, fly,
From my Arms then let him fly,
Shall I languish pine, and die?

SONG 1059.

THoughtful Nights, and restless Waking,
Oh, the Pains that we endure!
Broken Faith, unkind forsaking,
Ever doubting, never sure.

Hopes deceiving, vain Endeavours,
What a Race has Love to run!
False Protesting, fleeting Favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry Way undone.

Still complaining, still defending,
Both to Love, yet not agree;
Fears tormenting, Passion rending,
Oh! the Pangs of Jealousy!

From such painful Ways of living,
Ah! how sweet could Love be free!
Still presenting, still receiving,
Fierce immortal Ecstasy.

SONG 1060.

THree merry Lads met at the Rose,
To speak in the Praises of the Nose:
The Nose that stands in the middle Place,
Sets out the Beauty of the Face:
The Nose with which we have begun,
Will serve to make our Verses run:
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose:

The Nose his End's so high a Prize,
That Men prefer't before their Eyes;
And no Man takes him for his Friend,
That boldly takes his Nose by th' End:
The Nose that like Eurypus flows,
The Sea that did the wise Man pose.

Invention often, &c.

The Nose is of as many Kinds,
As Mariners can reckon Winds;
The long, the short, the Nose display'd,
The great Nose which did fright the Maid;

The Noſe thro' which the Brotherhood
Do parly for their Siſter's Good.

Invention often, &c.

The Flat the ſharp, the Roman Snout,
The Hawk's Noſe circled round about:
The crooked Noſe that ſtands awry;
The Ruby Noſe of Scarlet Dye:
The Brazen Noſe, without a Face,
That doth the learned College grace.

Invention often, &c.

The long Noſe when the Teeth appear,
Shews what's o'Clock, if Day be clear;
The broad Noſe ſtands in Buckler's Place,
And takes the Blows from all the Face:
The Noſe being plain without a Ridge,
Will ſerve ſometimes to make a Bridge.

Invention often, &c.

The ſhort Noſe is the Lover's Bliſs,
Becauſe it hinders not a Kiſs;
The tooting Noſe, O monſt'rous Thing!
That's he that did the Bottle bring:
And he that brought the Bottle hither,
Will drink (O monſtrous!) out of Meaſure,

Invention often, &c.

The fiery Noſe in Lanthorn's ſtead,
May light his Maſter home to Bed;
And whoſoe'er this Treaſure owes,
Grows poor in Purſe tho' rich in Noſe:

The Brazen Noſe that's o'er the Gate,
Maintains full many a Latin Pate.

Invention often, &c.

If any Noſe take this in Snuff,
And think it is more than enough;
We anſwer them, we did not fear,
Nor think ſuch Noſes had been here:
But if there be, we need not care,
A Noſe of Wax our Statutes are.

Invention now is barren grown,
The Matter's out, the Noſe is blown.

SONG 1061.

THree Nymphs contended for my Heart,
With different Charms and Grace;
The firſt ſold Puddings, Pies and Tarts,
The ſecond Pins and Lace;
The third employ'd herſelf to cry
The News three times a Week,
Beſides each Night 'twas her Delight
To cry hot bak'd Ox-cheek.

Look, Gods, from your celeſtial Bow'rs,
And guide me to the beſt;
And may my Faculties and Pow'rs
Of Heart and Mind be bleſt.
Whilſt thus I cry'd, the God's reply'd,
Thy Fate can't be revers'd;
The Nymph we've choſen for thy Bride
Sifts Cinders from the Duſt.

SONG 1062.

THree Children ſliding on the Ice,
All on a Summer's Day;
As fell out they all fell in,
The reſt they ran away.

Had theſe Children been at Church,
Or ſliding on dry Ground,
Durſt to wage a hundred Mark
They had not then been drown'd.

You Parents that have Children dear,
And take you that have none,
If you would have been ſafe abroad.
Pray keep them ſafe at home.

SONG 1063. *An old Woman cloathed in Grey.*

THrough all the Employments of Life
Each Neighbour abuſes his Brother;
Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife.
All Profeſſions be-rogue one another.
The Prieſt calls the Lawyer a Cheat,
The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine;
And the Stateſman, becauſe he's ſo great,
Thinks his Trade as honeſt as mine.

SONG 1064.

THurſday in the Morn the nineteenth of May,
Recorded for ever the famous Ninety two;
Brave Ruſſel did diſcern by Dawn of Day,
The lofty Sails of France advancing now:
All Hands aloft, aloft, let Engliſh Valour ſhine,
Let fly a Culverin, the Signal for the Line;
Let every Hand ſupply his Gun,
Follow me, and you'll ſee
That the Battle will be ſoon begun.

Tourville on the Main triumphant row'd,
To meet the gallant Ruſſel in Combat on the Deep;
He led a noble Train of Heroes bold,
To ſink the Engliſh Admiral at his Feet,
Now every valiant Mind to Victory doth aſpire,
The bloody Fight's begun, the Sea itſelf on Fire;
And mighty Fate ſtood looking on,
Whilſt a Flood all of Blood,
Fill'd the Scuppers of the riſing Sun.

Sulphur, Smoke and Fire, diſturbing the Air,
With Thunder and Wonder affright the Gallick Shore;
Their regulated Bands ſtood trembling near,
To ſee the lofty Streamers now no more:
At Six a Clock the Red the ſmiling Victors led,
To give a ſecond Blow, the fatal Overthrow;
Now Death and Horror equal reign,

Now they cry, Run or die,
British Colours ride the vanquish'd Main.
See they fly amaz'd thro' Rocks and Sands,
One Danger they grasp at to shun the greater Fate;
In vain they cry for Aid to weeping Lands,
The Nymphs and Sea Gods mourn their lost Estate;
For evermore adieu thou dazling Rising Sun,
From thy untimely End thy Master's Fate begun;
Enough thou mighty God of War!
Now we sing, bless the King,
Let us drink to every English Tar.

SONG 1065. *Lumps of Pudding.*

THus I stand like a Turk with his Doxies all round,
From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound;
For Black, Brown, and Fair, his Inconstancy burns,
And different Beauties subdue him by Turns;
Each calls to her Charms, to provoke his Desires;
Tho' willing to all, but with one he retires:
Then think of this Maxim, and put off all Sorrow,
The Wretched to Day may be happy To-morrow.

SONG 1066.

THus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as Colt untam'd.
Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,
Which wise Mamma ordain'd;
And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
Whilst Wit, and Beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her Cousins?
At Balls must she make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?
What hidden Charms to boast,
That all Mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a Toast?

Dearest Mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my Earl, as well as she,
Or know the Reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's Pride quit score:
Make all her Lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at Heart's Desire

Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And ſet the World on fire.

SONG 1067.

THus Damon knock'd at Cælia's Door,
The Sign was ſo:
She anſwered, No,
No, no, no.
gain he ſigh'd, again he pray'd;
o, Damon, I'm afraid;
onſider, Damon, I'm a Maid:
Conſider,
No;
I'm a Maid,
No, &c.

t laſt his Sigh's and Tears made way;
e roſe, and ſoftly turn'd the Key;
me in, ſaid ſhe, but do not ſtay;
I may conclude
You will be rude,
t if you are, you may.

SONG 1068

THus mighty Eaſtern Kings, and ſome
Of Abr'am's Race, and Monarchs good,
Ægypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,
True Architecture underſtood.
Wonder then if Maſons join
To celebrate thoſe Maſon Kings,
With ſolemn Note, and flowing Wine,
Whilſt ev'ry Brother jointly ſings.

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the Royal Art.
Or ſing its Secrets in a Song?
They're ſafely kept in Maſons Heart,
And to the ancient Lodge belong.

SONG 1069.

THus all our Lives long we're frolick and gay,
And inſtead of Court Revels we merrily play
At Trap, and Kertles, and Barley, break run,
At Cuff, and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
Theſe innocent Sports we laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Laſs we give a green Gown.

We teach our little Dogs to ſet and to carry,
The Patridge, Hare the Pheaſant our Quarry,
The nimble Squirrels with Cudgel we chaſe,
And the little pretty Lark betray with a Glaſs:
And when we have done, we laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Laſs we give a green Gown.

About the May-pole we dance all around,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roſes are crown'd;

Our little kind Tribute we merrily pay,
Unto the gay Lad, and bright Lady o'th' May:
And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we kiss and we toy,
What others but dream of we daily enjoy:
With our Sweet-hearts we dally so long till we find
Their pretty Eyes says their Hearts are grown kind:
And when we have done, &c.

SONG 1070.

THyrsis, inconstant, apt to rove,
Seated in a shady Grove,
Thus besought the God of Love:

Son of Venus, powerful Boy,
Author of our Grief and Joy,
Hear an ardent Lover's Pray'r,
And bring me my Clarinda here.

Cupid his Petition heard:
Fair Clarinda soon appear'd;
Youth and beauty round her shining,
Youth and Innocence combining,
With gen'rous Fires inflam'd his Breast,
While thus the Swain their Power confest:

Lovely Nymph, no more I'll range;
Thyrsis, now no more will change
All that may give Delight I see,
All thy beauteous Sex in thee:
Love, join'd with Virtue chaste and tru
Will always make Clarinda new.

SONG 1071. *Tibby Fowler,*

TIbby has a Store of Charms,
Her genty Shape our Fancy warms;
How strangely can her sm' white Arms
Fetter the Lad who but looks but at her;
Her rosy Cheek and rising Breast,
Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fu' o'Water;
Nelly's gawsy, saft and gay,
Fresh as the lucken Flowers in May;
Ilk ane that sees her, cries, Ah hey
She's bonny! O I wonder at her,
The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
And Limbs sae plump, invite to dawt her;
Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae sleek,
Gar mony Mouths beside mine Water,
Now strike my Finger in a Bore,
My Wyson with the Maiden Shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When these twa Stars appear thegither,
O Love! why dost thou gi'e thy Fires,
Sae large, while we're obleig'd to neither
Our spacious Souls immense Desires,
And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

Tibby's Shapes and Airs are fine,
And Nelly's Beauties are divine:

ut ſince they canna baith be mine,
Ye God's give Ear to my Petition:
rovide a good Lad for the tane,
But let it be with this Proviſion,
get the other to my lane,
In Proſpect plano and Fruition.

SONG 1072. *In Pyrrhus.*

T Is not your Wealth, my Dear,
Nor Wit, nor Shape, nor Air,
or Beauty paſt compare,
Makes me a Lover:
our ſweet complying Mind,
our Pride in being kind,
ithout the teazing Way
piſh, nay fie, nay pray,
Has brought me over.

ONG 1073. *The Kirk was led, &c.*

T Is I have ſeven braw new Gowns,
And ither ſeven better to mak,
d yet for a'my new Gowns,
My Wooer has turn'd his Back.

ides I have ſeven Milk-ky,
And Sandy he has but three;
d yet for a' my good Ky,
The Laddie winna ha'e me.

Dady is a Delver of Dikes.
My Mither can card and ſpin.
d I am a fine fodgel Laſs,
And the Siller comes linkin in:
The Siller comes linkin in,
And it is fou fair to ſee,
And fifty times wow! O wow!
What ails the Lad at me?

Whenever our Baty does bark,
Then faſt to the Door I rin,
To ſee gin any young Spark
Will light and venture but in:

But never a ane will come in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
Syne far ben the Houſe I rin;
And a weary Wight am I.

When I was at my firſt Prayers,
I pray'd but anes i'the Year,
I wiſh'd for a handſome young Lad,
And a Lad with muckle Gear,

When I was at my nieſt Prayers,
I pray'd but now and than,
I faſh'd na my Head about Gear,
If I got a handſome young Man.

Now when I'm at my laſt Prayers,
I pray on baith Night and Day,
And O! if a Beggar wad come,
With that ſame Beggar I'd gae.

And O! and what'll come o'me?
And O! what'll I do?
That ſic a braw Laſſie as I
Shou'd die for a Woer I trow.

SONG 1074.

'TIs Maſonry unites Mankind,
To gen'rous Actions forms the Soul;
In friendly Converſe all conjoin'd,
One Spirit animates the Whole.

Where'er aſpiring Domes ariſe,
Whatever ſacret Altars ſtand,
Thoſe Altars blaze unto the Skies,
Thoſe Domes proclaim the Maſon's Hand.

As Paſſion rough the Soul Diſguiſe,
Till Science cultivates the Mind;
So the rude Stone unſhapen lyes,
Till by the Maſon's Art refin'd.

Tho' ſtill our chief Concern and Care
Be to deſerve a Brother's Name:
Yet ever mindful of the Fair,
Their kindeſt Influence we claim.

Let Wretches at our Manhood rail;
But they who once our Order prove:
Will own, that we who build ſo well,
With equal Energy can love.

Sing Brethren then, the Craft divine
(Beſt Band of ſocial Joy and Mirth)
With choral Sound, and chearful Wine,
Proclaim its Virtues o'er the Earth!

SONG 1075.

'TIs thee I love,
I'll conſtant prove;
You are the Charmer of my Heart;
Deareſt believe me,
I'll ne'er deceive thee,
From Chloe bright I ne'er can part.
Be kind as fair,
Oh! be not ſevere,
But ſhew Compaſſion on your Swain;
You'll ne'er repent it,
No ne'er relent it,
Dear Creature, dear Creature, now eaſe my
Pain.

SONG 1076.

'TIs now ſince I ſat down before
That fooliſh Fort a Heart,
(Time ſtrangely ſpent) a Year and more,
And ſtill I did my Part:

Made my Approaches, from her Hand
Unto her Lip did riſe;
And did already underſtand
The Language of her Eyes.

Proceeded on with no leſs Art,
My Tongue was Engineer;
I thought to undermine the Heart
By whiſp'ring in the Ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great Cannon Oaths, and ſhot
A thouſand thouſand to the Town,
And ſtill it yielded not.

I then reſolv'd to ſtarve the Place,
By cutting off all Kiſſes,
Praiſing and gazing on her Face,
And all ſuch little Bliſſes.

To draw her out, and from her Strength
I drew all Batteries in,
And brought myſelf to lie at length,
As if no Siege had been.

When I had done what Man could do,
And thought the Place mine own,
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And ſmil'd at what was done.

Sent to know from whence and where,
Theſe Hopes, and this Relief:
Spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in Chief.

March, march, (quoth I,) the Word ſtraight give,
Let's loſe no Time but leave her:
The Giant upon Air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To ſuch a Place our Camp remove,
As will no Siege abide;
I hate a Fool that ſtarves her Love,
Only to feed her Pride.

SONG 1077, *The bonny grey-ey'd Morn, &c.*

'TIs Woman that ſeduces all Mankind,
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling Art:
Her very Eyes can cheat; when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.

For her, like Wolves by Night, we roam for Prey,
And practiſe ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms;
For ſuits of Love, like Law, are won by pay,
And Beauty muſt be fee'd into our Arms.

SONG 1078.

'TIs not your Beauty can engage
My weary Heart;
The Sun, in all his Pride, and Rage,
Has not that Art:
And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If Brightneſs could our Souls ſubdue.

'Tis not the pretty Things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make Thyrſis' Heart your Prey:
For that Delight,
The Graces of a well-taught Mind,
In ſome of our own Sex we find.

No, Flavia; 'tis your Love I fear;
Love's ſureſt Darts,
Thoſe which do ſeldom fail him, are
Headed with Hearts:
Their very Shadows makes us yield;
Diſſemble well, and win the Field.

SONG 1079.

'TIs not a Kiſs, or gentle Squeeze,
A Compliment or ſmiling Eye,
That can my anxious Boſom eaſe,
Or quell the Flames that ſoars ſo high:

Each welcome Favour, giving Hope,
Dear Cælia, ſwell'd my Joys at firſt;
But ſtinted is but like a Drop
That's given to one that dies with Thirſt.

Fool'd Tantalus, in Days of old,
Had greateſt Torment for his Sin;
Doom'd not to taſte, yet ſtill behold
The Fruit was bobbing at his Chin:

Such luſcious Plumbs and Grapes I view,
Whilſt all by me are highly priz'd!
Can you a Gueſt, invited too,
Think fit they ſhould be tantaliz'd?

Who let's his Friend but only ſip
His Wine, is niggard of his Store;
So tho' I taſte your roſie Lip,
'Tis nothing, if you grant no more.

With Fragments ſome the Stomach pleaſe,
And ſmall Repaſt the Humour fits:
But Love's a Lord of noble Race,
And cannot dine on Scraps and Bits.

SONG 1080, *The merry Fellow.*

'TIS Wine makes us love, and Love make
us drink,
And each does the other improve;
All Mortals muſt know, who feel or can think
No Pleaſure's like Drinking and Love:

Then join 'em, my Boys, make the Bleſſing
divine,
For Men muſt be Gods, when they've Wo
men and Wine.

Then bring us of both, and double each Joy
I hate to be languid and cold;
I'll think myſelf Jove, while theſe I enjoy,
Nor own myſelf Mortal till old.
Cho. Then join 'em, &c.

When old I am grown, and toying is paſt,
In Wine I muſt place all my Joy;
And tho' I am unfit for Love to the laſt,
Yet ſtill I can drink till I die.
Cho. Then join 'em, &c.

SONG 1081.

TObacco's but an Indian Weed,
Grows green at Morn, cut down at Eve
It ſhews our Decay, we are but Clay.
Think on this when you ſmoak Tobacco.

The Pipe that is ſo Lilly-white.
Wherein ſo many take Delight,
Is broke with a Touch: Man's Life is ſuch:
Think on this when you ſmoak Tobacco.

The Pipe that is ſo foul within,
Shews how Man's Soul is ſtain'd with Sin,
It does require to be purg'd with Fire.
Think on this when you ſmoak Tobacco.

The Aſhes that are left behind,
Do ſerve to put us all in Mind,
That unto Duſt we muſt return.
Think on this when you ſmoak Tobacco.

The Smoke that does ſo high aſcend,
Shews that Man's Life muſt have an End;
The Vapour's gone, Man's Life is done.
Think on this when you ſmoak Tobacco.

SONG 1082.

TOby Swill
Has ne'er his Fill,
Tho' he drinks from Night to Day;
But ſoon as e'er
The Reck'ning's call'd,
Then Toby ſneaks away.

Toby laughs
And puns, and quaffs,
Until a Bill is call'd;
That ſtrikes him dumb,
He's then hum-drum,
And all his Mirth is pall'd.

Pay but his Shot,
'Tis all forgot,
And he again is gay:
He'll ſtand in Rub
Of a whole Club,
To drink, and not to pay.

SONG 1083.

TO little or no purpoſe I ſpent many Days,
In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and the Plays;
For ne'er in my Rambles, till now, did I prove,
So lucky to meet with the Man I could love.
Oh! how I am pleaſed when I think on this Man,
That I find I muſt love, let me do what I can.
That I find, &c.

How long I ſhall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Fever, when I ſhould be well.
My Paſſion ſhall kill me, before I will ſhew it:
And yet I would give all the World he did know it.
But oh! how I ſigh, when I think, ſhould he woo me,
I connot deny what, I know, would undo me.

SONG 1084.

TO his poor Cell a Satyr led
A Traveller with Cold half dead,

And with great Kindneſs treated.
A Fire Noſe-high he made him ſtrait,
Shew'd him his Elbow-chair of State,
And near the Chimney ſeated.

His tingling Hands the Stranger blows;
At which the Satyr wond'ring roſe,
And bluntly aſk'd the Reaſon.
Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no Harm,
I only do't my Hands to warm,
In this cold froſty Seaſon.

The Satyr gave him from the Pot
A Meſs of Porridge piping hot:
The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel.
What's that for, Friend? the Satyr cry'd.
To cool my Broth, his Gueſt reply'd,
And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

How, quoth the Hoſt then, is it ſo?
And can you Contradictions blow?
Turn out and leave my Cottage.
This honeſt Manſion ne'er ſhall hold
Such Raſcals as blow hot and cold;
The De'il muſt find you Pottage.

SONG 1085.

TO all you Ladies now at Land
We Men at Sea indite;
But firſt would have you underſtand
How hard it is to write;
The Muſes now, and Neptune too
We muſt implore to write to you,
With a fal, la, la, la

For tho' the Muſes ſhould prove kind,
And fill our empty Brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouze the Wind,
To wave the azure Main,
Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we
Roul up and down our Ships at Sea.

Then if we write not by each Poſt,
Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our Ships are loſt
By Dutchmen, or by Wind;
Our Tears we'll ſend a ſpeedier Way,
The Tide ſhall bring them twice a Day,

The King, with Wonder and Surprize,
Will ſwear the Seas grow bold,
Becauſe the Tides will higher riſe,
Than e'er they did of old;
But let him know, it is our Tears
Bring Floods of Grief to Whitehall Stairs.

Shou'd foggy Opdam chance to know
Our ſad and diſmal Story;
The Dutch would ſcorn ſo weak a Foe,
And quit their Fort at Goree;
For what Reſiſtance can they find
From Men who've left their Hearts behind

Let Wind and Weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curſe,
No Sorrow we ſhall find;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.

To paſs our tedious Hours away,
We throw a merry Main;
Or elſe at ſerious Ombre play:
But why ſhould we in vain
Each other's Ruin thus purſue?
We were undone when we left you!

But now our Fears tempeſtuous grow,
And caſt our Hopes away,
Whilſt you, regardleſs of our Woe,
Sit careleſs at a Play;
Perhaps permit ſome happier Man,
To kiſs your Hand, or flirt your Fan.

Then any mournful Tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry Note,
As if it ſigh'd with each Man's Care,
For being ſo remote;
Think then how often Love we've made
To you, when all thoſe Tunes were play'd,

Juſtice you cannot refuſe
To think of our Diſtreſs,
When we for Hopes of Honour loſe
Our certain Happineſs;

All thoſe Deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your Love.

And now we've told you all our Loves,
And likewiſe all our Fears;
In hopes this Declaration moves
Some Pity for our Tears;
Let's hear of no Inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at Sea.

SONG 1086.

W. TO me you made a thouſand Vows,
A thouſand tender Things you've ſaid;
I gave you all that Love allows,
The Pleaſures of the nuptial Bed:
But now my Eyes have loſt their Charms,
Or you abate in your Deſire;
You wiſh another in your Arms,
And burn with an unhallow'd Fire.

H. That charming Celia I admire
I muſt with Pleaſure own is true;
But had I ten times the Deſire,
How would the Paſſion injure you?
W. Love is a ſacred Tree of Life,
That up to Heav'n its Branches rears;
But Admiration's but the Leaf,
Enjoyment is the Fruit it bears.

H. Thus, while you raiſe a vain Diſpute,
Your Paſſion but itſelf deceives;
While you yourſelf have all the Fruit,
Why need you envy me the Leaves?

Both. Away then all Fondneſs, I find 'tis in vain
For Wives, when neglected, to ſigh and complain;
We raiſe the looſe Wiſhes we ſtrive to reſtrain.
'Tis a Folly to whine, to languiſh and grieve,
Let us rather endeavour ourſelves to deceive;
What we wiſh to be true, Love bids us believe.
Time, Reaſon, or Change, at laſt will relieve;
'Tis a Folly to whine, to languiſh and grieve.

SONG 1087.

TO love and to languiſh,
To ſigh and complain,
How killing's the Anguiſh,
How tormenting the Pain!
Suing,
Purſuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the Curſe of Diſdain,
How tormenting the Pain!
To love, &c.

SONG 1088.

TO Friend, and to Foe,
And to all that I know,
That to Marriage-State do prepare;
Remember your Days,
In their ſeveral Ways,
Are Trouble, with Sorrow and Care.
For he that doth look
In the marry'd Man's Book,
And reads but the Items all over,
Shall find them to come
At length to a Sum,
Shall empty Purſe, Pocket, and Coffer.

In the Paſtimes of Love,
When their Labour doth prove,
And the Kinchen beginneth to kick;
For this, and for that,
And I know not for what,
The Woman muſt have, or be ſick.
There's Item ſat down,
For a looſe-body'd Gown.
In her longing you muſt not deceive her:
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
And the other fine Thing,
For a Cornet and Lace to be braver.
Deliver'd and well,
Who is it can tell?
But while the Child lies at the Nipple,
There's Item for Wine,
'Mongſt Goſſips ſo fine,
And Sugar to ſweeten their Tipple.
There's Item, I hope,
For Starch, and for Soap,
There's Item for Fire and Candle;
For better, for worſe,
There's Item for Nurſe,
The Baby to dreſs, and to dandle.

When ſwaddled in Lap,
There's Item for Pap,
And Item for Pot, Pan, and Ladle;
A Coral with Bells,
Which Cuſtom compels,
And Item, a Crown for a Cradle.

With twenty odd Knacks,
Which the little one lacks;
And thus doth thy Pleaſure betray thee:
Yet this is the Sport
In Country and Court
Then let not the Charges diſmay thee.

SONG 1089.

TO love, is to be doom'd on Earth to feel,
What after Death the Tortur'd meet in Hell:
The Vulture dipping in Prometheus' Side
His bloody Beak, with his torn Liver dy'd,
Love: The Stone that labours up the Hill,
Mocking the Lab'rer's Toil, returning ſtill,
Love: Thoſe Streams where Tantalus is curſt
To ſit, and never drink, with endleſs Thirſt;
Thoſe loaden Boughs that with their Burthen bend
To court his Taſte, and yet eſcape his Hand;
All this is Love, that to diſſembled Joys
Invites vain Men, with real Grief deſtroys.

SONG 1090.

TO keep my gently Beſſy,
What Labour would ſeem hard?
Each toilſome Taſk how eaſy!
Her Love the ſweet Reward.
The Bee thus uncomplaining
Eſteems no Toil ſevere
The ſweet Reward obtaining,
Of Honey all the Year.

SONG 1091.

TO meet her Mars, the Queen of Love
Comes here adorned with all her Charms;
The Warrior beſt the Fair can move,
And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms:
The Warrior beſt the fair can move,
And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms.

SONG 1092.

TO Horſe, brave Boys of Newmarket, to Horſe,
You'll loſe the Match by longer delaying;
The Gelding juſt now was led over the Courſe,
I think the Devil's in you for ſtaying:
Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters,
Betts may recover all loſt at the Groom-Porters;
Follow, follow, follow, follow come, down to the Ditch,
Take the Odds, and then you'll be rich.

For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blue Bonnet ride,
And hold a thouſand Pounds of his Side, Sir;
Dragon would ſcow'r it, but Dragon grows old;
He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot not run it,
As lately he could:
Age, Age, does hinder his Speed, Sir.

Now, now, now they come on, and ſee,
See the Horſe lead the Way ſtill;
Three Length before at the turning the Lands,
Five hundred Pounds upon the brown Bay ſtill:
Pox on the Devil, I fear we have loſt.
For the Dog, the blue Bonnet, has run it,
A Plague light upon it,
The wrong Side the Poſt;
Odſzounds, was ever ſuch Fortune!

SONG 1093.

TO charming Cælia's Arms I flew,
And there all Night I feaſted;
No God ſuch Tranſports ever knew,
No Mortal ever taſted.

Loſt in the ſweet tumultuous Joy,
And pleas'd beyond expreſſing;
How can your Slave, my Fair, ſaid I,
Reward ſo great a Bleſſing?

The whole Creation's Wealth ſurvey;
Thro' both the Indies wander;
Aſk what brib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs ſquander.

The richeſt Spoils of Earth and Air;
The rifled Ocean's Treaſure:
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far
To purchaſe ſo much Pleaſure.

She bluſhing cry'd—— My Life, my Dear,
Since Cælia thus you fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much I fear,
A Rundlet of right Nantzy.

SONG 1094.

TO heal the Wound a Bee had made
Upon my Kitty's Face,
Honey upon her Cheek ſhe laid,
And bid me kiſs the Place.

Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the Wound
Imbib'd both Sweet and Smart;
The Honey on my Lips I found,
The Sting within my Heart.

SONG 1095.

TO hug yourſelf in perfect Eaſe,
What would you wiſh for more than theſe?
A healthy, clean, paternal Seat,
Well ſhaded from the Summer's Heat.

A little Parlour Stove, to hold
A conſtant Fire from Winter's Cold,

Where you may ſit, and think, and ſing,
Far off from Court, God bleſs the King!

Safe from the Harpies of the Law,
From Party-Rage, and Great-Man's Paw;
Have few choice Friends of your own Caſt;
A Wife agreeable and chaſte.

An open, but yet cautious Mind,
Where guilty Cares no Entrance find;
Nor Miſer's Fears, nor Envy's Spight,
To break the Sabbath of the Night.

Plain Equipage, and temp'rate Meals,
Few Taylors, and no Doctor's Bills;
Content to take, as Heav'n ſhall pleaſe,
A longer or a ſhorter Leaſe.

SONG 1096.

TO thee, O gentle Sleep, alone
Is owing all our Peace;
By thee our Joys are heighten'd ſhown,
By thee our Sorrows ceaſe.

The Nymph whoſe Hand by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has poſſeſs'd;
By thee obtaining a Divorce,
In her own Choice is bleſt.

Oh! ſtay, Arpaſia bids thee ſtay,
The ſadly weeping Fair
Conjures thee not to loſe in Day
The Object of her Care.

To graſp whoſe pleaſing Form ſhe fought,
That Motion chas'd her Sleep;
Thus by ourſelves are oftneſt wrought
The Griefs for which we weep.

SONG 1097.

TO the God of Wine
My Song and my Deſign
With a grateful Spirit will I raiſe,
'Tis my Heart's Delight
To give him ev'ry Night,
And to carrol merrily his Praiſe.

Monarch Bacchus, gay and young;
Free to ſave us,
And relieve us,
When the World goes wrong.
Sound his Name
Raiſe it high,
Sing his Fame
To the Sky,
Till the wiſe World join in our Song.

Shou'd a Mortal dare
His merry Subjects ſneer,
Let him dread the Fate decreed.
A new Law well weigh'd
The drinking Court has made,
And to Juſtice thus they'll proceed.

Set the Rebel to the Bar,
That the Traitor,
Bound in Fetter,

May his Sentence hear.
Let the Rogue,
In a String,
Like a Dog,
Take a Swing,
Or be drown'd in Rot-gut Small-beer.

SONG 1098.

TO Silvia's Charms a Captive made,
I fought the wanton Cupid's Aid,
Begging he'd try ſome pow'rful Dart,
To ſoften her relentleſs Heart.
But all in vain; for, in her Eyes
All his Artill'ry planted lies.
His Darts can only from her fly:
I'm treated to deſpair and die.
And yet 'twas but this ſmall Requeſt,
Which granted, would have made me bleſt.
Oh! let my Flames melt her into Deſire,
Or elſe her Coldneſs quite put out my Fire.

SONG 1099.

TOO long, thou Tyrant, Love,
I've born Belinda's unrelenting Scorn,
Who boaſts her guarded Breaſt.
Oh! level now thy keeneſt Dart,
That, in her cold obdurate Heart
Thy Pow'r may be confeſs'd.

Thy Pray'r's too juſt to be deny'd,
Behold, 'tis done, the God reply'd;
The Shaft has pierc'd her home:
Thy Pain now feeling in her own,
She ſighing cries in piteous Moan,
Come, Philander, come.

SONG 1100.

TOO plain, dear Youth, theſe tell-tale Eyes
My Heart your own declare;
But, for Heaven's ſake, let it ſuffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt Pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your Sway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhou'd obey.

But cou'd your Arts ſucceſsful prove,
Wou'd you a Maid undo,
Whoſe greateſt Failing is her Love,
And that her Love for you?
Say, wou'd you uſe that very Pow'r
You from her Fondneſs claim,
To ruin in one fatal Hour
A Life of ſpotleſs Fame?

Ah! ceaſe, my dear, to do an Ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmoſt Skill
To ſave me, than betray.

Be you yourſelf, my Virtue's Guard,
Defend and not purſue,
Since 'tis a Taſk for me too hard
To ſtrive with Love and you.

SONG 1101.

TRansform'd in Female Shape, both old and lame,
The God Vertumnus to Pomona came;
Not as when the Goddeſs ſaw all his Charms diſplay'd, [Maid.
But diſguis'd, he thus addreſs'd the liſt'ning
Lovely Goddeſs ſo divine,
Guardian of this fruitful Tree,
A while thy darling Joys decline,
And lend an Ear to Love and me:
Blooming Beauties ſhould be kind,
And taſte of Pleaſure while they may;
For Death is ſure, and Love is blind,
And Paſſion cools at Life's Decay.

While he appear'd thus odious in her Eyes,
The Goddeſs did his Strains deſpiſe;
But when transform'd by Pow'r divine,
Vertumneſs did with blooming Beauty ſhine,
Then ſat Pomona all amaz'd,
While on her youthful Swain ſhe fondly gaz'd.
Succeſsful happy Charmer,
'Tis you alone can warm her
Who never lov'd before:
Be bleſs'd as I can make you,
I never will forſake you,
But love you more and more.

SONG 1102.

TRanſported with Pleaſure,
I gaze on my Treaſure, 1 i 5
And raviſh my Sight;
While ſhe gaily ſmiling,
My Anguiſh beguiling,
Augments my Delight.

How bleſt is the Lover,
Whoſe Torments are over.
His Fears and his Pains:
When Beauty relenting
Repays with conſenting
Her Scorn and Diſdain.

SONG 1103.

TROY had a Breed of brave ſtout Men;
Yet Greece made ſhift to rout her,
'Cauſe each Man drank as much as Ten.
And thence grew ten times ſtouter:
Tho' Hector was a Trojan true
As ever piſt 'gainſt Wall, Sir,
A---chilles bang'd him black and blue,
For he drank more than all, Sir.

Let Bacchus be our God of War,
We ſhall fear nothing then, Boys;
We'll drink all dead, and lay 'em to bed,
And if they wake not conquered,
We'll drink 'em dead again, Boys:
Nor were the Grecians only fam'd
For drinking and for Fighting:
For he that drank, and wa'n't aſham'd
Was ne'er aſham'd o's Writing.

He that will be a Soldier then,
Or Wit, muſt drink good Liquor;
It makes baſe Cowards fight like Men,
And roving Thoughts fly quicker;
Let Bacchus be both God of War,
And God of Wit, and then, Boys,
We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,
And if the Sun ſet with his Light,
We'll drink him up again, Boys.

SONG 1104.

'TWAS when the Seas were roaring
With hollow Blaſts of Wind,
A Damſel lay deploring,
All on a Rock reclin'd;
Wide o'er the foaming Billows,
She caſt a wiſhful Look;
Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
that trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous Lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the Seas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover reſt:
Ah! what's thy troubled Motion
To that within my Breaſt?

The Merchant robb'd of Treaſure,
Views Tempeſts in Deſpair;
But what's the Loſs of Treaſure,
To the loſing of my Dear!

Sou'd you ſome Coaſt be laid on,
Where Gold and Di'monds grow,
You'd find a far richer Maiden
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that Nature
Hath nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the Water
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes thoſe Rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her Dear,
Repaid each Blaſt with Sighing,
Each Billow with a Tear,
When o'er the wide Waves ſtooping,
His floating Corps ſhe ſpy'd;
Then like a Lilly drooping
She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

SONG 1105.

'TWAS on a River's verdant Side,
About the Cloſe of Day,
A dying Swan with Muſick try'd
To chaſe her Cares away.

And tho' ſhe ne'er had ſtrain'd her Throat,
Or tun'd her Voice before,
Death, raviſh'd with ſo ſweet a Note,
A while the Stroke forbore.

Farewel, ſhe cry'd, ye ſilver Streams,
Ye purling Waves adieu,
Where Phœbus us'd to dart his Beams,
And bleſs both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whiſtling Reeds,
Soft Scenes of happy Love;
Farewel, ye bright enamell'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove.

With you I muſt no more converſe;
Look, yonder ſetting Sun
Waits, while I theſe laſt Notes rehearſe,
And then he muſt be gone.

Mourn not, my kind and conſtant Mate,
We'll meet again below:
It is the kind Decree of Fate,
And I with Pleaſure go.

While thus ſhe ſung, upon a Tree
Within th' adjacent Wood,
To hear her mournful Melody,
A Stork attentive ſtood.

From whence thus to the Swan ſhe ſpoke:
What means this Song of Joy?
Tit, fond Fool, ſo kind a Stroke
That does thy Life deſtroy?

Turn back, deluding Bird, and try
To keep thy fleeting Breath:
'Tis a diſmal Thing to die,
And Pleaſure ends in Death.

Baſe Stork, the Swan reply'd, give o'er,
Thy Arguments are vain;
If after Death we are no more,
Yet we are free from Pain.

But there are ſoft Elyſian Shades,
And Bow'rs of kind Repoſe.
Where never any Storm invades,
Nor Tempeſt ever blows.

There in cool Streams, and Shady Woods,
I'll ſport the Time away;
Or ſwimming down the Chryſtal Floods,
Among young Halcyons play.

Then pr'ythee ceaſe, or tell me why
I have ſuch Cauſe to grieve,
Since tis a Happineſs to die.
And it's a Pain to live.

SONG 1106.

'TWas Fancy firſt made Cælia Fair,
'Twas Fancy gave her Shape and Air;
It robb'd the Sun, ſtript ev'ry Star
Of Beauties, to beſtow on her;
And when it had the Goddeſs made,
Down it fell, and worſhipped,
Creator firſt, and then Creature;
Narciſſus, and a Pail of Water.

SONG 1107.

'TWas forth in a Morning, a Morning of May,
A Soldier and his Miſtreſs were walking aſtray;

And low down by yon Meadow Brow,
I heard a Lass cry, My Apron now!

O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother,
Or had I ta'en Counsel of Sister or Brother!
But I was a young Thing, and easy to wooe,
And my Belly bears up my Apron now.

Thy Apron, Deary, I must confess,
Is something the shorter, tho' nothing the less;
I only was wi'ye a Night or two,
And yet you cry out, My Apron now!

SONG 1108. *Mary Scot.*

'TWas Summer, and the Day was fair,
Resolv'd a while to fly from Care,
Beguiling Thought, forgetting Sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the Braes of Yarrow;
Till then despising Beauty's Power,
I kept my Heart, my own secure:
But Cupid's Art did there deceive me,
And Mary's Charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel Love no Bribe receive?
No Ransome take for Mary's Slave?
Her Frowns of Rest and Hope deprive me,
Her lovely Smiles, like Light, revive me:
No Bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming Fair:
This beauteous Flower, this Rose of Yarrow,
In Nature's Gardens has no Marrow.

Had I of Heav'n but one Request,
I'd ask to lye in Mary's Breast;
There would I live or die with Pleasure,
Nor spare this World one Moment's Leisure;
Despising Kings and all that's Great,
I'd smile at Courts and Courtiers Fate:
My Joy complete in such a Marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such Bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my Chain,
In Hopes my faithful Heart may move her:
For leaving Life I'll always love her.
What Doubts distract a Lover's Mind?
That Breast all Softness, must prove kind;
And she shall yet become my Marrow,
The lovely beauteous Rose of Yarrow.

SONG 1109. *Margaret's Ghost.*

'TWas at the silent midnight Hour,
When all were fast asleep:
In glided Marg'ret's grimly Ghost,
And stood at William's Feet.

Her Face was like an April Morn,
Clad in a wint'ry Cloud;
And Clay-cold was her Lily Hand,
That held her sable Shroud,

So shall the fairest Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown:
Such is the Robe that Kings must wear:
When death has 'reft their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the ſpringing Flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver Dew;
The Roſe was budded in her Cheek,
Juſt op'ning to the View.

But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early Prime:
The Roſe grew pale, and left her Cheek:
She dy'd before her Time.

Awake, ſhe cry'd, thy True-love calls,
Come from her midnight Grave:
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
When injur'd Ghoſts complain;
Now yawning Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithleſs Man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath;
And give me back my maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promiſe Love to me,
And not that Promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my Eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe Eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forſake?
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

Why did you ſay my Lips were ſweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs Maid,
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
Thoſe Lips no longer red;
Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Siſter is,
This Winding-ſheet I wear;
And cold and dreary laſts our Night,
'Till that laſt Morn appear.

But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence!
A long and laſt Adieu!
Come ſee, falſe Man, how low ſhe lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

The Lark ſung loud, the Morning ſmil'd,
And rais'd her glitt'ring Head:
Pale William quak'd in ev'ry Limb,
And raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place,
Where Marg'ret's Body lay;
And ſtretch'd him on the green Graſs Turf,
That warpt her breathleſs Clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's Name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Grave,
And Word ſpoke never more.

SONG 1110.

'TWas when the Sheep were Shearing,
And under the Barley-Mow;
Dick gave to Doll a Faring,
As ſhe had milk'd her Cow:
Quoth he, I fain wou'd Wed thee;
And tho' I cannot Wooe, [Boy;
I've Hey Piſh, Hey Cock, Hey, and hey for a
Sing, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now,
Sing, ah! ſhall I come, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now?

I long, Sweet-heart, to Bed thee,
And merrily Buckle to, [a Boy;
With Hey Piſh, Hey Cock, hey, and hey for
Sing, ſhall I come, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now?

Doll ſeem'd not to regard him,
As if ſhe did not care:
Yet ſimper'd when ſhe heard him,
Like any Miller's Mare:
And cunningly to prove him,
And value her Maidenhead, [by,
Cry'd fie, nay piſh, nay fie, and prithee ſtand
For I am too young to Wed:

She ſaid, ſhe ne'er could love him;
Nor any Man cloſe in Bed; [by,
Then fie, piſh, fie, nay piſh, nay prithee ſtand
For I am too young to Wed.

Like one that's ſtruck with Thunder,
Stood Dickie to hear her talk;
All Hopes to get her under,
This ſad Reſolve did baulk:
At laſt he ſwore, grown bolder,
He'd hire ſome common Shrew;
For, hey piſh, hey fie, hey for a Boy;
Sing, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now?
In loving Arms would fold her,
Ere ſneak, and cringe, and cry;
With hey piſh, hey fie, hey for a Boy;
Sing, ſhall I come Kiſs thee now?

Convinc'd of her coy Fol'y,
And ſtubborn Female Will;
Poor Doll grew melancholy,
The Griſt went by her Mill:
I hope, ſhe cry'd, you're wiſer
Than credit what I have ſaid; [ſtand by,
Tho' I do cry, nae fie, and piſh, and prithee
That I am too young to Wed;
Bring you the Church Adviſer,
And dreſs up the Bridal Bed;
Then try, tho' I cry, fie, and piſh, and prithee
ſtand by,
If I am too young to Wed.

SONG 1111. *Of a noble Race that Shenkin.*

'TWas in the Land of Cyder,
At a Place call'd Brampton-Bryon,
Such a Prank was play'd
Twixt a Man and Maid,
That all the Saints cry'd fie on.

For gentle John and Suſan
Were oft at Recreation ;
To tell the Truth,
This vig'rous Youth
Caus'd a dreadful Conflagration.

Both Morning, Noon, and Night, Sir,
Briſk John was at her Crupper ;
He got in her Geers
Five times before Pray'rs,
And ſix times after Supper.
John being well provided,
So cloſely did ſolace her,
That Suſan's Waiſt,
So ſlackly lac'd,
Shew'd Signs of Babe of Grace, Sir.

But when the Knight perceived
That Suſan had been ſinning,
And that his Laſs,
For want of Grace,
Lov'd Kiſſing more than Spinning ;
To cleanſe the Houſe from Scandal,
And filthy Fornication ;
Of all ſuch Crimes
To ſhew the Time
His utter Deteſtation :

He took both Bed and Bolſter,
Nay, Blankets, Sheets, and Pillows ;
With Johnny's Frock,
And Suſan's Smock,
And burnt them in the Kiln-houſe.

And every vile Utenſil
On which they had been wicked ;
As Chairs, Joint-ſtools,
Old Trunks, Cloſe-ſtools,
And eke the three-legg'd Cricket.

But had each Thing defiled
Been burnt at Brampton-Bryon,
We all muſt grant
The Knight would want
Himſelf a Bed to lie on.

SONG III.

'TWas cold, and young Roger had Leave from the 'Squire
To cleave ſome dry Blocks to recruit his Wife's Fire ;
When, at every Blow, from his Stomach there broke
A Hem, or a Hah, near as loud as the Stroke.

His Wife ſtanding by, and demanding the Reaſon,
Quoth Hodge, theſe Emiſſions in labouring eaſe one :
For while Voice and Members at once thus employ'd are,
I drive the Wedge further, and make the Slit wider.

Attentive Joan heard, and was ſilent 'till Night,
When Roger performing the conjugal Rite,
In the Midſt of the Rapturous, amorous Game,
She pinch'd him, and pull'd him, and bid him cry Hem.

Hodge knew what ſhe meant, but unable to give
A Comfort ſo long as his Spouſe could receive:
He cry'd, My Dear Jewel, I can Hem no more in;
There's Odds you muſt know between cleaving and Boring

SONG 1113.

TWO Gods of great Honour, Bacchus and Apollo,
The one fam'd in Muſick, the other in Wine,
In Heaven were raving, diſputing and braving,
Whoſe Theme was the nobleſt, and Trade moſt divine:
Your Muſick, ſays Bacchus, would ſtun us and rack us.
Did Claret not ſoften the Diſcord you make:
Songs are not inviting, nor Verſes delighting,
Till Poets of my great Influence partake.

I'm young, plump, and Jolly, free from Melancholy:
Who ever grew fat by the ſound of a String?
Rogues doom'd to Gibbet, do often contribute,
To purchaſe a Bottle before they do ſwing.
In Love I am noted, by Old and Young courted;
A Girl, when inſpir'd by me, is ſoon won;
So great are the Motions of one of my Potions,
The Muſes, tho' Maids, I could whore ev'ry one.

When Mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or indepted,
To me, as a Father, for Succour thy cry;
In their ſad Condition, I hear their Petition,
A Bottle revives the oppreſt Votary.
Then leave off your Tooting, you Fidling and Fluting,
Aſide lay your Harp, and bow down to the Flaſk;
My Joys they are riper than Songs from a Piper,
What Muſick is ſweeter than ſounding a Cask?
Says Phœbus this Fellow is drunk ſure or mellow,
To prize Muſick leſs than Wine and October,
Since thoſe who love Drinking, are void of all Thinking,
And want ſo much Senſe as to keep themſelves Sober.
Thus while they were wrangling, diſputing and jangling,
Came buxom bright Venus to end the Diſpute:
Says ſhe, now to eaſe ye, Mars beſt of all pleas'd me,
When arm'd with a Bottle, and charm'd with a Flute.

Your Muſick has charm'd me, your Wine has alarm'd me,
When I have ſeem'd coy and hard to be won;

When both have been moving, I could not help loving,
And Wine has compleated what Muſick begun.

The Gods, ſtruck with Wonder, declar'd by Jove's Thunder,
They'd mutually join in ſupplying Love's Flame;
So each in his Function, mov'd on in Conjunction,
To melt with ſoft Pleaſure the amorous Dame,

SONG 1114.

THou Riſing Sun, whoſe gladſome Ray,
Invites my Fair to rural Play,
Diſpel the Miſt and clear the Skies,
And bring my Jeſſy to my Eyes.

O were I ſure my Dear to view,
I'd climb the Pine-tree's top-moſt Bough,
Aloft in Air that quiv'ring plays,
And round, and round for ever gaze.

My Jeſſy fair where art thou laid,
What Woods conceal my ſleeping Maid.
Up by the Roots enrag'd I'll tear
The Trees that hide my Jeſſy fair.

My Breaſt too long my Pride denies,
Away the haſt'ning Summer Flies,
Or yet the Winter's Blaſt I fear,
Nor Storm nor Night ſhall keep me here.

What may for Strength, with Steel compare,
For Love has ſtronger Fetters far,
By Bolts of Steel and Nymphs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchants thy Mind.

No longer then perplex my Breaſt,
When Thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt,
It's mad to go, it's Death to ſtay,
Away my Jeſſy, haſte away.

SONG 1115.

THE blytheſt Birds that ſings in May,
Was ne'er more blyth was ne'er more gay,
Than I, ah well-a-day,
Than I, ah well-a-day,
E'er Colin yet had learn'd to ſigh,
Or I to gueſs the Reaſon why,
Oh Love, ah well-a-day,
Oh Love, ah well-a-day.

We kiſs'd, we toy'd, yet neither knew,
From whence theſe fond Endearments grew,
'Till he, ah well-a-day, 'till, &c.
By Time and other Swains made Wiſe,
Began to talk of Hearts and Eyes,
And Love, ah well-a-day.

Kind Nature now took Colin's Part,
My Eyes inform'd againſt my Heart,
My Heart, ah well-a-day. My, &c.
Strait glow'd with thrilling Sympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle Sigh;
Each Sigh, ah well-a-day.

Can Love, alas! by Words be ſhewn,
He aſk'd a Proof, a tender one:
While I, ah well-a-day,
While I, ah well-a-day,
In ſilence bluſht a fond Reply,
Can ſhe who truly loves, deny?
Ah, no, ah, well-a-day.

SONG 1116.

THE welcome Spring return'd again
Hails in the gladning Summers Day,
Bids Phœbus bright new glide each Plain,
And gayly ſpread his ſmiling Ray.

While all around the ſpacious Scene,
With new blown Buds the Branches crown'd,
And blooming Meadows robe in Green,
With early riſing Sweets abound,

The tuneful Lark with early Song,
Bids joyful welcome to the May.
While o'er the Plains the fleecy Throng,
With rural Humour ſport and play,

The feather'd Pairs in lovely Notes,
Around the Groves harmonious Sing,
And thrill'd with their melodious Throats,
The Woods with joyful Echoes ring.

The flooding Streams the rip'ning Breeze,
Nor ceaſe to glide or ſwiftly flow:
Nor fragrant Flowers adorn'd the Trees,
In pictur'd Landſkips ceaſe to grow.

The Lands no more with barren Soil,
But fruitful Plants are ſpread a-new,
Nature again now ſeems to ſmile,
And on each Hero her Bounty ſhew.

SONG 1117.

TELL me lovely Shepherd where
Thou feed'ſt at Noon thy fleecy care
Direct me to the ſweet Retreat
That guards thee from the Mid-day Heat,
Left by thy Flocks I lonely ſtray,
Without a Guide and loſe my way.
Where reſt at Noon thy bleating Care,
Gentle Shepherd tell me where.

Is it near the Fountain's Brink
Where thy tender Lambkins drink;
Or is it near the purling Glade,
Beneath the Oſiers duſky Shade,
As they nimbly ſkip and bound,
On the Green be-ſpangled Ground,
Where they ſtray I cannot think,
Tell me dear one where they drink.

Early e'er the Day did dawn
Have I tript it o'er the Lawn,
Thus o'er whelm'd with Grief I rove,
To ſeek thy Flock and find my Love,
In e'ry Vale, on Hill and Plain,
But alas! I ſeek in vain.

Reward my Toil and eaſe my Care,
Tell me charming Shepherd where.

SONG 1118.

THE Morning Freſh, the Sun in Eaſt,
New gilds the ſmiling Day;
The Lark forſakes his dewey Neſt,
The Fields all round are gaily dreſt,
Ariſe my Love and play, and play,
Ariſe my Love and play.

Come forth my Fair, come forth bright Maid,
And bleſs the Shepherds Sight,
Lend every folded Flower thy Aid,
Unveil the Roſes bluſhing Shade,
And give them ſweet Delight, &c.

Thy Preſence makes all Nature Smile,
Thy Smiles your Charms improve,
Thy Strains the liſt'ning Birds beguile,
And as invites reward their Toil,
And tune their Notes to Love, &c.

Beneath the fragrant Hauthorn Tree,
The Flowers in Wrath i'll twine
E'er other Eyes ye Beauties ſee,
Then on thy Brows adorn'd ſhall be,
The happy, happy Fate be mine,
The happy Fate be mine.

SONG 1119.

THE new-flown Birds the Shepherds ſing,
And welcome in the May,
Come Paſtorella, now the Spring
Makes ev'ry Landſcape gay.

Wide ſpreading Trees, their leafy Shade
O'er half the Vale extend,
Or in reflecting Fountains play'd,
Their quivering Branches bend.

Come taſt this Seaſon in its Prime,
And bleſs the riſing Year,
O how my Soul grows ſick of Time
'Till you my Love appear,

Then ſhall I paſs the gladſome Day,
Warm in thy Beauty ſhine,
When thy dear Flocks ſhall ſport and play
And intermix with mine.

For thee of Doves a milk-white Pair,
In ſilken Bands I hold,
For thee a Firſtling Lambkin Fair
I keep within my Fold.

If milk-white Doves, Acceptance meet,
Or tender Lambkin pleaſe,
Then my fond Heart without Deceit,
Be offer'd up with Eaſe.

SONG 1122.

THO' Darkneſs ſtill attend me,
It aids internal Sight,
And from ſuch Scene defend me
As bluſh to ſee the Light:

No Villain's Smiles deceive me,
No gilded Fop offends,
No weeping Object grieves me,
Kind Darkneſs me befriends.

Then hence all uſeleſs Wailings,
I know no Reaſon why:
Mankind to their own Failings,
Are all as blind as I.

Who painted Vice deſires,
Is blind what e'er he thinks:
Who Virtue not admires,
Is either blind or winks.

SONG 1123.

THere liv'd not far from our Town,
Slow Wolly Stenſon;
And he wou'd fain a plaid the Loon,
With pretty Peggy Benſon.

It happen'd on a Summers Day
That ſlow Wolly Stenſon,
As he was abroad a cocking of Hay
With pretty Peggy Benſon.

My dear, I Fain wou'd lay thee down,
Says ſlow Wolly Stenſon,
But I fear I ſhall ſpoil your Holyday Gown,
My pretty Peggy Benſon.

Then lay me down, and ſpare me not,
Thou ſlow Wolly Stenſon,
My Hollyday Gown coſt thee not a Groat,
Says Pretty Peggy Benſon.

I'll ſtrait ſtep home, and fetch my Cloak,
Says ſlow Wolly Stenſon,
Mean time came another and plaid the Joke,
With pretty Peggy Benſon.

I wiſh my Cloak had been in the Fire,
Says ſlow Wolly Stenſon,
E'er I had loſt my Heart's deſire
In pretty Peggy Benſon.

Then come again another Day,
Thou ſlow Wolly Stenſon,
I'll ſkim off the Curd and give thee the Whey,
Says Pretty Peggy Benſon.

SONG 1124.

TWas in the Bloom of May,
When Odours breath around,
When Nymphs are blith and gay,
And all with Mirth abound:

That happily I ſtray'd,
To view my Fleecy Care,
Where I beheld a Maid,
No Motral e'er ſo fair.

She wore upon her Head
A Bonnet made of Straw,
Which Such a Face did ſhade,
As Phœbus never ſaw,
Her Looks of Nut-brown hue
A round ear'd Coif conceal'd
Which to my pleaſing View,
A ſporting Breeze reveal'd.

Around her ſlender Waiſt
A Scrip embroider'd hung,
The Lute her Fingers grac'd
Accompany'd with a Song
With ſuch a pleaſing Note,
Cuzzony might regale
Or Philomela's Throat
That warbles thro' the Vale.

Not long I ſtood to view
Struck with her Heav'nly Air,
I to the Charmer flew,
And caught the yielding Fair:
Hear this ye ſcornful Belles,
And milder Ways purſue,
She that in Charms excells,
Excells in Kindneſs too.

SONG 1123.

THOU only Treaſure I admire,
My Heart's Delight, my Soul's Deſire:
P ſſeſſing thee I value more
Than King's their Wealth on India's Shore.
For every Woman was there three,
And in this World no Man but me,
I'd ſingle thee from all the reſt
To ſweeten Life and make me bleſt.

SONG 1124.

THE Face of Law is varniſh'd bright,
And ſeeming Juſtice Reigns;
But if examin'd in true Light,
'Tis all corrupted Stains:
'Tis all corrupted Stains.

Go ſearch the great Records of Law,
And there, too oft you'll find,
The faireſt Part is made a Flaw;
For Gold will make Men blind;
For Gold will make Men Blind.

SONG 1125.

VIrgins ſo fair, at length may it prove
Your Deſtiny to be in Love;
Pray grant me ſuch a Fate!
May Prudence always be my Guide,
With a little, little Decency and Pride,
My Actions to regulate.
When firſt in Love I do commence,
May it be to a Man of Senſe,
And learned Education;
May all his Courtſhip be to me
Neither too formal nor too free,
But wiſely ſhew his Paſſion.

May his Estate agree with mine
That it may look like no Design
To bring us both to Sorrow:
Grant me this that I have said,
And willingly I'd live a Maid
No longer than to Morrow.

When we are wed, may we agree
And neither of us angry be.
But live free from all Sorrow;
If one be cross, may the other say,
My Dear, we wont fall out to Day,
Whate'er we do to Morrow.

SONG 1126. *What shall I do to shew*, &c.

VIrgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre,
Which in the Garden enamels the Ground:
Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy Butterflies frolick around.

But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet)
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under Feet:

SONG 1127.

UPbraid me not, capricious Fair,
With drinking to Excess;
I should not want to drown Despair,
Were your Indiff'rence less.

Love me, my Dear, and you shall find,
When that Excuse is gone,
That all my Bliss, when Chloe's kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.

The God of Wine the Victory
To Beauty yields with Joy;
For Bacchus only drinks like me,
When Ariadne's coy,

SONG 1128.

UPon Clarinda's panting Breast
The happy Strephon lay,
With Love and Beauty jointly prest
To pass the Time away.

Fresh Raptures of transporting Love
Struck all his Senses dumb;
He envy'd not the Pow'rs above,
Nor all the Joys to come.

As Bees around the Garden rove,
To fetch their Treasures home,
So Strephon trac'd the Fields of Love,
To fill her Honey-Comb:

Her ruby Lips he kiss'd and prest,
From whence all Joys derive;
Then humming round her snowy Breast,
Strait crept into her Hive.

W.N.H. Bodl. Oxon

SONG 1129.

WAft me, ſome ſoft and cooling Breeze,
To Windſor's ſhady kind Retreat,
Where Sylvan Scenes, wide-ſpreading Trees,
Repel the raging Dog-ſtar's Heat:

Where tufted Graſs, and moſſy Beds,
Afford a rural calm Repoſe;
Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy Thames that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling Valley plays;
His glaſſy Surface chears the Eye,
And thro' the flow'ry Meadow ſtrays.

His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,
His Vales with ſmiling Plenty ſwell;
Where'er his purer Stream is ſeen,
The Gods of Health and pleaſure dwell,

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave
With naked Arm once more divide:
In thee my glowing Boſom lave,
And ſtem thy gently-rolling Tide.

Lay me with Damaſk Roſes crown'd
Beneath ſome Oſier's duſky Shade;
Where Water Lilies paint the Ground,
And bubling Springs refreſh the Glade.

Let chaſte Clarinda too be there,
With azure Mantle lightly dreſt;
Ye Nymphs, bind up her ſilken Hair,
Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breaſt.

O haſte away, fair Maid, and bring
The Muſe, the kindly Friend to Love;
To thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

SONG 1130.

WAnton Cupid, ceaſe to hover
Thus around the ſmiling Fair;
You exclude a faithful Lover
With your too officious Care.
Whiſp'ring Breezes, haſte, begone
To ſome remoter ſilent Grove,
And leave Alexis here alone
To tell a thouſand Tales of Love.

How I'm charm'd with ev'ry Feature,
That adorns her lovely Face!
How ſhe's ev'ry Thing that Nature
Can e'er give with ev'ry Grace.
If ſhe liſtens to my Story,
And for me hath equal Love;
I'll not envy human Glory,
But be bleſt as thoſe above.

SONG 1131.

WArn'd, and made wiſe by others Flame,
I fled from whence ſuch Miſchiefs came;
Shunning the Sex that kills at Sight,
I ſought my Safety in my Flight.

But ah! in vain from Fate we fly,
For firſt, or laſt, as all muſt die;

So 'tis as much decreed above,
That firſt, or laſt, we all muſt love.

My Heart which ſtood ſo long the Shock
Of Winds and Waves, like ſome firm Rock,
By one bright Spark from Myra thrown,
Is into Flame, like Powder, blown.

SONG 1132.

WAS ever Nymph like Roſamond,
So fair, ſo faithful, and ſo fond?
Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace
I'm all Deſire,
My Heart's on Fire,
And leaps and ſprings to her Embrace.
Da Capo.

SONG 1133.

WAS it a Dream, or did I hear
The Goddeſs, at whoſe Feet I lie,
With moſt tranſporting Words declare,
She would not have her Lover die?

If a kind Thought my Life to ſave,
Can gain Admittance to your Breaſt,
Improve it for your faithful Slave,
And make me more than Angels bleſt.

You cannot think, nor can I ſpeak,
What Agonies in Doubt ariſe;
Unleſs you mean my Heart to break,
Shew me more Favour in your Eyes.

Under Suſpence I cannot live,
In Pity let me know my Fate:
If Love for Love you will not give,
Be kind, and kill me with your Hate.

SONG 1134.

WEalth breeds Care, Love, Hope, and Fear
What makes Love our Buſineſs here?
While Bacchus merry does appear,
Fight on and fear no Sinking;
Charge it briſkly to the Brim,
'Till the flying Top-ſails ſwim,
We owe the great Diſcovery to him
Of this new World of Drinking.

Grave Cabals that States refine
Mingle their Debates with Wine;
Ceres and the God o'th' Vine
Make every great Commander.
Let ſober Sots Small-beer ſubdue,
The Wiſe and Valiant Wine does woe;
The Stagyrite had the Honour to
Be drunk with Alexander.

Stand to your Arms, and now advance
A Health to the Engliſh King of France;
On to the next a bon Eſperance,
By Bacchus and Apollo.
Thus in State I lead the Van,
Fall in your Place by your right-hand Man;
Beat Drum! now March! Dub-a-dub, ran dan,
He's a Whig that will not follow.

SONG 1135.

WE all to conqu'ring Beauty bow,
Its pleaſing Pow'r admire;
But I ne'er knew a Face 'till now,
That like yours could inſpire.
Now I may ſay, I met with one,
Amazes all Mankind;
And, like Men gazing on the Sun,
With too much Light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
When longing Lovers meet;
Like the divining Prophets wiſe,
And like blown Roſes ſweet:
Modeſt, yet gay? Reſerv'd, yet free;
Each happy Night a Bride;
A Mien like awful Majeſty,
And yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch to gain a Wife,
Chaſte, beautiful and young:
Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
And never thought them long.
Ah! were you to reward ſuch Cares,
And Life ſo long could ſtay;
Not fourteen, but four hundred Years
Would ſeem but as one Day.

SONG 1136.

WElcome, welcome, Brother Debtor,
To this poor, but merry Place,
Where no Bailiff, Dunn, nor Setter,
Dare to ſhew his frightful Face;
But, kind Sir, as you're a Stranger,
Down your Garniſh you muſt lay,
Or your Coat will be in Danger,
You muſt either ſtrip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your Confinement,
From your Children or your Wife;
Wiſdom lies in true Reſignment,
Thro' the various Scenes of Life.
Scorn to ſhew the leaſt Reſentment,
Tho' beneath the Frowns of Fate;
Knaves and Beggars find Contentment,
Fears and Cares attend the Great.

Tho' our Creditors are ſpiteful,
And reſtrain our Bodies here,
Uſe will make a Goal delightful,
Since there's nothing elſe to fear.
Ev'ry Iſland's but a Priſon,
Strongly guarded by the Sea;
King's and Princes, for that Reaſon,
Priſ'ners are as well as we.

What was it made Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly Fate?
'Twas becauſe he could not wander
Beyond the World's ſtrong Priſon Gate,
For the World is alſo bounded,
By the Heav'ns and Stars above;
Why ſhould we then be confounded,
Since there's Nothing free but Love?

SONG 1137.

WE'll drink, and we'll never have done Boys,
Put the Glaſs then around with the Sun, Boys;
Let Apollo's Example invite us,
For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
That makes him ſo bright,
That he's able next Morning to light us.

Drinking's a Chriſtian Diverſion,
Unknown to the Turk and the Perſian:
Let Mahometan Fools
Live by heatheniſh Rules,
And dream o'er their Tea-pots and Coffee;
While the brave Britons ſing,
And drink Healths to their King,
And a Fig for the Sultan and Sophy,

SONG 1138

WELl I agree, ye'r ſure of me;
Next to my Father gae,
Make him content to give Conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nay:

For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld,
Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.

Shou'd he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain,
Tho' a' my Kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will have nane.

Then never range, or learn to change,
Like thoſe in high Degree:
And if you prove faithful in Love,
You'll find nae Fault in me.

SONG 1139.

WEep all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For Strephon's now no more;
Your Treſſes ſpread before the Wind,
And leave the heated Shore:
See, ſee, upon the craggy Rocks
Each Goddeſs ſtript appears;
They beat their Breaſts, and rend their Locks,
And ſwell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love, that fatal Hour,
When this your Youth was born,
Had ſworn by Styx to ſhew his Pow'r,
He'd kill a Man e'er Morn;
For Strephon's Breaſt he aim'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came;
He cry'd, and ſhot him thro' the Heart,
Thy Blood ſhall quench my Flame.

On Stella's Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes;
He cry'd remember when I'm dead,
That I deſerv'd the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran;
He ſigh'd, You love, 'tis true!
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah! he loves not you.

SONG 1140.

WEre I laid on Greenland's Coaſt,
And in my Arms embrac'd my Laſs,
Warm amidſt eternal Froſt,
Too ſoon the half Year's Night would paſs.

Were I ſold on Indian Soil,
Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,
I would mock the ſultry Toil,
When on my Charmer's Breaſt repos'd;

I would love you all the Day,
Ev'ry Night we'd kiſs and play
If with me you'd fondly ſtray
Over the Hill and far away.

SONG 1141.

WEre I to chuſe the greateſt Bliſs
That e'er in Love was known,
'Twould be the higheſt of my Wiſh,
T'enjoy her Heart alone!

Kings might poſſeſs their Kingdoms free,
And Crowns unenvy'd wear,
They ſhould no Rival have of me
Might I reign Monarch there.

Here Cynthia, hear the Gentle Air
But whiſper out my Love,
And prove but half ſo kind as fair,
My Sorrow you'll remove.

Cynthia, Oh! let us happy be,
Unite our Hearts in Love,
I'd change not ſuch Felicity
For all the Joys above.

SONG 1142.

WEre I aſſur'd you'd conſtant prove,
You ſhould nae mair complain;
The eaſy Maid beſet with Love,
Few Words will quickly gain;
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond Heart of mine
Has lang, a Back-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my Head
Upon they Breaſt recline;
The Pleaſure ſtrikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then ſae kind?---
O let me briſs thee to my Heart!
And round my Arms entwine:
Delightful Thought; we'll never part,
Come preſs thy Mouth to mine.

SONG 1143.

WHAT a Racket is here
About ſix Men of War!
About Honour and Nonſenſe retriev'd!
About Glory and Guns
Brought away from the Dons,
And our Factors from Priſon reliev'd?

To attack Porto-Bell,
Be ſo good as to tell,

Did I your mad Valour importune?
To desert your poor Wife,
Risk your Limbs and your Life,
Zounds! was this for a Man of your Fortune?

Then the Town left unplunder'd,
And the Dollars all squander'd,
What romantick ridiculous Farce!
You're a Puppy, a Spartan,
Whom a wise Man would fart on:
But 'twas Virtue, you say---Kiss my A---e.

You seek nought but the Good
Of your Country——Odsblood!
How I laugh at these Rhodomontades!
There's not one, but whose Price
I could name in a Trice,
Among all these fine Patriot Blades.

Then again we are told
That Trelawney the bold
Would equip you, if Soldiers he had,
To attempt Carthegene;
Why, e'en conquer all Spain:
By the Lord, you are both raving mad!

'Twas mere Malice to me
Made you venture to Sea,
To confound all my Measures outright:
'Twas to prove me a Lyar,
That you made your damn'd Fire;
And you storm'd Porto Bell out of Spight.

How did Spain's Gracious Queen
Doat on me and Don Keen!
I was priz'd by the Cardinal too:
At Versailles and the Escurial!
They are now in a Fury all:
And for this I'm beholden to you.

You have now gain'd your Point,
My whole Scheme's out of Joint;
No Convention Reprieve can obtain:
And my wise Brother H---ce
Will now pass for a poor Ass
Over England, France, Holland, and Spain.

SONG 1144.

WHat Cato advises
Most certainly wise is,
Not always to labour, but sometimes to play;
To mingle sweet Pleasure
In search after Treasure,
Indulging at Night for the Toils of the Day.

And while the dull Miser
Esteems himself wiser,
His Bags to increase, he his Health will decay;
Our Souls we enlighten,
Our Fancies we brighten,
And pass the long Evenings in Pleasure away.

All chearful and hearty,
We set aside Party,
With some tender Fair each bright Bumper is crown'd;

Thus Bacchus invites us,
Thus Venus delights us,
While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd.

See here's our Phyſician,
We know no Ambition,
For where there's good Wine and good Company found,
Thus happy together,
In ſpite of all Weather,
'Tis Sunſhine and Summer with us the Year round.

SONG 1145.

WHat's the Spring-breathing Violet and Roſe,
What's the Summer, with all his gay Train,
Or the Plenty of Autumn to thoſe,
Who have barter'd their Freedom for Gain?

Then let love of our King's legal Right
To our Love of our Country ſucceed,
And let Friendſhip and Honour unite,
And flouriſh on both Sides the Tweed.

No Sweetneſs the Senſes can chear,
That Corruption and Bribery bind;
No Brightneſs the Gloom ever Clear;
For Honour's the Sun of the Mind.
Then let Love, &c.

Let Virtue diſtinguiſh the Brave,
Place Riches in lower Degree,
Think him pooreſt, who dares be a Slave,
And him richeſt, who dares to be free.
Then let Love, &c.

Let us think how our Anceſtors roſe,
Let us think how our Anceſtors fell;
'Tis the Rights they defended; 'tis thoſe,
They bought with their Blood, that we ſell.
Then let Love, &c.

SONG 1146.

WHat Torment, ye Pow'rs, I ſuſtain?
How my Boſom is tortur'd with Care?
In Pity relieve my ſoft Pain,
Or give me more Courage to bear;
Let me ſwim in an Ocean of Bliſs,
Or ſink in a Torrent of Grief:
An Heaven of Delight they poſſeſs,
Who from Hell of Deſpair have Relief.

SONG 1147.

WHat Woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free;
Yet do what I can,
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
Still, ſtill he's the Man.
They tell me, at once, he to twenty will ſwear;
When Vows are ſo ſweet, who the Falſhood can fear?
So, when you have ſaid all you can,
Still,---ſtill he's the Man.

I caught him once making Love to a Maid,
When to him I ran,
He turn'd, and he kiſs'd me; then who cou'd upbraid
So civil a Man?
The next Day I found to a third he was kind,
I rated him ſoundly, he ſwore I was Blind!
So let me do what I can,
Still,--- ſtill he's the Man.

All the World bids me beware of his Art;
I do what I can,
But he has taken ſuch hold of my Heart,
I doubt he's the Man!
So ſweet are his Kiſſes, his Looks are ſo kind,
He may have his Faults, but if none I can find,
Who can do more than they can;
He,---- ſtill is the Man.

SONG 1148.

WHat tho' they call me Country Laſs,
I read it plainly in my Glaſs,
That for a Dutcheſs I might paſs,
Oh! could I ſee the Day!
Would Fortune but attend my Call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a ſtand by —— Clear the Way

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaus,
With ſmart Toupees, and powder'd Cloaths,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Noſe,
Oh! could I ſee the Day!
I'll dart ſuch Glances from theſe Eyes,
Shall make ſome Nobleman my Prize,
And then, Oh! How I'll tyrannize!
With a ſtand by—— Clear the Way!

O then for Grandeur and Delight,
For Equipage and Di'monds bright,
And Flambeaus that outſhine the Light;
Oh! could I ſee the Day!

Thus ever eaſy, ever gay,
Quadrille ſhall wear the Night away,
And Pleaſure crown the growing Day;
With a Stand by! —— Clear the Way!

SONG 1149.

WHat ſhall I do to ſhew how much I love her?
How many Millions of Sighs can ſuffice?
That which wins other Hearts can never move her;
Thoſe common Methods of Love ſhe'll deſpiſe:
I will love more than e'er lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night;
'Till for her own ſake, at laſt ſhe'll implore me
To love her leſs, to preſerve our Delight.

Since Gods themſelves cannot ever be loving,
Men muſt have breathing Recruits for new Joys.
I wiſh my Love could be always improving,
Tho' eager Love more than Sorrow deſtroys.

In fair Aurelia's Arms leave me expiring
To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath?
To the laſt Moment I'll ſtill be deſiring;
Never had Hero ſo glorious a Death.

SONG 1150.

WHat art thou, Love! whence are thoſe Charms!
That thus thou bear'ſt an univerſal Rule?
For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,
The King turns Slave, the wiſe Man Fool.

In vain we chaſe thee from the Field,
And with cool Thoughts reſiſt thy Yoke;
Next Tide of Blood, alas! we yield.
And all theſe high Reſolves are broke.

In vain our Nature we accuſe,
And doat becauſe ſhe ſays we muſt:
This for a Brute were an Excuſe,
Whoſe very Soul and Life is Luſt.

To get our Likeneſs, what is that?
Our Likeneſs is but Miſery:
Why ſhould I toil to propagate
Another Thing as vile as I?

From Hands divine our Spirit came,
And God that made us did inſpire
Something more noble in our Frame,
Above the Dregs of earthly Fire.

SONG 1151.

WHat care I for Affairs of State?
Or who is rich, or who great?
How far abroad th' Ambitious roam,
To bring or Gold or Silver Home?
What is't to me, if France or Spain
Conſent to Peace or War maintain?

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wiſh all well at Gibraltar;
But mind a Cardinal no more
Than any other ſcarlet Whore:
Grant me, ye Pow'rs but Health and Reſt,
And let who will the World conteſt.

Near ſome ſmooth Stream, oh, let me keep
My Liberty and feed my Sheep;
A ſhady Walk well lin'd with Trees,
A Garden with a Range of Bees;
An Orchard which good Apples bears,
Where Spring along green Mantle wears.

Where Winters never are ſevere;
Good Barley-Land to make good Beer;
With entertainment for a Friend,
To ſpend in Peace my latter End,
In honeſt Eaſe and home-ſpun Grey;
And let the Evening crown the Day.

SONG 1152.

WHat a Pother of late
Have they kept in the State,
About ſetting our Conſciences free?
A Bottle has more
Diſpenſations in ſtore
Than the King and the State can decree.

When my Head's full of Wine,
I o'erflow with Deſign,
And know no penal Laws that can curb me;
Whate'er I adviſe
Seems good in my Eyes,
And Religion ne'er dares to diſturb me.

No ſaucy Remorſe
Intrudes in my Courſe,
Nor impertinent Notions of Evil;
So there's Claret in Store,
In Peace I've my Whore,
And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

SONG 1153, *Sally*, &c.

WHat tho' I am a Country Laſs,
A lofty Mind I bear-a,
And think myſelf as good as thoſe
Who gay Apparel wear-a.
What tho' my Clothes are home-ſpun Grey,
My Skin it is as ſoft-a,
As thoſe that in their Cypreſs Veils
Carry their Heads aloft-a.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
It is what muſt be done-a:
A Garland of the ſweeteſt Flow'rs
Shall ſhade me from the Sun-a.

And when I ſee they feeding be,
Where Graſs and Flow'rs do ſpring-a,
Beſide a purling Cryſtal Stream
I'll ſet me down and ſing-a.

My Leathern-Bottle, ſtuft with Sage,
Is Drink that's very thin-a:
No Wine did e'er my Brains engage,
Or tempt me for to ſin-a.
My Country Curds, and and wooden Spoon,
Methinks are very fine-a:
When on a ſhady Bank at Noon,
I ſet me down and dine-a.

What tho' my Portion won't allow
Of Bags of ſhining Gold-a;
A Farmer's Daughter now a-days,
Like Swine is bought and ſold-a.

My Body's fair, I'll keep it ſound,
And an honeſt Mind within-a;
But for an hundred thouſand Pound
I value't not a Pin-a.

No Jewels wear I in my Ears,
Or Pearls about my Neck-a;
No coſtly Rings do I e'er uſe,
My Fingers for to deck-a.

But for the Man who e'er he be,
Whom I ſhall chance to wed-a;
I'll keep a Jewel worth them all,
I mean my Maiden-head-a.

SONG 1154.

WHat! put off with one Denial?
And not make a ſecond Trial!
You might ſee my Eyes conſenting,
All about me was relenting:

Women, oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly ſtorms.

Lovers, when you ſigh and languiſh,
When you tell us of your Anguiſh;
To the Nymph you'll be more pleaſing,
When thoſe Sorrows you are eaſing:
We love to try how far Men dare,
And never wiſh the Foe ſhould ſpare.

SONG 1155.

WHat Beauties does Flora diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her Smiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's, ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
Nor Daiſie, nor ſweet bluſhing Roſe,
Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such Beauty and Pleaſure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thruſh,
The Black-bird, and ſweet cooing Dove,
With Muſick enchant ev'ry Buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us ſee how the Primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome Village on Tweed,
And love where the feather'd Folks ſing.

How does my Love paſs the long Day?
Does Mary not tend a few Sheep?
Do they never careleſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's Murmurs ſhould lull her to Reſt;
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial Kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excel,
No Beauty with her can compare;
Love's Graces around her do dwell,
She's faireſt, where Thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed
Shall I ſeek them at ſweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter Banks of Tweed.

SONG 1156.

WHat's the Worth of Health or Living,
If we ſtint ourſelves of Bliſs?
Grief is but a ſelf-deceiving,
Chuſing may-be for what is.
Dos'd all Night, and daily weeping,
Zealots think to Heav'n to climb;
Thus with canting and with Sleeping,
The poor Sots loſe all their Time.
Give me Love, and give me Wine too,
For Life's Care to make Amends;
Wit and Poetry divine too,
And charming Female Friend:
In a moral honeſt Station,
To my Grave in Peace I'll go;
Let the Bug Predeſtination
Fright the Fools no better know.

SONG 1157.

WHat Man in his Wits had not rather be poor,
Than for Lucre his Freedom to give?
Ever buſy the Means of his Life to ſecure,
And ſo ever neglecting to live.

Inviron'd from Morning to Night in a Croud,
Not a Moment unbent, or alone;
Conſtrain'd to be abject, tho' never ſo proud,
And at ev'ry one's Call but his own.

Still repining, and longing for quiet each Hour,
Yet ſtudiouſly flying it ſtill;
With the means of enjoying his Wiſh in his Power,
But accurſt with his wanting the Will.

For a Year muſt be paſt, or a Day muſt be come,
Before he has Leiſure to reſt;
He muſt add to his Store this or that pretty Sum,
And then he'll have Time to be bleſt.

But his Gains more bewitching the more they increaſe,
Only ſwell the Deſire of his Eye:
Such a Wretch, let mine Enemy live, if he pleaſe,
But let not mine Enemy die.

SONG 1158.

WHat, tho' I am a London Dame,
And lofty Looks I bear-a?
I carry ſure as good a Name,
As thoſe who Ruſſet wear-a.

What, tho' my Cloaths are rich Brocades,
My Skin it is more white-a,
Than any of the Country Maids,
That in the Fields delight-a.

What, tho' I to Aſſemblies go,
And at the Opera ſhine-a?
It is a Thing all Girls muſt do,
That will be Ladies fine-a.

And while I hear Fauſtina ſing
Before the King and Queen-a,
My Eyes they are upon the Wing,
To ſee if I am ſeen-a.

My Pekoe and Imperial Tea,
Are brought me in the Morn-a;
At Noon, Champagne and rich Tokay
My Tables do adorn-a.

The Ev'ning then does me invite
To play at dear Quadrille-a:
And ſure in this there's more Delight
Than in a purling Rill-a.

Then ſince my Fortune does allow,
I'll live juſt as I pleaſe-a;
I'll never milk my Father's Cow,
Nor preſs his coming Cheeſe-a;

But take my Swing both Night and Day,
I'm ſure it is no Sin-a;
And as for what the Grave ones ſay,
I value not a Pin-a.

SONG 1159.

WHat beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight!
How cloſely yonder Vine
Does round that Elm's ſupporting Height,
Her wanton Ringlets twine!
That Elm, no more a barren Shade,
But with her Cluſters crown'd;
Or that Fair Vine without his Aid,
Had crept along the Ground.

Let this, my fair One, move thy Heart,
Connubial Joys to prove;
Yet mark what Age and Care impart,
Nor thoughtleſs ruſh on Love:
Know thy own Bliſs and joy to hear,
Vertumnus rules thy Charms;
The youthful God who rules the Year,
Shall keep thy Groves from harm.

While ſome with ſhort liv'd Paſſion glow,
His Love remains the ſame,
On him alone thy Heart beſtow,
And crown his conſtant Flame;
So ſhall no Froſt's untimely Power,
Deform the blooming Spring;
So ſhall thy Trees, from Blaſts ſecure,
Their wanton Tributes bring.

SONG 1160.

WHat Creature's that with his ſhort Hairs
His little Band, and huge long Ears,
That this new Faith hath founded?
The Saints themſelves were never ſuch,
The Prelates ne'er rul'd half ſo much.
O ſuch a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that doth the Biſhops hate,
And counts their Calling Reprobate,
'Cauſe by the Pope propounded;
And think a zealous Cobler better
Than Uſher learn'd in ev'ry Letter;
O ſuch, &c.

What's he that doth High-Treaſon ſay,
As often as his Yea and Nay,
And wiſh the King confounded;
And dares maintain that Mr. Pim
Is fitter for the Crown than him?
O ſuch, &c.

What's he, that if he chance to hear
A little Piece of Common-Prayer,
Doth think his Conſcience wounded;
Will go five Miles to preach and pray,
And meet a Siſter by the Way?
O ſuch, &c.

What's he that that met a holy Siſter,
And in a Hay-cock gently kiſs'd her?
O then his Zeal abounded;
'Tis underneath a ſhady Willow,

Her Bible ſerv'd her for a Pillow,
And there he got a Round head.

SONG 1161.

WHat's Beauty! Bright Favonia, tell:
The Miſtreſs of it knows it well.
'Tis not Colour, 'tis not Feature,
Eaſy Faſhion, nor good Nature:
Good Teeth, and Hair, a ſmiling Grace,
Can't give Perfection to a Face:
Not yielding Lips, or wiſhing Eyes:
But ſhe is handſome who denies.

SONG 1162.

WHat Beauty is, let Strephon tell:
Who oft has try'd it, knows it well,
Not all the Wonders of a Face,
Where Nature triumphs in each Grace;
Not ſnowy Breaſts, thro' which is ſeen
The purple Blood that boils within;
Not Lips, when Wit with Eaſe beguiles,
Whilſt playſome Cupids dance in Smiles;
Not Youth, not Shape, not Air, not Eyes;
She only charms me who complies.

SONG 1163

WHat a frail Thing is Beauty, ſays Baron Le Cras,
Perceiving his Miſtreſs had one Eye of Glaſs:
And ſcarcely had he ſpoke it,
When ſhe more confus'd, as more angry ſhe grew,
By a negligent Rage prov'd the Maxim too true:
She dropt her Eye and broke it.

SONG 1164.

WHat Laſs can compare with the jolly Town-Rake's,
When in his full Swing of all Pleaſure he takes?
At Noon he gets up for a Whet and to dine,
And wings the ſwift Hours with Mirth, Muſick, and Wine;
Then jogs to the Play-houſe and chats with the Maſques,
And thence to the Roſe, where he takes his Three Flaſks.
There great as a Cæſar he revels when drunk,
And ſcours all he meets as he reels, as he reels to his Punk,
And finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes;
What Life can compare to the jolly Town-Rake's, the jolly Town-Rake's.

He like the Great Turk has his favourite She,
But the Town's his Seraglio, and ſtill he lives free;
Sometimes ſhe's a Lady; but as he muſt range,
Black Betty, or Oyſter Moll ſerve for a Change.

As he varies his Sports his whole Life is a
Feaſt,
He thinks him that is ſob'reſt is moſt like
a Beaſt:
At Houſes of Pleaſure, breaks Windows and
Doors,
Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their
Whores:
Rare Work for the Surgeon and Midwife he
makes;
What Life can compare with the jolly Town-
Rake's?
Thus in Covent-Garden he makes his Cam-
paigns,
And no Coffee-Houſe haunts but to ſettle his
Brains;
He laughs at dry Mortals, and never does
think,
Unleſs 'tis to get the beſt Whenches and
Drink:
He dwells in a Tavern, and lives ev'ry where,
And improving his Hour, lives an Age in a
Year;
For as Life is uncertain he loves to make
haſte,
And thus he lives longeſt becauſe he lives
faſt:
Then leaps in the Dark, and his Exit he makes;
What Death can compare with the jolly Town-
Rake's?

SONG 1165.

WHat can aſſuage the Pain Man feels,
When buſy Cares diſturb his Breaſt;
And modeſt Senſe his Want conceals,
With thouſand Thoughts that bar his Reſt?

Can Wine one gloomy Thought remove?
Can Titles, Wealth, or Mirth give Eaſe;
Can Women's Charms, or Thoughts of Love
Recal his Soul, or Mind to Peace?

No, no, they're trifling Pleaſures all,
The Rich enjoy them but a Day;
Within their Breaſt they deſign to call,
Ne'er, reſt, but vaniſh ſoon away.

Content alone can make us ſing,
When wanton Fortune is unkind;
That ſets a Wretch above a King,
And quiets ev'ry ruffled Mind,

SONG 1166.

WHat dire Misfortune hath befel
Each quiv'ring Beau and tuneful Belle?
Soft Farinelli's killing Note,
For Spain has caught him by the Throat,
Far, far away he's forc'd to ſtay,
S Killing, thrilling,
Thrilling, killing:
Ruin'd, loſt, and quite undone,
Charming Farinelli's gone.

Our Tears had ſcarcely ceas'd to flow,
That Seneſino needs wou'd go,
When ſtrait a heavier Loſs we know,
Dear Farinelli's kidnapt too.
Farinelli, Seneſino,
Seneſino, Fairnelli,
Ruin'd, loſt, and quite undone,
Both the Warblers, both are flown.

O cruel Spain! will nought ſuffice,
Will nought redeem the lovely Prize?
Take all our Ships, take all our Men,
So we enjoy but him again:
O ſend him ſtraight, our Nobles wait!
O ſend him quick, we are all ſick!
Ruin'd! Lords and Commons all,
From St. James's to Guildhall.

SONG 1167.

WHat Raptures does poſſeſs the Soul,
When Muſic charms the Ear?
It can the Flames of Love controul;
Then who need Cupid fear?
And let the Deity of Wine,
His utmoſt Art employ,
Apollo is the God divine,
That gives us trueſt Joy.

Orpheus tun'd his Lyre ſo well,
The Harmony was ſuch,
That all the furious Fiends of Hell,
Him had no Power to touch:
Such heav'nly Notes, and melting Strains,
From ev'ry String did flow,
They eas'd the great tormenting Pains
Of tortur'd Souls below.

If on this tranſitory Ball,
There is a Form of Bliſs;
Or what we happineſs may call,
In Muſic's Charms it is:
It fills our Souls with Eccſtaſy,
While our glad Thoughts do rove
To the celeſtial Seats on high.
The Place of Joy and Love.

SONG 1168.

WHat means this Niceneſs now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove?
Such Diſtance may conſiſt with State,
But never will with Love.
'Tis either Cunning or Diſdain
That does ſuch Ways allow;
The firſt is baſe, the laſt is vain;
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over act your Part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not half that Art:
For if you chance a Look to caſt,
That ſeems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be my own.

SONG 1169.

WHat Numbers ſhall the Muſe repeat?
What Verſe be found to praiſe my Annie?
On her ten thouſand Graces wait,
Each Swain admires, and owns ſhe's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trod the happy Plain,
She ſet each youthful Heart on Fire:
Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
That Annie kindles new Deſire.

This lovely darling deareſt Care,
This new Delight, this charming Annie,
Like Summer's Dawn, ſhe's freſh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant Breezes fan ye.
All Day the am'rous Youths conveen,
Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All Night, when ſhe no more is ſeen,
In bliſsful Dreams they ſtill adore her.

Among the Crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie:
His riſing Sighs expreſs'd his Flame:
His Words were few, his Wiſhes many.
With Smiles the lovely Maid reply'd,
Kind Shepherd, why ſhould I deceive ye?
Alas? your Love muſt be deny'd,
This deſtin'd Breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's Art,
His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling,
He ſtole away my Virgin Heart;
Ceaſe, poor Amyntor, ceaſe bewailing.
Some brighter Beauty you may find,
On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many:
Then chuſe ſome Heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

SONG 1170. *In Love and a Bottle.*

WHen Cupid from his Mother fled,
He changing his Shape,
Thus made his Eſcape,
His Mother thought him dead.
Some did him a Kindneſs,
And cur'd him of Blindneſs,
And thus diſguis'd like me,
The little God could ſee.

He enters into Hearts of Men,
And there does ſpy
[Juſt ſo do I)
That Falſhood lurks within;
That Sighing and Dying
Is Swearing and Lying;
All this, diſguis'd like me.
The little God could ſee.

SONG 1171.

WHen the Roſe is in Bud, and the Violets blow, [Bough;
When the Birds ſing us Love-ſongs on every

When Cowſlips, and Daiſies, and Daffadils
ſpread,
And adorn and perfume the green flow'ry
Mead;
When, without the Plow, fat Oxen do low,
The Lads and the Laſſes a Sheep-ſheering go;
The cleanly Milk-pail
Is fill'd with brown Ale,
Our Table, our Table's the Graſs:
Where we kiſs and we ſing,
And we dance in a Ring,
And ev'ry Lad, ev'ry Lad has his Laſs.

The Shepherd he ſheers his jolly Fleece,
How much richer than that which they ſay
was in Greece!
'Tis our Cloth and our Food,
And our politick Blood,
'Tis the Seat, 'tis the Seat, which our Nobles
do ſit on;
'Tis a Mine above Ground,
Where our Treaſure is found,
'Tis the Gold, 'tis the Gold and the Silver of
Britain.

SONG 1172.

WHen Love and Youth cannot make Way,
Nor with the Fair avail,
To bend to Cupid's gentle ſway,
What Art can then prevail?

I'll tell you, Strephon, a Receipt
Of a moſt ſov'reign Pow'r:
If you the ſtubborn wou'd defeat,
Let drop a Golden Show'r.

This Method try'd enamour'd Jove,
Before he could obtain
The cold, regardleſs Danae's Love,
Or conquer her Diſdain.
By Cupid's Self I have been told,
He never wounds a Heart
So deep as when he tips with Gold
The fatal piercing Dart.

SONG 1173.

WHen Chloe fair begins her Song,
In Raptures motionleſs I gaze;
Thus cou'd I ſtand, thus all Day long
Loſt in a giddy, ſweet Amaze.

So when th'inchanting Syrens ſing,
Th' alluring Mariner is wreck'd:
Thus whirling Gulphs Attention bring,
And overwhelm what they attract

Thoſe very Sounds, that ſweetly flow,
That ſoft, that lovely tender Breath,
Do Pity, Joy, Compaſſion ſhew;
And who cou'd e'er believe it? Death!

SONG 1174.

WHen charming Chloe gently walks,
Or ſweetly ſmiles or gaily talks;
No Goddeſs can with her compare,
So ſweet her look, ſo ſoft her Air.

In whom ſo many Charms are plac'd,
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd:
With ſparkling Wit and ſolid Senſe,
And ſoft perſuaſive Eloquence.

In framing her divinely fair,
Nature employ'd her utmoſt Care,
That we in Chloe's Form ſhould find
A Venus with Minerva's Mind.

SONG 1175.

WHen I ſee my Strephon languiſh,
With Lucinda's Charms oppreſt;
When I ſee this Pain and Anguiſh,
Pity moves my tender Breaſt:
Sighs ſo ſoft, and Tears ſo moving,
Who can ſee and hold from loving?
Sigh's ſo ſoft, &c.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature
Mov'd me firſt to hear his Tale:
Strephon's Truth by ev'ry Creature,
I proclaim'd through all the Vale:
There's not a Nymph that would not chuſe him,
Why ſhould I alone refuſe him;
There's not, &c.

SONG 1176. *Carle and the Kingcome.*

WHen we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely;
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loſs reſult in Gain, Phely.

Long the Sport of Fortune driv'n,
To Deſpair our Thoughts were giv'n,
Our Odds will all be ev'n, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary diſtant Groves,
Tho' we moan like Turtle-doves,
Suffering beſt our Virtue proves,
And will enhance our Loves, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a Surprize,
'Till its happy Hour ariſe;
Temper well your Love-ſick Sighs,
For Hope becomes the Wiſe, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loſs reſult our Gain, Phely.

SONG 1177. *My Dady forbad.*

WHen I think on my Lad,
I ſigh and am ſad,
For now he is far frae me.
My Dady was harſh,
My Minny was warſe,
That gart him gae yont the Sea.
Without the Eſtate,
That made him look blate,

And yet a brave Lad is he,
Gin ſafe he come hame,
In ſpite of my Dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love ſpeers nae Advice
Of Parents o'er wiſe,
That have but ae Bairn like me.
That looks upon Caſh,
As naithing but Traſh,
That ſhackles what ſhould be free.

And tho' my dear Lad
Nae ane Penny had,
Since Qualities better has he;
Albert I'm an Heireſs,
I think it but fair is,
To love him, ſince he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie,
Haſte, haſte thee in o'er the Sea,
To her wha can find
Nae Eaſe in her Mind,
Without a blyth Sight of thee.

Tho' my Daddy forbad,
And my Minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For ſince thou alone
My Favour haſt won,
Nane elſe ſhall e'er get it for me.

Yet then I'll not grieve.
Or without their Leave
Gi'e my Hand as a Wife to thee:
Be content with a Heart,
That can never deſert,
Till they ceaſe to oppoſe, or be.

My Parents may prove
Yet Friends to our Love,
When our firm Reſolves they ſee:
Then I with Pleaſure
Will yield up my Treaſure,
And a' that Love orders, to thee.

SONG 1178.

WHen Summer comes, the Swains on Tweed
Sing their ſucceſsful Loves;
Around the Ews and Lambkins feed,
And Muſick fills the Groves.

But my lov'd Song is then the Broom
So fair on Cowdon-knows;
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft a Bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Collin tun'd his oaten Reed,
And won my yielding Heart;
No Shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half ſuch Art.

He ſung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The Hills and Dales all round,

Of Leader-haughs and Leader-ſide,
Oh! how I bleſs'd the Sound.

Yet more delightful is the Broom
So fair as Cowdon-knows;
For ſure ſo freſh ſo bright a Bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot Braes ſo green and gay
May with this Broom compare,
Not Yarrow Banks in flowry May,
Nor the Buſh aboon Traquair.

More pleaſing far are Cowdon-knows,
My peaceful happy Home,
Where I was wont to milk my Ews
At Even among the Broom.

Ye Powers that haunt the Woods and Plains
Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
Convey me to the beſt of Swains,
And my lov'd Cowdon-knows.

SONG 1179.

WHen I've Saxpence under my Thumb,
Then I get Credit in ilka Town;
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! Poverty parts good Company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame.
Coudna my Love come todlen hame.

Fair-fa' the Goodwife, and ſend her good Sale,
She gi'es us with Bannocks to drink her Ale,
Syne if that her Tippony chance to be ſma',
We'll take a good Scour o't, and ca't away'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a Neep come todlen hame.

My Kimmer and I lay down to ſleep,
And twa Bint-ſtoups at our Bed's-feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry;
What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I;
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my Love comes todlen hame

Leez me on Liquor, my todlen Dow,
Ye're ay ſae good-humour'd when weeting your Mou;
When ſober ſae ſour, ye'll fight with a Flee,
That 'tis a blyth Sight to the Bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a Neep ye come todlen hame.

SONG 1180. *Stay, Shepherd, ſtay, &c.*

WHen Molly ſmiles beneath her Cow,
I feel my Heart I can't tell how;
When Molly is on Sunday dreſt,
On Sundays I can take no Reſt.

What can I do on Working-days?
I leave my Work on her to gaze:
What ſhall I ſay? at Sermons I
Forget the Text, when Molly's by.

Good Maſter Curate, teach me how
To mind your preaching and my Plough:
And if for this you'll raiſe a Spell,
A good fat Gooſe ſhall thank you well.

SONG 1181. *Dying Swan.*

WHen Cynthia ſaw Bathſheba's Charms
In wanton Colours dreſt,
Thoſe Lips, thoſe killing Eyes, thoſe Arms,
I dare not name the reſt!

The bluſhing, envious, angry Maid,
Obſerv'd with various Paſſions toſt,
To ev'ry vulgar Eye betray'd
The Beauties ſhe alone could boaſt.

A fatal Weapon forth ſhe drew,
To check the curious Painter's Pride,
To veil thoſe Charms ſhe only knew,
Thoſe Beauties only ſhe could hide.

'Tis well, enamour'd Damon cry'd,
E'en let the paultry Copy fall,
By you the Loſs is well ſupply'd,
In you we find th' Original.

SONG 1182. *Eterick Banks.*

WHen firſt thoſe blooming Charms I ſpy'd,
That ſmiling play on Annie's Face,
Her Hair without affected Pride,
Her Shape, her Mien, and every Grace;
My Heart and every Pulſe beat faſt,
In Hurry all my Spirits mov'd,
I felt new Motions in my Breaſt,
The more I gaz'd, the more I lov'd!

But when her Mirth, and lively Senſe
With Pleaſure I attentive heard,
Her chearful Wit and Innocence,
In every Thought and Word appear'd!
Thoſe lovely Beauties of her Mind
A noble laſting Joy impart,
Excite a Paſſion more refin'd,
And doubly captivate my Heart.

When Annie's Preſence I enjoy,
A pleaſing Warmth within me glows,
No cloudy Cares my Bliſs annoy,
My Soul with Love and Joy o'erflows?
So when the glorious God of Day
Diſpels the gloomy Shades of Night,
Nature reviving, all looks gay,
And welcomes the returning Light!

Oh would my Charmer make me bleſt!
And yield to eaſe her Lover's Pain,
My Fears all gone, my Soul at reſt,
Then Love and Joy ſhould ever reign;
Each gentle Hour, with freſh Delight,
Wou'd paſs away in mutual Love,
In Peace we'd ſpend the Day and Night,
And emulate the Bleſt above!

SONG 1183. *Love inviting Reaſon.*

WHen innocent Paſtime our Pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree;

Ere Annie became a fine Lady in Town,
How lovely and loving and bony was ſhe?
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy a-jee.
O! as thou art bony be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the Death of a Lintwhite give Annie the Spleen?
Can Tyning of Trifles be uneaſie to thee?
Can Lap-dogs and Monkies draw Tears fra theſe Een, [me?
That look with Indiff'rence on poor dying
Rouſe up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me;
Oh! as thou art bony, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee. [Head,

Ah! ſhou'd a new Manteau, or Flanders-lace
Or yet a wee Cottie, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow fogetfu', and let his Heart bleed, [thine?
That aneas had ſome Hope of purchaſing
Rouſe up, &c.
Shall a Paris Edition of new-fangl'd Sawny,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at theſe Beniſons promis'd to me?

Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And never prefer a light Dancer to me;
O! as thou art bony be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka ſweet Hour, [me;
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and
Ere Squirrels, or Beaus, or Foppr'y had Power
To rival my Love, and impoſe upon thee.
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And let thy Deſires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

SONG 1184.

WHen firſt Procreation began,
Ere Forms interrupted the Bliſs,
Each Woman might love any Man,
Each Man any Woman might kiſs.

The Youth who beheld a plump Laſs,
Declar'd in few Words his Requeſt;
Nor whin'd like an amorous Aſs,
Nor ever departed unbleſt.

The Girl, who was ripe for the Game,
Look'd out for a ſizeable Lad;
Then frankly diſcover'd her Flame,
And what ſhe demanded, ſhe had.

But while they thus revell'd at large,
And Bantlings increaſed in their Kind,
The Mother ſtill bore all the Charge:---
The Father what Mortal could find?

So when great Semiramis reign'd,
And Women repin'd at their Lot,
The Queen Matrimony ordain'd,
That each might maintain what he got.

While under this Petticoat Rule,
The Men were oblig'd to ſubmit:
The Wife went abroad, and the Fool
Still own'd all that came to his Net.

The Men on this Syſtem refin'd:
They granted the Union for Life;
But made (their chaſte Spouſes to bind)
The Huſband the Head of the Wife.

Tradition eſtabliſh'd the Cheat
(Tradition makes all Things divine!)
It aw'd the dull Crow'd; but the Great
What precept could ever confine?

The ſacred Law-givers of yore,
And all the old Sages of Greece,
Could ſlyly diſpenſe with a Score;
Tho' others had but one a-piece.

'Twas thought for the good of Mankind;
So into the Canons it paſs'd;
The Mob will for ever be blind;
And therefore 'tis likely to laſt.

Still may the Decrees of the State
Impoſe on an ignorant Realm:
Let us our own Charter create,
And do as they do at the Helm.

When one has the Beauty to charm,
And t'other the Manhood to pleaſe,
In Love can there be any Harm,
Ariſing from Motives like theſe?

SONG 1185.

WHen Poets laviſh all their Store,
To paint a Miſtreſs gay;
They prove not how their Souls adore,
But what their Muſe can ſay.

Fame, the great Object of their Vows,
By various Names they woo;
And, while to Beauty Fancy bows,
Their Souls a Breath purſue.

Me no ſuch vain Ambition moves---
Ye Bards, enjoy your Fame!
My Heart can ſimply ſay it loves,
And heave Montelia's Name.

Montelia's Charms ſo far excel,
They make my Soul their Slave;
She's more, at leaſt, than I can tell;
And all I wiſh to have!

SONG 1186.

WHen here, Lucinda, firſt we came,
Where Arno rolls his ſilver Stream,
How briſk the Nymphs, the Swains how gay!
Content inſpir'd each rural Lay,
The Birds in livelier Concert ſung,
The Grapes in thicker Cluſters hung;

All look'd as Joy could never fail,
Among the Sweets of Arno's Vale.

But now, ſince good Palemon dy'd,
The chief of Shepherds, and the Pride;
Now Arno's Sons muſt all give Place,
To Northern Swains, and Iron Race;
The Taſte of Pleaſure now is o'er,
Thy Notes, Lucinda, pleaſe no more;
The Muſes droop, the Goths prevail,
Adieu the Sweets of Arno's Vale.

SONG 1187.

When bleſt with Belinda, what Bliſs did abound?
All Nature look'd lovely, and ſmiling around
The Fields, Trees, and Hedges, look'd chearful and gay,
And I look'd as briſk and as chearful as they;
But now ſhe is gone, what a Change do I find? [kind;
All Nature looks languid, uncouth, and un-
The Fields, Trees, and Hedges, that charm'd me before, [more.
Are like me forſaken, and pleaſe now no

We often have ſat by the Side of a Spring,
Where while I pip'd to her, Belinda would ſing; [Fair,
The Woods they would echo the Notes of the
And the Trees kiſſed each other, becauſe ſhe was there;
But now ſhe is gone, how I paſs the dull Day,
My Pipe I've forſaken, nor know how to play:
To the Woods when I wander and breath forth my Pain,
The Woods all upbraid me, and blab it again.
Fly ſwiftly ye Minutes, run faſter ye Hours,
And favour my Wiſhes, omnipotent Powers!
Old Time be good humour'd, and hie thee away; [Day.
When Belinda's return'd, you may reſt a whole
To behold my Belinda, O! what would I give!
To be thus without her, what Torture to live?
Ye Gods! if ye e'er took Compaſſion to ſave,
Send back my Belinda, or take back her Slave.

SONG 1188.

PEGGY.

When firſt my dear Laddie gade to the green Hill,
And I at Ew-milking firſt feyd my young Skill,
To bear the Milk-bowie, nae Pain was to me,
When I at the Bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When Corn Riggs wav'd yellow, and blue Heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on Moorlands, and ſweet riſing Fells, [to me,
Nae Birns, Briers, or Breckeps, gave Trouble
If I found but the Berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the Stane,
And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka Sport manly gave Pleaſure to me;
For nane can put, Wreſtle, or run ſwift at thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny ſings ſaftly the Cowden Broom knows,
And Roſe lilts ſweetly the milking the Ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can ſing;
At Throw the Woods Laddie, Beſs gars our Mill, [the
Lugs rings:
But when my dear Peggy ſings with better ſkill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-ſide, or the Laſs of
'Tis mony times ſweeter and pleaſing to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can Laſſes trow what they deſire?
And Praiſes ſae kindly encreaſe Love's Fire;
Give me ſtill this Pleaſure, my Study ſhall be
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

SONG 1189. *Tweed-Side.*

When Hope was quite ſunk in Deſpair,
My Heart it was ready to break;
My Life appear'd worthleſs my Care,
But now I will ſav't for thy Sake.
Where'er my Love travels by Day,
Wherever he lodges by Night,
With me his dear Image ſhall ſtay,
And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.
With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt Charms;
Hope Time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in thoſe Arms.
Whilſt thou waſt a Shepherd I priz'd
No higher Degree in this Life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a Height is becoming thy Wife.

For Beauty that's only Skin-deep,
Muſt fade like the Gowans of May;
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a Decay.
Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
Can quench the fair Fire of Love,
If Virtue's reign'd in the Wife,
And the Huſband have Senſe to approve.

SONG 1190.

When thy Beauty appears,
In its Graces and Airs,
All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky;
At Diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears;
So ſtrangely you dazzle my Eye!
But when, without Art,
Your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Bluſhes thro' every Vein,
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in your Heart,
Then I know you're a Woman again.

There's Paſſion and Pride
In our Sex (She reply'd ;)
And thus (might I gratify both) I would do :
Still an Angel appear to each Lover beſide,
But ſtill be a Woman to you.

SONG 1191.

WHen Love is lodg'd within the Heart,
Poor Virtue to the Outwork flies,
The Tongue in Thunder, takes her Part,
She darts in Lightning from the Eyes.
From Lips and Eyes with gifted Grace.
In vain we keep out charming Sin ;
For Love will find ſome weaker Place,
To let the dear Invader in.

SONG 1192. *Beſſy Bell.*

WHen a Lady like me condeſcends to agree
To let ſuch a Jackanaps taſte her,
With what Zeal and Care ſhould he Worſhip the Fair,
Who gives him —— what's Meat for his Maſter.
His Actions ſhould ſtill
Attend on her Will,
Hear, Sirrah, and take it for Warning,
To her he ſhould be
Each Night on his Knee,
And ſo he ſhould be on each Morning.

SONG 1193.

SUMMER.

WHen Dazies py'd, and Violets blue,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow Hue,
And Lady-Smocks all Silver white,
Do paint the Meadows with Delight ;
The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
Mocks Married Men, for thus ſings he ;
Cuckow! Cuckow! O Word of Fear,
Unpleaſing to a married Ear.

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten Straws,
And merry Larks are Plowmens Clocks :
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks:
The Cuckow then on ev'ry Tree
Mocks married Men, for thus ſings he :
Cuckow! Cuckow! O Word of Fear,
Unpleaſing to a married Ear.

WINTER.

When Iſicles hang by the Wall,
And dick the Shepherd blows his Nail ;
And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,
And Milk comes frozen home in Pail :
When Blood is nipt, and Ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owl ;
Tu-whit-tu-whoo, Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry, merry Note,
While greaſy Joan doth keel the Pot.

When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
And Coughing drowns the Parſon's Saw ;
And Birds ſit brooding in the Snow,
And Marian's Noſe looks red and raw :
Then roaſted Crabs hiſs in the Bowl,
And nightly ſings the ſtaring Owl ;

Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry, merry Note,
While greaſy Joan doth keel the Pot

SONG 1194.

WHe Thirſis leaves his Celia's Arms,
And ſails and ſails for diſtant Climes;
In gloomy Grief ſhe veils her Charms,
And mourning, mourning, ſpends her Time.

To Indian Shores her Sighs ſhe ſends,
To fill the flagging Sails;
And to the Gods her Pray'rs ſhe bends,
To give him proſp'rous Gales.
With equal Pains of Woe oppreſs'd,
Thirſis his Abſence mourns;
The mighty Love that's in his Breaſt,
Adds Wings to his Return.
At length arriv'd, with pleaſing Eyes,
He views the wiſh'd-for ſhore;
Claſp'd in his Celia's Arms he cries,
My dear we'll part no more.

SONG 1195.

WHen at my Nymphs devoted Feet,
Love bids me all my Woes repeat,
Obedient I the God obey,
I ſigh, I weep, complain, and pray:
In vain I ſigh, in vain implore,
The teazing Fair ſtill cries Encore,
The teazing Fair ſtill cries Encore.

Oh! Paphian Queen propitious prove,
Incline her Heart to me and Love;
Then when encircled in her Arms,
Panting I'll riſle all her Charms;
May ſhe in melting Sounds implore,
And cry, dear Strephon, Oh! Encore.

SONG 1196.

WHen all our Eyes are drawing Straws,
And every one ſits mute;
If a Man would open all their Mouths,
Heigh Ho's the Way to do't.
Sure if polite Behaviour ſhould
With Eaſe and Nature flow;
What can be Nature more than this,
With Eaſe to cry Heigh Ho?

Then let us give our Mouths the Way,
You can't avoid the Plot:
Gaping (as Lark with Looking-Glaſs)
Is by its likeneſs caught.
The Mouth, we know, is Wiſdom's Shop;
Then we may juſtly ſay
Of thoſe, who keep it always ſhut,
She's broke and run away.

But how engaging 'tis to gape!
Since every one allows,
That they muſt entertaining be,
Whoſe Mouths keep open Houſe:
Many Diſputes of this,---and that,
In Talking may be found:
But with one Voice we all agree;
When once Heigh Ho goes round.

'Tis gaping hinders many a Man
From ſpeaking Words in ſpite;
For tho' he ſhews his Teeth, they are
Too far apat to bite.
'Tis this helps Converſation out,
And when 'tis at a ſtand.
To every Mouth that open is,
'Tis gaping lends a Hand. [Eaſe,

'Twas nobly wiſh'd, one's Thoughts with
And readineſs to ſhew:
But what we mean, before we ſpeak,
B'our gaping you may know.
But I'd not for Preferment gape,
As many Fools may do:
For 'tis too much to ſtretch at once
One's Jaws and Conſcience too.

But when we are with honeſt Men,
'Tis Gaping gives us Eaſe;
For who can keep his Mouth ſhut up,
In ſuch bad Times as theſe?
Then let us take the Liberty,
Which no one can deny;
And tho' we open all our Mouths,
Informers we'll defy.

SONG 1197.

WHen dully wiſe, the Grave diſdain
The pleaſing Paſſion Love,
All Senſe out-grown of Joys and Pain,
By thoughtleſs Spleen they move:
All Nature ſits in Judgment's Place,
When Love like mine they blame;
Who can the glowing Heart but praiſe,
When Merit makes the Flame?

Like them, but ſway'd by Reaſon's Rule,
Amaz'd, I view the Weak,
Who Learning love in Folly's School,
Miſtake the Bliſs they ſeek:
Too oft, alas! the Face that's fair,
With feign'd good Humour gay,
Conceals the Soul that's inſincere,
And clouds the promis'd Day.

To her my Heart its Homage owes,
On true Deſert intent;
Whoſe Senſe of Nature's Bleſſing goes
No farther than Content:
Such Beauty Time itſelf ſhall ſpare,
Or what that Loſs ſupplies;
Virtue ſhall make her Reaſon's Care,
And charm the Lover's Eyes.

Her Face imperfect Conqueſt made,
And could but greatly charm;
Her Mind the ſubtile Fire conveyd,
With which my Soul is warm;
Then guiltleſs, let me hope the Flame
May reach at laſt ſo far,
To catch the Cauſe from whence it came,
And bleſs a faithful Pair.

SONG 1198.

WHen a Lover's Sighs his Miſtreſs gain,
What Joys his Soul poſſeſs?

The Mem'ry of his former Pain
Augments his Happineſs:
T'enjoy the Fair then ſtrait he flies,
No Danger can the Youth ſurprize,
With a fal, lal, lal, la, la, &c.
Till in her Arms he dies.

SONG 1199.

WHen Chloe's Picture was to Cloe ſhown,
Adorn'd with Charms and Beauty not her own;
Where Hogarth, pitying Nature, kindly made
Such Lips, ſuch Eyes as Chloe never had.

Ye Gods, ſhe cries, in Extaſy of Heart,
How near can Nature be expreſs'd by Art!
Well, it is wond'rous like!---Nay, let me die,
T'. very pouting Lip---the killing Eye.
Blunt and ſevere as Manly in the Play,
Downright replies---Like! Madam, do you ſay,
The Picture bears this Likeneſs, it is true,
The Canvaſs painted is, and ſo are you

SONG 1201. *My Goddeſs Celia, heavenly Fair.*

WHen Sylvia ſtrikes the trembling Strings
She charms with Melody divine;
But if a melting Air ſhe ſings,
In Concert all the Muſes join.

The youthful, wanton, little Loves
Around the beauteous Charmer fly;
And ev'ry Way the Virgin moves,
She makes us love, and bids us die.

The Graces preſs about the Fair,
Where Youth and blooming Glories reign;
And, while her Voice employs the Ear,
Her Eyes provoke an am'rous Pain.

How ſhall I mitigate my Woes?
O! where enjoy the wiſh'd Redreſs?
A Stranger to all ſoft Repoſe,
Where Charms and Muſick both oppreſs.

With her in Symphony we go;
We ſoar, when ſhrill ſhe riſes high:
And to ſoft Cadence ſinking low,
Intent the Faculties apply.

Italian Songs are wont to pleaſe,
Tho' ſenſeleſs Words join Harmony:
But ev'ry one to this agrees,
Both Senſe and Muſick meet in thee,

SONG 1200. *There liv'd long ago in a Country Place.*

WHen I viſit proud Celia juſt come from
my Glaſs,
She tells me I'm fluſter'd, and look like a
When I mean of my Paſſion to put her in
Mind
She bids me leave Drinking or ſhe'll

That ſhe's charmingly handſome I very well know,
And ſo is my Bottle, each Brimmer ſo too;
And to leave my Soul's Joy; Oh! 'tis Non-ſenſe to aſk,
Let her go to the Devil, bring t'other full Flaſk,
Had ſhe tax'd me with Gaming, and bade me forbear,
'Tis a thouſand to one I had lent her an Ear.
Had ſhe found out my Chloris, up three Pair of Stairs, [to Pray'rs.
I had baulk'd her and gone to St. James's
Had ſhe bade me read Homilies three times a Day, [ſay;
She perhaps had been humour'd with little to
But at Night to deny me my Flaſk of dear Red, [be ſaid.
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to

SONG 1202. *When mighty, &c.*

WHen humming Brown Beer was the Engliſhman's Taſte,
Our Wives they were merry, our Daughters were chaſte;
Their Breath ſmelt like Roſes whenever em-brac'd.
Oh! the Brown Beer of Old England,
And Oh! the Old Engliſh brown Beer.

Ere Coffee and Tea found its Way to the Town,
Our Anceſtors they by their Fires ſat down,
Their Bread it was White, and their Bread it was Brown,
Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.
Our Heroes of old, of whoſe Conqueſts we boaſt,
Could make a good Meal of a Pot and a Toaſt?
Oh, did we ſo now, we ſhould ſoon rule the Roaſt!
Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

When the great Spaniſh Fleet on our Coaſt did appear,
Our Sailors each one drank a Jorum of Beer,
And ſent them away with a Flea in their Ear.
Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

Our Clergymen then took a Cup of good Beer,
Ere they mounted the Roſtrum, their Spirits to cheer;
Then preach'd againſt Vice tho' Courtiers were near.
Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

Their Doctrines were then authentick and bold,
Well grounded on Scripture, and Fathers of old; [are told.
But now they preach Nothing but what they
Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.
For ſince the Geneva and ſtrong Ratafee,
They are dwindl'd to nothing, but ſtay---let me ſee;
Faith nothing at all but meer Fiddle-de-dee.

SONG 1203. *Salley in our Alley.*

WHen Gammer Gurton firſt I knew,
Four Teeth in all ſhe reckon'd:
Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,
And t'other two a ſecond.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear
The third, whene'er it comes-a;
Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,
And I'll enſure your Gums-a.

SONG 1204.

WHen firſt to Cambridge we do come,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
From Mamma's dear beloved Home,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Firſt, we muſt have a Cap and Gown,
And next, the prettieſt Girl in Town.
Tol, lol deral, &c.

The next, a Tutor we muſt have,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
'Tis ten to one he proves a Knave,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Who minds not what we do all Day,
So we come home at Night to pray.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then ſtrait he buys us Ariſtotle,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Which we pawn often for a Bottle;
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
And Euclid's Element's muſt pack,
For a better Element, good Sack.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then he writes home unto our Friends,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
For Money to ſerve his own Ends,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Which he keeps ſafe lock'd up in Trunk,
Whilſt we abroad are ticking drunk.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

There's Item, for Homer, that blind Poet,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Be ſure your Tutor does not know it:
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
We'll ſmoak, and drink, and merry be,
Until we are as blind as he,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then hang all ſtudying to no End,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Enjoy your Bottle and your Friend,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
We'll drink and ſmoak, and take our Fill;
We may be Perſons if we will.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

SONG 1205 *Sweet are the, &c.*

WHen gay Philander fell a Prize
To Am'ret's conqu'ring Eyes;
He took his Pipe, he fought the Plain,
Regardleſs of his growing Pain;

And reſolutely bent to wreſt
The bearded Arrow from his Breaſt.

Come, gentle Gales, the Shepherd cry'd,
Be Cupid and his Bow defy'd:
But as the Gales obſequious flew,
With flow'ry Scents, and ſpicy Dew,
He did, unknowingly, repeat,
The Breath of Amoret is ſweet.

His Pipe again the Shepherd try'd,
And warbling Nightingales reply'd;
Their Sounds in rival Meaſures move,
And meeting Echo's crown the Grove.
His Thoughts that rov'd, again repeat,
The Voice of Amoret is ſweet.

Since ev'ry fair and lovely View,
His Thoughts of Amoret renew,
From flow'ry Lawn, and ſhady Green,
To Proſpect Gloomy, chang'd the Scene:
Sad change for him! for ſighing there,
He thought of Lovers in Deſpair.

Convinc'd, the ſad Philander cries,
Now, cruel God, aſſert thy Prize,
For Love its fatal Empire gains:
Yet grant, in pity to my Pains,
Theſe Lines the Nymph may oft repeat,
And own Philander's Lays are ſweet.

SONG 1206.

WHen Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When Mary was compleat Fifteen,
And Love laugh'd in her Eye;
Blythe Davy's Blinks her Heart did move
To ſpeak her Mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn, Davie, my Love,
And I ſhall follow thee.

Now Davie did each Lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this Burn-ſide,
And Mary was the bonnieſt Laſs,
Juſt meet to be a Bride;
Her Cheeks were roſie, red and white,
Her Een were bonny blue;
Her Looks were like Aurora bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their Way,
What tender Tales they ſaid!
His Cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her Boſom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully bleſt,
In yonder Vale they lean'd them down;
Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And nathing ſure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſaw,
They lik'd a Walk ſae ſweet;
And that they aften ſhou'd return
Sic Pleaſure to renew.
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the Burn,
And ay ſhall follow you.

SONG 1207.

WHen Wit and Beauty meet in one
That acts an amorous Part;
What Nymph its mighty Power can ſhun,
Or 'ſcape a wounded Heart?
Thoſe potent, wond'rous potent Charms,
Where'er they bleſs a Swain;
He needs not ſleep with empty Arms,
He needs not ſleep with empty Arms,
Nor dread ſevere Diſdain.

Aſtræa ſaw the Shepherds bleed,
Regardleſs of their Pain;
Unmov'd ſhe heard their Oaten Reed,
They danc'd and ſung in vain;
At length Amintor did appear,
That Miracle of Man;
He pleas'd her Eyes, and charm'd her Ear,
He pleas'd her Eyes, and charm'd her Ear,
She lov'd, and call'd him Pan.

But he, as tho' deſign'd by Fate,
Revenger of the Harms,
Which others ſuffer'd from her Hate,
Riſl'd and left her Charms;
Then Nymphs no longer keep in Pain
A plain well-meaning Heart,
Leſt you ſhou'd join for ſuch Diſdain,
Leſt you ſhou'd join for ſuch Diſdain,
In poor Aſtræa's Smart.

SONG 1208.

WHen yielding firſt to Damon's Flame,
I ſunk into his Arms;
He ſwore he'd ever be the ſame,
Then rifled all my Charms.

But, fond of what he long deſir'd,
Too eager of his Prey,
My Shepherd's Flame, alas! expir'd,
Before the Verge of Day.

My Innocence of Lovers Wars
Reproach'd his quick defeat;
Confus'd, aſham'd, and bath'd in Tears,
I mourn'd his cold Retreat.

At length, ah! Shepherdeſs, cry'd he,
Would you my Fire renew.
You muſt, alas! retreat like me,
I'm loſt if you purſue

SONG 1209.

WHen love-ſick Mars, the God of Wars,
Sat ſighing in a Shade
The willing, willing Goddeſs bath'd
Thoſe Wounds herſelf had made.

All Rapture he, all charming ſhe,
Gave Kiſs for ev'ry Scar;
Thus raviſh'd he with the Deity,
Swore Love was the nobler War.

Thus fighting he would for ever die
Melting in Cælia's Arms,

And pawn an Immortality
For her diviner Charms.

SONG 1210.

WHen Delia on the Plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tenders Fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks my raviſh'd Ear
No other Voice but her's can bear
No other Wit but her's approve;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

If ſhe ſome other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt Friend,
That Inſtant, Enemy I prove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all, that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt Spring, or ſhady Grove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

When arm'd with inſolent Diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

SONG 1211.

WHen Strephon to Chloe made Love his Pretence,
'Twas all but a Sham, his chief Aim was her Pence.

For twelve Thouſand Pounds the ſly Gipſy did paſs,
And he topp'd as much with an impudent Face.

And thus for a while they lay both on the Catch,
Till at length they conſulted, and ſtruck up a Match:
But ſoon to their Loſs, for all their deep Wit,
He found himſelf trapp'd, and ſhe found herſelf bit.

Such Wedlock's a Banter, the Wife make no Doubt,
And thoſe that get in, would be glad to get out;
'Twas ever confeſt, ſince the World firſt began,
Your Fortunes are Bites, ſo bite as bite can.
Soldier and Citizen, Lawyer and 'Squire,
Both Sexes for Money each other admire;
All ſpread out their Snares, in hopes to trapan,
The World's all a Cheat and ſo cheat as cheat can.

SONG 1212.

WHen Sylvia, in Bathing, her Charms does expoſe,
The pretty Bouquet dancing under her Noſe!
My Heart is juſt ready to part from my Soul,
And leap from the Gallery into the Bowl.

Each Day I provide too,
A Bribe for her Guide too,
And give her a Crown,
To bring me the Water where ſhe ſat down.
Let crazy Phyſicians think Pumping a Cure,
That Virtue is doubtful, but Silvia is ſure.

The Fiddlers I hire to play ſomething ſublime,
And all the While throbbing my Heart beats the Time; [goes;
She enters, they flouriſh, and ceaſe when ſhe
That who 'tis addreſs'd to ſtrait ev'ry one knows.
Wou'd I were a Vermin,
Call'd one of her Chairmen,
Or ſerv'd as a Guide;
Tho' I ſhew'd, as they do, a damn'd tawny Hide.
Or elſe like a Pebble at Bottom to lie,
To ogle her Beauties, how happy were I.

SONG 1213.

WHen lovely Phillis thou art kind,
Nought but Raptures fill my mind;
'Tis then I think thee ſo divine,
T' excel the mighty Pow'r of Wine;
But when thou inſult'ſt, and laugh'ſt at my Pain,
I waſh thee away with ſparkling Champaign;
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother, [ther.
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of ano-
When Pity in thy Looks I ſee,
I freely quit my Friends for thee;
Perſuaſive Love ſo charms me then,
My Freedom I'd not wiſh again:
But when thou art cruel, and heed'ſt not my Care,
Then ſtrait with a Bumper I baniſh Deſpair;
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother, [ther.
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of ano-

SONG 1214.

WHen firſt I beheld Clarinda's Eyes,
Love did my trembling Heart ſurprize:
Long have I hugg'd my am'rous Chain,
And long have mourn'd the fair Tyrant's Diſdain:
Still whining and ſighing,
And pining and dying,
Not once bravely trying Relief to obtain.

Now ſhall the Feeble Boy reſign
To the gay bluſhing God of Wine,
Wine's a Specifick in ev'ry Diſeaſe,
Drink Wine, and frail Beauty no longer ſhall teaze.
Thus whilſt I'm deſtroying
Th' effects of proud Coying,
I'm daily enjoying, and purchaſing Eaſe.
Come put the clattering Glaſſes round,
Hark! with what Harmony they ſound!
Enlarg'd by this Bumper my Freedom I boaſt.

And thus I recover the Heart I had loſt,
But whence all this trembling!
A relapſe ſo reſembling!
In vain is diſſembling---Clarinda's the Toaſt.

SONG 1215

WHen firſt I fair Celinda knew,
Her Favour then was great,
Her Eyes I could with Freedom view,
And Friendly Rays did meet.

In every Scene we paſt the Time,
That cou'd to Pleaſure move;
She often deign'd to head me rhime,
And read my Songs of Love.

At length my Licence grew too bold,
Preſt by poetic Flame;
And when my Paſſion I had told,
She loath'd the Poet's Name.

Thus I that could her Friendſhip boaſt,
And did her Love purſue,
Am taught Subjection at the Coſt
Of Love and Friendſhip too.

SONG 1216.

WHen abſent from the Nymph I love,
I'd fain ſhake off the Chains I wear;
But whilſt I ſtrive theſe to remove,
More Fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
My captiv'd Fancy Day and Night
Fairer and fairer repreſents
Belinda form'd for dear Delight,
But cruel Cauſe of my Complaints.

All Day I wander thro' the Groves,
And ſighing hear from ev'ry Tree
The happy Birds chirping their Loves,
Happy compar'd, with lonely me.
When Gentle Sleep, with Belmy Wings,
To Reſt fans ev'ry weary'd Wight,
A thouſand Fears my Fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the Night.

Sleep flies, while, like the Goddeſs fair,
And all the Graces in her Train,
With melting Smiles and killing Air,
Appears the Cauſe of all my Pain.
A-while my Mind delighted flies
O'er all her Sweets with thriling Joy,
Whilſt want of Worth makes Doubts ariſe,
That all my trembling Hopes deſtroy.

Thus while my Thoughts are fix'd on her
I'm all o'er Tranſport and Deſire;
My Pulſe beats high, my Cheeks appear
All Roſes, and my Eyes all Fire.
When to myſelf I turn my View,
My Veins grow chill, my Cheeks look wan;
Thus whilſt my Fears my Pains renew,
I ſcarcely look or move a Man.

SONG 1217.

WHen Beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The Muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing,
Than can the Lark, with riſing Light,
Her Notes neglect with drooping Wing.

The Morning ſhines, harmonious Birds mount high;
The dawning Beauty ſmiles, and Poets fly.

Young Annie's budding Graces claim
Th' inſpiring Thought, and ſofteſt Lays,
And kindle in the Breaſt a Flame,
Which muſt be vented in her Praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you ſeen
E'er one ſo like an Angel tread the Green.

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts;
When ſhe appears, take the Alarm:
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And Wings an Arrow from each Charm.
Around her Eyes and Smiles and Graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy Neck and Breaſt reſort.

But vain muſt every Caution prove,
When ſuch enchanting Sweetneſs ſhines;
The wounded Swain muſt yield to Love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.
Such Flames the foppiſh Butterfly ſhou'd ſhun;
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,
Her lovely Features are compleat;
Whilſt Heav'n indulgent makes her ſhare
With Angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe Virtues which divinely deck her Mind,
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural Scenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy Town;
O! happy he her Favour Gains,
Unhappy! if ſhe on him frown.
The Muſe unwilling quits the lovely Theme,
Adieu ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her Name.

SONG 1218.

WHen Maids live to Thirty, and never repent,
When Europe's at Peace, and all England content,
When Gameſters won't ſwear, and no Bribery thrives,
Young Wives love old Huſbands, young Huſband old Wives;
When Landlords love Taxes, and Soldiers love Peace;
And Lawyers forget a rich Client to fleece:
When an old Face ſhall pleaſe as well as a new,
Wives, Huſbands, and Lovers will ever be true.

When Bullies leave huffing, and Cowards their Trembling,
And Courtiers, and Women, and Prieſts their diſſembling,
When theſe ſhall do nothing againſt what they teach,
Pluralities hate, and we mind what they preach:

When Vintners leave Brewing to draw the Wine pure,
And Quacks by their Medicines kill leſs than they cure;
When an old Face ſhall pleaſe as well as a new,
Wives, Huſbands and Lovers will ever be true.

SONG 1219.

WHen Orpheus went down to the Regions below,
Which Men are forbidden to ſee;
He tun'd up his Lyre, as old Hiſtories ſhew,
To ſet his Eurydice free,
——To ſet his Eurydice free.

All Hell was aſtoniſh'd, a Perſon ſo wiſe
Sould raſhly endanger his Life,
And venture ſo far, but how vaſt their Surprize!
When they heard that he came for his Wife.
---how vaſt their Surprize! when they heard that he came for his Wife,

To find out a Puniſhment due to the Fault,
Old Pluto had puzzl'd his Brain;
But Hell had not Torments ſufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his Wife back again,
——ſo he gave him, &c.

But Pity ſucceeding ſoon vanquiſh'd his Heart,
And pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again, in Reward of his Art;
Such Power had Muſick in Hell.
——in Reward, &c.

SONG 1220.

WHen Orpheus went down to the Regions below,
To bring back the Wife that he lov'd;
Old Pluto confounded, as Hiſtories ſhow,
To find that his Muſick ſo mov'd:
That a Woman ſo good, ſo virtuous and fair,
Shou'd be by a Man thus trapann'd,
To give up her Freedom for Sorrow and Care;
He own'd ſhe deſerv'd to be damn'd.

For Puniſhment he never ſtudy'd a whit,
The Torments of Hell had not Pain
Sufficient to curſe her; ſo Pluto thought fit
Her Huſband ſhould have her again.

But ſoon he compaſſion'd the Woman's hard Fate,
And knowing of Mankind ſo well,
He recall'd her again, before 'twas too late,
And ſaid, ſhe'd be happier in Hell.

SONG 1221.

WHen Nymphs are coy,
And fly from Joy,
The Shepherd takes his Reed;
He plays a Tune,
She ſtops as ſoon,
And ſtraight they are agreed.

The Battle near,
When Cowards fear,
The Drum and Trumpet ſounds;
Their Courage warms,
They ruſh to Arms,
And brave a thouſand Wounds.

CHORUS.

By Harmony our Souls are ſway'd;
By Harmony the World was made.

SONG 1222.

WHen Daphne firſt her Shepherd ſaw,
A ſudden Tremb'ling ſeiz'd her;
Honour her wond'ring Looks did awe:
She durſt not view what pleas'd her.

When at her Feet he ſighing lay,
She found her Heart complying;
Yet wou'd not to her Love give way,
To ſave her Swain from dying.

The little God ſtood laughing by,
To ſee her dext'rous feigning;
He bid the bluſhing fair comply,
The Shepherd leave complaining.

SONG 1223.

WHen Wit and charming Beauty meet,
To form an Excellence divine;
I own the Conqueſt is compleat,
And with a willing Joy my Heart reſign.
What Fool ſo mad to hope for Liberty,
When Chains like yours can make us more than free?

'Tis true, Eugenia, your fair Eyes
Had gain'd the Conqueſt long before;
They made my Heart your Beauty's Prize,
But now your Tongue has added ſomething more.
Myſelf your Slave by double Force I find,
You firſt attack'd my Paſſions, now my mind.

SONG 1224.

WHen mighty Roaſt Beef was the Engliſhman's Food,
It ennobled our Veins, and enrich'd our Blood,
Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good,
Oh! the Roaſt Beef of Old England,
And oh! the Old Engliſh Roaſt Beef.

But ſince we have learnt from all-conquering France.
To eat their Ragouſts as well as to dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaiſance, Oh! the Roaſt Beef, &c.

Our Father's of old were robuſt, ſtout and ſtrong,
And keept open Houſe with good Cheer all Day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song,
Oh! the Roaſt Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to-what ſhall I name?
A ſneaking poor Race, half begotten and tame,
Who ſully thoſe Honours that once ſhone in Fame.
Oh! the Roaſt Beef, &c.
When good Queen Elizabeth ſat on the Throne,
Ere Coffee and Tea and ſuch Slip-ſlops were known,

The World was in Terror, if e'er ſhe did frown.
Oh! the Roaſt Beef, &c.

In thoſe Days, if Fleets did preſume on the Main,
They ſeldom or never return'd back again,
As Witneſs the vaunting Armada of Spain,
Oh! the Roaſt Beef, &c.

Oh! then they had Stomach's to eat and to fight,
And when Wrongs were a cooking, to do themſelves right,
But now we're a Pack of-- I could,--but good Night:
Oh the Roaſt Beef of Old England,
And oh! the Old Engliſh Roaſt Beef.

SONG 1225.

WHen Fanny blooming fair
First met my raviſh'd Sight,
Caught with her Shape and Air,
I felt a ſtrange Delight:
Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry Part,
And ev'ry Feature prais'd,
She ſtole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes
Young ſmiling Loves appear,
There Cupid baſking lies,
His Shafts are hoarded there:
Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the Pride
Of Roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd Limbs confeſs
The lucky Hand of Jove;
Her Features all expreſs
The Beauteous Queen of Love:
What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breaſt
Of that too lovely Maid,
Riſe ſuing to be preſt.

Venus round Fanny's Waiſt
Hath her own Ceſtus bound,
With Guardian Cupids grac'd,
Who ſport the Circle round:
How happy will he be,
Who ſhall her Zone unlooſe!
That Bliſs to all but me
May Heav'n and ſhe refuſe.

SONG 1226.

WHen Lucinda's blooming Beauty
Did the eager Town ſurprize;
Strephon foremoſt paid his Duty,
And there fix'd his wond'ring Eyes:
Like to Lillies mix'd with Roſes,
Are the Tinctures of her Face;
And her brighter Mind diſcloſes
Charms we no where elſe can trace.

She alone, the Life of Pleaſure,
Makes the Ball, the Park, the Play,

Scatt'ring round her radiant Treaſure,
Gives her Slaves a golden Day.
Yet, whoſe Thoughts are too aſpiring,
Of her magic Power beware;
Learn to live by ſtrict admiring;
Love ſhe tortures with Deſpair.

SONG 1227.

WHen Chloe we ply,
We ſwear we ſhall die,
Her Eyes do our Hearts ſo enthrall;
But 'tis for her Pelf,
And not for herſelf:
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Maidens are coy,
They'll piſh, and they'll fie!
And ſwear if you're rude they will call:
But whiſper ſo lo,
By which you may know,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear, the Wives cry,
If ever you die,
'To marry again I ne'er ſhall;
But leſs than a Year
Will make it appear,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

In Marriage of State,
And Party Debate,
For Church and for Juſtice we brawl:
But if you'll attend,
You'll find in the End,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

SONG 1228.

WHen bright Aurelia tript the Plain,
How chearful then was ſeen
The Looks of ev'ry jolly Swain,
That ſtrove Aurelia's Heart to gain,
With Gambols on the Green?

Their Sports were innocent and gay,
Mixt with a manly Air;
They'd ſing and dance, and pipe and play,
Each ſtrove to pleaſe ſome diff'rent way
This dear inchanting Fair.

Th' ambitious Strife ſhe did admire,
And equally approve,
'Till Phaon's tuneful Voice and Lyre
With ſofteſt Muſick did inſpire
Her Soul to gen'rous Love.

Their wonted Sport the reſt declin'd,
Their Arts prov'd all in vain;
Aurelia's conſtant now they find
The more they languiſh and repine,
The more ſhe loves the Swain.

SONG 1229.

WHen the bright God of Day
Drove weſtward each Ray,
And the Evening was charming and clear,

The Swallows amain
Nimbly ſkim o'er the Plain,
And our Shadows like Giants appear.

In a Jeſſamine Bow'r,
When the Bean was in Flow'r,
And Zephyr breath'd Odours around;
Lovely Sylvia was ſat,
With a Song and Spinnet,
To charm all the Grove with the Sound.

Roſie Bowers ſhe ſung,
While the Harmony rung,
And the Birds they all flutt'ring ſtrive;
Th' induſtrious Bees,
From the Flowers and Trees,
Gently hum with their Sweets to their Hive,

The gay God of Love,
As he rang'd o'er the Grove,
By Zephyr conducted along;
As ſhe touch'd o'er the Strings,
He beat Time with his Wings,
And Echo repeated the Song.

Oh! ye Rovers, beware
How you venture too near,
Love is doubly arm'd for to wound;
Your Fate you can't ſhun,
And you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the Sound.

SONG 1230.

WHen Earth was wrapt in dark Midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's Feet.

Her Face was like the April Morn,
Clad in a wint'ry Cloud,
And Clay-cold was her Lily Hand,
That held the ſable Shrowd.

So ſhall the faireſt Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings muſt wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the ſpringing Flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver Dew;
The Roſe was budded in her Cheek,
And op'ning to the View.

But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early Prime:
The Roſe grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.

Awake, ſhe cry'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight Grave;
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dark and fearful Hour,
When injur'd Ghoſts complain;
Now dreary Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithleſs Swain.

Bethink thee, William, of they Fault,
Thy Pledge and broken Oath,
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

How could you ſay my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forſake!
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break!

How could you promiſe Love to me,
And not that Promiſe keep!
Why did you ſwear mine Eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe Eyes to weep!

How could you ſay my Lips were ſweet,
And made the Scarlet pale!
And why did I, poor witleſs Maid,
Believe thy flatt'ring Tale!

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
Thoſe Lips no longer red;
Dark are mine Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Siſter is,
This winding Sheet I wear;
And cold and weary laſts our Night,
'Till that laſt Morn appear.

But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and laſt Adieu!
Come ſee, falſe Man, how low ſhe lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

Now Birds did ſing, and Morning ſmile,
And ſhew her gliſt'ring Head;
Pale William ſhook in ev'ry Limb,
Then, raving, left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where Marg'ret's Body lay,
And ſtretch'd him on the green Graſs Turf,
That warpt her breathleſs Clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's Name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,
And Word ſpake never more.

SONG 1231.

WHen firſt I laid ſiege to my Chloris,
Cannon-Oaths I brought down,
To batter the Town,
And I ſtorm'd her with amorous Stories,
Billet-doux like ſmall Shot did ſo ply her,
And ſometimes a Song
Went whiſtling along,
But ſtill I was never the nigher.

At length ſhe ſent Word by a Trumpet,
If I lik'd that Life,
She would be my Wife,
But ſhe would not be any Man's Strumpet.

I told her that Mars would not marry,
And ſwore by my Scars,
Got in Combats and Wars,
That I'd ſooner dig Stones in a Quarry.

At length ſhe granted the Favour,
Without the dull Curſe,
For better, for worſe,
And ſav'd the dull Parſon the Labour.

SONG 1232.

WHen Orpheus ſweetly did complain
Upon his Lute, with heavy Strain,
How his Eurydice was ſlain!
The Trees to hear
Obtain'd an Ear,
And after left it off again.

At ev'ry Stroke, at ev'ry Stay,
The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay,
And liſt'ned bending every way;
The Aſhen Tree
As well as he
Began to ſhake and learnt to play.

If Wood could ſpeak, a Tree might hear,
If Wood can ſound our Grief ſo near,
A Tree might drop an Amber Tear:
If Wood ſo well
Could ſound a Knell,
The Cypreſs might condole the Bier.

The ſtanding Nobles of the Grove,
Hearing dead Wood to ſpeak and move,
The fatal Axe began to love;
They envy'd Death,
That gave ſuch Breath,
As Men alive do Saints above.

SONG 1233.

WHen wilt thou break, my ſtubborn Heart?
O Death, how ſlow to take my Part!
Whatever I purſue denies,
Death, Death itſelf, like Myra flies.

Love and Deſpair, like Twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal Birth my Breaſt;
No Hope could be, her Scorn was all
That to my deſtin'd Lot cou'd fall.

I thought, alas! that Love cou'd dwell
But in warm Climes, where no Snow fell;
Like Plants that kindly Heat require,
To be maintain'd by conſtant Fire.

That, without Hope, 'twou'd die as ſoon,
A little Hope——But I have none:
On Air the poor Camelions thrive;
Deny'd even that, my Love can live.

As toughеſt Trees in Storms are bred,
And grow, in ſpite of Winds, and ſpread;
The more the Tempeſt tears and ſhakes
My Love, the deeper Root it takes.

Deſpair, that Acconite does prove,
And certain Death to others Love,
That Poiſon, never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turn to Food.

O! for what Crime is my torn Heart
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs Smart?
Like ſad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endleſs Pain, and never die.

SONG 1234.

WHen firſt, Dorinda, your bright Eyes
Had made my Heart your Slave,
In vain I ſought for to diſguiſe
The Fortunes that you gave.

Durſt hardly call my Fate unkind,
Or to myſelf complain,
For fear ſome buſy, liſtening Mind
Should over-hear my Pain.

Your Beauty did my Paſſion awe,
So great your Virtues were,
That all around I nothing ſaw,
But Proſpect of Deſpair.

Fond Heart, I cry'd, hide, hide thy Love,
Thy too fond Thought reclaim:
But all in vain, alas! I ſtrove
To hide a raging Flame.

SONG 1235.

WHen Gold is in Hand,
It gives us Command,
It makes us lov'd and reſpected:
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and Senſe when Poor,
Are ſcorn'd, o'erlook'd and neglected,

Though peeviſh and old,
If Women have Gold,
They have Youth, good Humour and Beauty:
Among all Mankind,
Without it we find,
Nor Love, nor Favour, nor Duty.

SONG 1236. *Jenny the Pedlar and amorous Jockey.*

WHen Jockey firſt I ſaw, my Soul was charm'd,
To ſee the bony Lad ſo blith, ſo blith and gay,
My Heart did beat, it being alarm'd,
That I to Jockey nought nought could ſay.

At laſt I Courage took, and Paſſion quite forſook,
And told the bony Lad his Charms I felt;
He then did ſmile, with a pleaſing Look,
And told me Jenny in his Arms, his Arms ſhould melt.

SONG 1237.

WHen I ſurvey Clarinda's Charms,
Folded within my circling Arms,
What endleſs Pleaſures move along,
Serenely ſoft and ſweetly ſtrong:
Ev'ry Smile invites to Love,
Balmy Kiſſes,
Am'rous Bliſſes,
Ev'ry riſing Charm improve.

Immortal Bliſs that ne'er will cloy,
Always attends her Angel Form;
Softeſt Repoſe and blooming Joy,
In her conſpire the Soul to charm:
All that Joy or Love create,
Beauteous Bleſſing,
Paſt expreſſing,
Round the tender Fair One wait.

Love on her Breaſt has fix'd his Throne,
And Cupid ravels in her Eyes;
Who can the Charmer's Power diſown,
When in each Glance and Arrow flies!
Yet when wounded, we feel no Pain;
No, 'tis Pleaſure,
Above Meaſure,
Raptures flow in ev'ry Vein.

SONG 1238.

WHenever, Chloe, I begin
Your Heart, like mine, to move,
You tell me of the crying Sin
Of unchaſte lawleſs Love.

How can that Paſſion be a Sin,
Which gave to Chloe Birth?
How can thoſe Joys but be divine,
Which make a Heav'n on Earth?

To wed, Mankind the Prieſts trapann'd,
By ſome ſly Fallacy,
And diſobey'd God's great Command,
Increaſe and Multiply.

You ſay that Love's a Crime: Content:
Yet this allow you muſt,
More Joy's in Heav'n when one repents,
Than over ninety Juſt.

Sin then, dear Girl, for Heav'n's Sake,
Repent and be forgiv'n;
Bleſs me, then by Repentance make
A Holiday in Heav'n.

SONG 1239.

WHence comes it, Neighbour Dick,
That you, with Youth uncommon,
Have ſerv'd the Girls this Trick,
And wedded an old Woman?
Happy Dick!

Each Belle condemns the Choice
Of a Youth ſo gay and ſprightly;
But we your Friends rejoice,
That you have judg'd ſo rightly:
Happy Dick!

Tho' odd to ſome it ſounds,
That on Threeſcore you ventur'd;
Yet in ten thouſand Pounds
Ten thouſand Charms are center'd:
Happy Dick:

Beauty, we know, will fade,
As doth the ſhort liv'd Flower;
Nor can the faireſt Maid
Inſure her Bloom an Hour:
Happy Dick!

Then wiſely you reſign,
For Sixty, Charms ſo tranſient;
As the Curious value Coin
The more for being Ancient:
Happy Dick!

With Joy your Spouſe ſhall ſee
The fading Beauties round her,
And ſhe her-ſelf ſhall be
The ſame that firſt you found her:
Happy Dick!

Oft is the married State
With Jealouſies attended;
And hence, thro' foul Debate,
Are Nuptial Joys ſuſpended:
Happy Dick!

But you, with ſuch a Wife,
No jealous Fears are under;
She's yours alone, for Life,
Or much we all ſhall wonder:
Happy Dick!

Her Death wou'd grieve you ſore,
But let not that torment you;
My Life! ſhe'll ſee Fourſcore,
If that will but content you:
Happy Dick!

On this you may rely,
For the Pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,
Unleſs the D——l's in her:
Happy Dick!

Some have the Name of Hell
To Matrymony given;
How falſely, you can tell,
Who find it ſuch a Heaven:
Happy Dick!

With you, each Day and Night
Is crown'd with Joy and Gladneſs;
While envious Virgins bite
The hated Sheets for Madneſs:
Happy Dick!

With Spouſe long ſhare the Bliſs
Y'had miſs'd in any other;
And when you've bury'd this,
May you have ſuch another:
Happy Dick!

Obſerving hence, by you,
In Marriage ſuch Decorum,
Our wiſer Youth ſhall do,
As you have done before 'em:
Happy Dick!

SONG 1240.

WHere would coy Aminta run
From a deſpairing Lover's Story?
When her Eyes have Conqueſt won,
Why ſhou'd her Ears refuſe the Glory?
Shall a Slave whom Racks conſtrain,
Be forbidden to complain?
Let her ſcorn me, let her fly me;
Ne'er can my Heart change for Relief,
Or my Tongue ceaſe to tell my Grief.
Much to love, and much to pray,
Is to Heav'n the only Way.

SONG 1241, *Where ſhall our Goodman lie.*

He. WHere wad bonny Anne lie?
Alane nae mair ye maun lie?
Wad ye a Goodman try?
Is that the Thing ye're laking?

She. Can a Laſs ſae young as I
Venture on the bridal Tie,

Syne down with a Goodman lie?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

He. Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your Goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to lie,
And fleep till ye be weary.

She. What if I fhou'd wauking lie,
When the Hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My Dear, I'm faint and iry?

He. In my Bofom thou fhall lie,
When thou waukrife art or dry,
Healthy Cordial ftanding by,
Shall preſently revive thee.

She. To your Will I then comply,
Join us, Prieſt, and let me try
How I'll wi' a Goodman lie
Wha can a Cordial give me.

SONG 1242.

WHerever I am, and whatever I do,
My Phillis is ſtill in my Mind;
When angry I mean not to Phillis to go,
My Feet of themſelves the Way find.
Unknown to myſelf I am juſt at her Door,
And when I wou'd rail, I can bring out no more
Then Phillis the fair and unkind.
When Phillis I ſee, my Heart bounds in my Breaſt,
And the Love I wou'd ſtifle is ſhown;
But aſleep, or awake, I am never at reſt,
When from my Eyes Phillis is gone.
Sometimes a ſad Dream deludes my ſad Mind;
But alas! when I wake, and no Phillis I find,
How I ſigh to myſelf all alone!
Shou'd a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He ſhou'd offer his Treaſure in vain:
O let me alone to be happy and poor!
And give me my Phillis again.
Let Phillis be mine, and for ever be kind,
I cou'd to a Deſart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign.
Alas! I diſcover too much of my Love,
And ſhe too well knows her own Pow'r;
She makes me each Day a Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each Hour:
But let her each Minute torment my poor Mind,
I had rather love Phillis both falſe and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r,

SONG 1243.

WHile in the Bow'r, with Beauty bleſt,
The lov'd Amintor lies;
While ſinking on Zelinda's Breaſt,
He fondly, fondly kiſs'd her Eyes;
He fondly, fondly kiſs'd her Eyes;
A waking Nightingale, who long
Had mourn'd within the Shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song.
And warbled, warbled, thro' the Glade!
And warbled warbled, warbled, thro' the

Melodious Songſtreſs, cry'd the Swain,
To Shades leſs happy go;
Or, if with us thou wilt remain,
Forbear, forbear, thy tuneful Woe.
Forbear, forbear, forbear, thy tuneful Woe.

While in Zelinda's Arms I lie,
To Song I am not free;
On her ſoft Boſom while I ſigh,
I Diſcord, Diſcord, find in thee;
I Diſcord, Diſcord, find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect Joys;
Then ceaſe thy fond Intruſion:
Be ſilent; Muſick now is Noiſe,
Variety, Variety, Confuſion;
Varie----ty, Confuſion.

SONG 1244.

WHile ſome for Pleaſure pawn their Health,
'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
I'll ſave myſelf, and without Stealth
Kiſs and careſs my Nanny-O.
She bids more fair t'engage a Jove
Than Leda did, or Danae-O:
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but Nanny-O.

How joyfully my Spirits would riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely-O;
I gueſs what Heaven is by her Eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely-O.
Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
Breathe in the bleſt Britannio,
None's Happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me Nanny-O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny-O.
My lovely charming Nanny-O;
I care not tho' the World know
How dearly I love Nanny-O.

SONG 1245.

WHile I, fair Delia, view thy Face,
And ev'ry Charm admire,
Thy Eyes a thouſand Raptures raiſe,
And burn me with Deſire.

Tranſported thus, thou lovely Maid!
With Pleaſure I gaze on,
'Till, by my heedleſs Look, betray'd,
I'm unawares undone.
Thus the poor Wretch, whoſe luckleſs Sight
The fatal Serpent ſpies,
Looks on, and gazes with Delight;
But, as he gazes, dies.

SONG 1246.

WHile I liſten to thy Voice,
Chloris! I feel my Life decay:
That pow'rful Noiſe
Calls my fleeting Soul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs that magick Sound
Which deſtroys without a Wound.

Peace, Chloris, Peace! or ſinging die;
That together you and I
To Heav'n may go:
For all we know
Of what the bleſſed do above,
Is that they ſing, and that they love.

SONG 1247.

WHile ſilently I lov'd, nor dar'd
To tell my Crime aloud,
The Influence of your Smiles I ſhar'd,
In common with the Croud.

But when I once my Flame expreſt,
In Hopes to eaſe my Pain,
You ſingled me out from the Reſt,
The Mark of your Diſdain.

If thus Corinna, you ſhall frown
On all that do adore,
Then all Mankind muſt be undone,
Or you muſt ſmile no more.

SONG 1248.

WHile the Lover is thinking,
With my Friend I'll be drinking
And with Vigour purſue my Delight;
While the Fool is deſigning
His fatal Confining,
With Bacchus I'll ſpend the whole Night.

With the God I'll be jolly,
Without Madneſs and Folly,
Fickle Woman to marry implore;
Leave my Bottle and Friend,
For ſo fooliſh an End!
When I do, may I never drink more,

SONG 1249.

WHile on thoſe lovely looks I gaze,
To ſee a Wretch purſuing,
In Raptures of a bleſt Amaze,
His pleaſing happy Ruin.

'Tis not for Pity that I move,
His Fate is too aſpiring,
Whoſe Heart, broke with a Load of Love,
Dies wiſhing and admiring.

But if this Murder you'd forego,
Your Slave from Death removing,
Let me your Art of Charming know,
O leave me mine of Loving.

But whether Life or Death betide,
In Love 'tis equal Meaſure;
The Victor lives with empty Pride,
The Vanquiſh'd die with Pleaſure.

SONG 1250.

WHile Phillis is drinking, Love and Wine
in Alliance,
With Forces united, bid reſiſtleſs Defiance;
By the touch of her Lips the Wine ſparkles
higher, [double their Fire.
And her Eyes from her drinking, redouble re-

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, returing their Colour, [Odour ;
As Flowers by ſprinkling, revive with freſh
His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame, makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring, [deſiring ;
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love, and
Relieving each other, the Pleaſure is laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever, are ever a taſting.
Then Phillis, begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiſs, and a Glaſs, be ſtill going round ;
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle, the Bottle to Love.

SONG 1251.

WHile gentle Partheniſſa walks,
And ſweetly ſmiles, and gaily talks,
A thouſand Shafts around her fly,
A thouſand Swains unheeded die.
If then ſhe labours to be ſeen,
With all her killing Air and Mien,
From ſo much Beauty, ſo much Art,
What Mortal can ſecure his Heart.

SONG 1252.

WHilſt I fondly view the Charmer,
Thus the God of Love I ſue ;
Gentle Cupid, pray diſarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do :
Of a thouſand Smiles bereave her,
Rob her Neck, her Lips her Eyes ;
The Remainder ſtill will leave her
Pow'r enough to tyrannize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Paſſion
Still in ev'ry Breaſt will move ;
More is Supererogation,
Mere Idolatry of Love ;
You may dreſs a World of Chloes
In the Beauty ſhe can ſpare ;
Hear him Cupid, who no Foe is
To your Altars, or the Fair.

Fooliſh Mortal, pray be eaſy,
Angry Cupid made reply ;
Do Florella's Charms diſpleaſe ye ?
Die then, fooliſh Mortal die :
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of the Captivating Store ;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty Thouſand Beauties more.

Were Florella proud and ſour,
Apt to mock a Lover's Care,

Juſtly then you'd pray, that Power
Should be taken from the Fair:
But tho' I ſpread a Blemiſh o'er her,
No Relief in that you'll find;
Sill, fond Shepherd, you'll adore her
For the Beauties of her Mind.

SONG 1253.

WHilſt the Town's brimful of Folly,
And runs gadding after Polly,
Let us take a chearful Glaſs;
Tell me, Daomn, where's the Pleaſure
Of beſtowing Time and Treaſure,
For to make one's ſelf an Aſs?

I'm for Joys are leſs expenſive,
Where the Pleaſure's more extenſive,
And from dull Attention free;
Where my Cælia o'er a Bottle,
Can, when tyr'd with am'rous Prattle,
Sing old Songs as well as ſhe.

SONG 1254.

WHilſt I am ſcorch'd with hot Deſire,
In vain cold Friendſhip you return
Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the Flame ſuppreſt
That kills the Heart it heats too faſt?
Take half my Paſſion to your Breaſt,
The reſt in mine ſhall ever laſt.

SONG 1255.

WHilſt I'm carouſing to chear up my Soul,
Oh how I triumph to ſee a full Bowl!
This is the Treaſure,
The only Pleaſure,
The Bleſſing that makes me rejoice and ſing.
Thus while I'm drinking,
Free from dull thinking,
Then am I greater than the greateſt King.

SONG 1256. *Gently touch, &c*

WHilſt you jant it up and down,
Thro' the noiſy reſtleſs Town,
Viewing Faſhions, ſtudying Man,
Still a Here-and-there-ian;
Or at Plays admiring ſit
Harlequin's prodigious Wit.

How d'ye think my Hours I ſpend?
Fancy thus, poor Country Friend,
With freſh Air and Exerciſe,
Driving far Diſeaſe and Vice;
Lull'd at Night with calm Repoſe,
What your City little knows.

Nothing interrups my Eaſe,
But I riſe whene'er I pleaſe:
Careleſs Dreſs, and plainly feed,
In the Grove I walk and read;
With eaſy Pad I take the Air;
Now and then I courſe the Hare.

Cleanly Phillis ſets my Salt,
Truſty Roger brews my Malt;
Chearful Neighbours at my call,
When diſpos'd, to chat withal:
Thus, unknown to Fame and Striſe,
Stealing thro' the Vale of Life.

SONG 1257.

WHilſt I gaze on Chloe trembling,
Strait her Eyes my Fate declare;
When ſhe ſmiles, I fear diſſembling,
When ſhe frowns, I then deſpair.
Jealous of ſome Rival Lover,
If a wand'ring Look ſhe give;
Fain I would reſolve to leave her,
But can ſooner ceaſe to live.

Why ſhould I conceal my Paſſion,
Or the Torments I endure?
I will diſcloſe my Inclination;
Awful Diſtance yields no Cure.
Sure it is not in her Nature,
To be cruel to her Slave;
She is too divine a Creature
To deſtroy what ſhe can ſave.

Happy's he whoſe Inclination
Warms but with a gentle Heat,
Never mounts to raging Paſſion;
Love's a Torment if too great:
When the Storm is once blown over,
Soon the Ocean quiet grows;
But a conſtant faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repoſe.

SONG 1258.

WHilſt I with grief did on you look,
When love had turn'd your Brain;
From you I the Contagion took,
And for you bore the Pain.

Marcella, then your Lover prize,
And be not too ſevere:
Uſe well the Conqueſt of your Eyes,
For Pride has coſt you dear.

Ambroſio treats your Flames with Scorn,
And racks your tender Mind;
Withdraw your Smiles, and Frowns return,
And pay him in his Kind.

SONG 1259.

WHilſt Strephon on fair Chloe hung,
And gently wood, and ſweetly ſung;
The Nymph in a diſdainful Air,
Thus ſmiling mock'd the Shepherd's Care,

Swain, I know, that you diſcover
In my Form a thouſand Charms;
Can you point me out a Lover,
Worthy my encircling Arms?

Boy, no more approach my Beauty,
Till you equal Merit Boaſt;
To adore me is a Duty,
Thouſands witneſs to their Coſt.

Stung to the Heart, the red'ning Swain
On the vain Maid retorts again.

Fooliſh Creature,
Did each Feature
Bloom beyond the Pride of Nature;
Artful feigning,
Coy diſdaining,
Vain Coquet, deſtroys them all:
Go o'er-bearing,
Proud, enſnaring;
Lay a thouſand Fops deſpairing;
Then complying.
Sighing, dying,
To ſome Fool a Victim Fall,

Nymphs, like you, whilſt they're deceiving,
Angels all in Front appear;
But the Sot their Arts believing,
Finds the Devil in the Rear,

SONG 1260.

WHilſt Cælia's Eyes my Heart ſubdue,
I liſt'ning bleſt her tuneful Tongue;
But, doom'd my ruin to purſue,
I ſigh'd and begg'd the fatal Song.
I ſigh'd, &c.

The heav'nly Sounds my Senſe oppreſs'd,
My flutt'ring Heart forgot to beat:
The Sighs forſook my heaving breaſt,
I ſunk and fainted at her Feet.
I ſunk, &c.

She ſmil'd to ſee her conqueſt ſure,
Whilſt I inſenſible revive:
Ye Swains, ne'er wonder at the Cure,
'Tis in her Arms alone I live.
'Tis in, &c.

SONG 1261.

WHilſt endleſs Tears and Sighs declare
Thy ſlighted Love, and broken Heart:
The little Warblers of the Air
In the ſoft ſorrow ſeem to ſhare,
And plaintive Notes like Sighs impart.

The Roſe, that late adorn'd thy Brow,
And near thee Glow'd with brighter Grace;
And ev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but now,
Their fragrant Beauties penſive bow,
Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face.

The God of Love, ev'n he, thy Foe,
Unſtrings his Bow, neglects his Dart;
And ſoften'd with Louiſa's Woe,
Does all his cruel Wiles forego,
And ſilent, weeps his fatal Art.

SONG 1262.

WHite as her Hand, fair Julia threw
A Ball of Silver Snow;
The frozen Globe fir'd as it flew,
My Boſom felt it glow,
Strange Pow'r of Love! whoſe great Com-[mand
Can thus a Snow-ball Arm;
When ſent, fair Julia, from thy Hand,
E'en Ice itſelf can warm.

How ſhould we then ſecure our Hearts?
Love's Pow'r we all muſt feel,
Who thus can by ſtrange magick Arts,
In Ice his Flame conceal?

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,
Canſt quench they fierce deſire,
But not with Water, Ice, nor Snow,
But with an equal Fire.

SONG 1263.

WHo would not gaze away his Heart
On Mariana's Eyes,
Did not her high and juſt Diſdain
The bold delight chaſtiſe?

Mirth and Joy ſhe ſpreads around,
Like the Sun's chearful Light,
When his returning Beams deſtroy
The Empire of the Night.

Her Beauty with Amazement ſtrikes
(If with no more) the Old;
Her Virtue tempers with Deſpair
The Youthful and the Bold.

Her Goodneſs ſo diſarms her Wit
Of the offenſive Part,
Whilſt others only charm the Ear.
She ſteals the very Heart.

Let us no more defame the Fair,
But learn to praiſe again;
Bright Mariana's Worth demands
A new and nobler Strain.

So to the Feather'd Kind the Spring
Reſtores their wonted Voice;
On ev'ry Bough they ſit and ſing,
And court their new-made Choice,

SONG 1264. *King John, &c.*

WHo has e'er been at Paris muſt needs know the Greve,
The fatal Retreat of the unfortunate Brave,
Where Honour and Juſtice moſt only contribute [bet.
To eaſe Heroes Pains by a Halter and Gib-
Derry down, down, hey derry down.
There Death breaks the Shackles which Force had put on, [but begun:
And the Hangman compleats what the Judge
There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their Pains no more baulk'd, and their Hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known; [has his own:
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief
But my Hearers cry out, what a Duce doſt thou ail,
Cut off thy Reflections, and give us thy Tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil Reſpect to harſh Laws, [Cauſe,
And for want of falſe Witneſs to back a bad

A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear,
And who to aſſiſt, but a grave Cordelier.
Derry down, &c.

The'Squire whoſe good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haſte that the Show ſhould begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart,
And often took Leave, but was loath 'to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son, ſays the Prieſt?
You murther'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt.
O Father! my Sorrow will ſcarce ſave my Bacon,
For 'twas not that I murther'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! prithee ne'er trouble they Head with ſuch Fancies;
Rely on the Aid you ſhall have from St. Francis:
If the Money you promiſed be brought to the Cheſt,
You have only to die, let the Church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my Trade.
Courage, Friend: To-day is your Period of Sorrow,
And Things will go better, believe me, To-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our Hero reply'd, in a Fright;
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To-night.
Tell your Beads, quoth the Prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up,
For you ſurely To-night ſhall in Paradiſe ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er ſumptuous the Treat,
Parbleu! I ſhall have little Stomach to eat:
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great Favour and Grace,
Would you be ſo kind as to go in my Place.
Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot,
But our Actions, you know, with our Duty muſt ſuit:
The Feaſt I propos'd to you I cannot taſte,
For this Night by our Order is mark'd for a Faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the Hangman, he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome Blade;
For thy Cord, and my Cord both equally tie,
And we live by the Gold for which other Men die,
Derry down, &c.

SONG 1265.

WHO comes there? ſtand,
And come before the Conſtable;
We'll know what you are.
What makes you out ſo late?
Says the Midnight Magiſtrate,
With his Noddle full of Ale,
In a Wooden Chair of State.

Whence came you, Sir?
And whither do you go?
You may be a Jeſuit, for aught I know.
You may as well, Sir, take me
For a Mahometan.
He ſpeaks Latin, ſecure him,
He's a dangerous Man.

To tell you the Truth, Sir,
I am an honeſt Tory;
There's a Crown to drink,
And there's an End of the Story.
Good Morrow Sir; a civil Man
Is always welcome:
Go, Barnaby Bounce,
Light the Gentleman home.

SONG 1266. *One long Whitſun-Holiday.*

WHO truſts quaint Urbanity,
Ten to One,
Is undone
By her Vanity:
For, Void of Humanity,
Men will ſigh,
Swear and lye,
But to enſnare.
Since no Law binds Quality,
Nor the Vows
To a Spouſe,
Ladies beware!
Nought but Liberality
Is the Prop
Of your Hope,
And worth your Care.
Let Fools their fond Prattle vent;
But ſtrong Deed of Settlement
Is Love's ſafeſt Battlement;
All the reſt
Is a Jeſt,
And gilded Snare.

SONG 1267.

WHO is Silvia? what is She,
That all our Swains commend he?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe,
The Heavens ſuch Grace did lend her
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind as ſhe is fair,
For Beauty dwells with Kindneſs?
Love does to her Eyes repair,
To help him of his Blindneſs,
And being help'd inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us ſing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels all mortal Things
Upon the dull Earth dwelling:
To her let us Garlands bring.

SONG 1268.

WHO, to win a Woman's Favour,
Wou'd ſollicit long in vain?
Who, to gain a Moment's Pleaſure,
Wou'd endure an Age of Pain?
Idle Toying,
Ne'er enjoying;
Pleas'd with ſuing,
Fond of Ruin,
Made a Martyr of Diſdain.

Give me, Love, the beauteous Rover,
Whom a gen'ral Paſſion warms;
Fondly bleſſing ev'ry Lover,
Frankly proff'ring all her Charms:
Never flying,
Still complying,
Train'd to pleaſe you,
Glad to eaſe you,
Circled in her ſnowy Arms.

SONG 1269.

WHoe'er to a Wife
Is link'd for his Life,
Is plac'd in moſt wretch'd Condition:
Tho' plagu'd with her Tricks,
Like a Bliſter ſhe ſticks,
And Death is his only Phyſician,
And Death, &c.
To trifle and toy
May give a Man Joy,
When ſummon'd by Love or by Beauty:
But where is the Bliſs in
Our conjugal Kiſſing,
When Paſſion is prompted by Duty?
When Paſſion, &c.
The Cur who's poſſeſt
Of Mutton the beſt
A Bone he could leave at his Pleaſure:
But if to his Tail
'Tis ty'd, without Fail,
He's harraſs'd and plagu'd beyond Meaſure,
He's harraſs'd, &c.

SONG 1270. *The deſpairing Lover.*

WHY, Delia, ever when I gaze,
Appears in Frowns that lovely Face?
Why are thoſe Smiles to me deny'd
That gladden every Heart beſide?
In vain your Eyes my Flame reprove,
I may deſpair, but ſtill muſt love.

From ſweeteſt Airs I ſought Relief,
And hop'd from Muſick, Cure for Grief:
Fool that I was, the thrilling Sound
Serv'd only to encreaſe the Wound:
And while for Reſt I fondly ſtrove,
Forgot that Muſick ſtrengthen'd Love.

To Pleasure of a diff'rent Kind,
Soon undeceiv'd I bent my Mind;
I sought the Fair, the Gay, the Young,
And dress'd and play'd, and laugh'd and sung:
Vain Joys, too weak my Heart to move,
Ah what were you to her I love!

When drooping on the Bed of Pain,
I look'd on ev'ry Hope as vain:
When pitying Friends stood weeping by,
And Death's pale Shade seem'd hov'ring nigh,
No Terror could my Flame remove,
Or steal a Thought from her I love.

Absence may bring Relief, I cry'd,
And straight the dreadful hope I try'd
Alas! in vain was every Care,
Still in my Heart I bore my Fair:
Ah whither whither shall I rove,
To shun Despair, or fly from Love?

SONG 1271. *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*

WHY should we that Ambition call,
To get at Court a servile Place,
Where to please one we flatter all,
And must gain Honour by Disgrace;
Where, for our pleasure and our Ease,
We suffer Pain and Weariness?

Where all Things we must say, or do,
Which farthest are from Mind, or Heart;
ill those who run from us pursue,
And to gain Truth, with Virtue part;
Where we (ourselves more high to raise)
Our Faith and Honour must debase.

Where we must say as great Fools say,
Do what great Knaves will have us do;
That we for Wits with Coxcombs may,
With Fools for Politicians go;
To gain Court-favour there and Praise,
With all the World besides Disgrace.

Where we must flatter him we hate,
Or, what is worse, him we despise:
To broken Slumbers lie down late,
And early to proud Levees rise;
Must pass our Youth in real Pain,
For Ease in Age to hope in vain.

Where we must change Day into Night,
Night into Day, ar others Will;
Must take Disgusts to give Delight,
And slight good Men to honour ill;
Make many Foes, nay be our own,
To gain a Friend where there is none.

SONG 1272.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random Chance, or wilful Fate,
Guides the Shaft from Cupid's Bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
'Tis Madness all in me to grieve;
Since her Will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live?

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's Cries,
Aſk not me the Reaſon Why,
Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

SONG 1273.

WHY art thou dreſt, my lovely Maid!
In Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade,
When Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade,
Conceal thy Charms, my lovely Maid!

Why ſpend'ſt thou all this Time and Care,
To form thy Shape, to fold thy Hair;
Thy ſhape unbrac'd, thy flowing Hair,
More beauteous are without thy Care.

Wou'dſt thou, indeed, be finely dreſt?
Put by this Robe which hides thy Breaſt;
Unbind thy Hair, and bare thy Breaſt,
Thou art, my Charmer! finely dreſt.

Remove theſe Veſtments all away,
Which like dark Clouds obſcure the Day:
O let them not obſcure the Day!
Remove them all, my Fair, away.

Then ſhining forth adorn'd with Charms,
Ah! let me fold thee in my Arms!
Tranſported, fold thee in my Arms!
And gaze and wonder at thy Charms.

SONG 1274.

WHY ſhou'd a fooliſh Marriage Vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When Paſſion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd
As long as we cou'd,
Till love was lov'd out of Us both;
But our Marriage is dead,
When the Pleaſure is fled,
'Twas Pleaſure firſt made it an Oath.

If I have Pleaſure for a Friend,
And further Love in Store;
What Wrong has he whoſe Joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
'Tis a Madneſs that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I ſhou'd bar him of another;
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourſelves Pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

SONG 1275.

WHY ſhould a Heart ſo tender, break
O Mira! give its Anguiſh Eaſe;
The Uſe of Beauty you miſtake,
Not meant to vex, but pleaſe.

Theſe Lips for ſmiling were deſign'd,
That Boſom to be preſt;
Your Eyes to languiſh, and look kind
For amorous Arms, your Waiſt

Each Thing has its appointed Right
Eſtabliſh'd by the Pow'rs above;

The Sun to give us Warmth, and Light,
Mira to kindle Love.

SONG 1276.

WHY, Damon, why, why, why so preſſing?
The Heart you beg's not worth poſſeſſing:
Each Look, each Word, each Smile's affected,
and inward Charms are quite neglected,
Then ſcorn her, ſcorn her, fooliſh Swain?
And ſigh no more, no more in vain.

Beauty's worthleſs, fading, flying;
Who would for Trifles think of dying?
Who for a Face, a Shape would languiſh,
And tell the Brooks and Groves his Anguiſh;
'Till ſhe, 'till ſhe thinks fit to prize him,
And all, and all beſide deſpiſe him?

Fix, fix your Thoughts on what's inviting,
On what will never bear the ſlighting:
Wit and Virtue claim your Duty, [Beauty:
They're much more worth than Gold and
To them, to them, your Heart reſign,
And you'll no more, no more repine.

SONG 1277.

WHY ſhould our damn'd Tyrants oblige us to live [give?
On the Pittance of Pleaſure which they only
We muſt not rejoice
With Wine and with Noiſe;
In vain we muſt wake in a dull Bed alone,
Whilſt to our warm Rival the Bottle they're gone.
Then lay aſide Charms,
And take up theſe * Arms,
'Tis Wine only gives their Courage and Wit,
Becauſe we live ſober, to Men we ſubmit.
If for Beauties you'd paſs,
Take a Lick of the Glaſs,
'Twill mend your Complexions; and when They are gone,
The beſt Red we have is the Red of the Grape.
Then Sifters lay't on,
And damn a good Shape.

SONG 1278.

WHY am I the only Creature,
Muſt a ruin'd Love purſue?
Other Paſſions yield to Nature,
Mine there's nothing can ſubdue:
Not the Glory of poſſeſſing
Monarch's Wiſhes gave me Eaſe;
More and more the mighty Bleſſing
Did my raging Pains encreaſe.

Nor could Jealouſy relieve me,
Tho' it ever waited near;
Cloth'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
Still the Monſter wou'd appear:
That, nor Time, nor Abſence neither,

* The Glaſſes.

Nor Deſpair removes my Pain;
I endure them all together,
Yet my Torments ſtill remain.

Had alone her matchleſs Beauty
Set my amorous Heart on Fire,
Age at laſt would do its Duty,
Fuel ceaſing, Flames expire.
But her Mind's immortal Graces
Make my Love immortal too;
Nature ne'er created Faces
Can the Charms of Souls undo.

And to make my Loſs the greater,
She lament it as her own;
Could ſhe ſcorn me, I might hate her,
But alas! ſhe ſhews me none:
Then ſince Fortune is my Ruin,
In Retirement I'll complain;
And in Rage for my undoing,
Ne'er come in it's Pow'r again.

SONG 1279.

WHY do you fix your Eyes on me?
Why do your ſpreading Bluſhes riſe?
Oh! tell me what is your Deſign,
Say, do you love me, or deſpiſe?
If you deſpiſe me, wherefore turn
You not your Eyes from me away;
And if you do with Paſſion burn,
To ſpeak it, why ſhou'd you delay?

Do not my Looks declare my Heart
To pity thee too much inclin'd?

But ſhou'd you ſcorn me, uſe no Art;
To bear my Fate I ſtand reſign'd.
My Love, as yet a lambent Fire,
By Kindneſs fann'd, may ſoon increaſe;
Or damp'd with Coldneſs will expire,
And leave both you and me at Eaſe.

SONG 1280.

WHY do my Looks my Thoughts betray,
And ſudden Bluſhes in me fly!
Why do I ſigh, and faint away,
Since what I love wou'd have me die!

Cou'd I but once on her prevail
To mingle with his Joy my Smart,
That he might feel what now I ail!
But I'm too young to ſhew ſuch Art.

Attractive Cupid, be my Care,
And look with Pity on my Flame:
O break the Chains that now I wear,
Or bind Amintor in the ſame!

Haſte to thy Mother, tell my Grief,
To help a harmleſs injur'd Maid,
That ſhe may quickly ſend Relief,
And ſave a Heart that is betray'd.

SONG 1281.

WHY is your Faithful Slave diſdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd,
Oh, keep it by the ſame!
For ever ſhall my Paſſion laſt,
If you will make me once poſſeſt
Of what I dare not name.

Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
That will ſuffice my Flame;
Love's Infancy on Hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown muſt give
Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Thoſe ſnowy Breaſts that fall and riſe,
Fanning my raging Flame;
That Shape ſo made to be embrac'd,
What would I give, I might but taſte
Of what I dare not name!

In Courts I never wiſh to riſe,
Both Wealth and Honour I deſpiſe,
And that vain Breath call'd Fame;
By Love I hope no Crowns to gain;
'Tis ſomething more I would obtain,
'Tis that I dare not name.

SONG 1282.

WHY ſo pale and wan, fond Lover?
Prithee, prithee, prithee why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill, looking ill prevail?

Why ſo dull and mute young Sinner?
Prithee, prithee why ſo mute;
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing, nothing do't?

Quit, quit for Shame, this will not move,
This cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot take her,
If of herſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can, nothing can make her,
The Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil take her.

SONG 1283. *Hallow Ev'n,*

WHY hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow?
That beauteous Heav'n ere while ſerene;
Whence do theſe Storms and Tempeſts flow?
Or what this Guſt of Paſſion mean?
And muſt then Mankind loſe that Light,
Which in thine Eyes was wont to ſhine,
And lie obſcur'd in endleſs Night,
For each poor ſilly Speech of mine?

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
That could ill Tongues abuſe thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large amends:
Or if I durſt profanely try
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t'upbraid,
Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
Nor call they Beauty to its Aid.

For Venus every Heart t'enſnare,
With all her Charms has deckt thy Face,
And Pallas with unuſual Care,
Bids Wiſdom heighten ev'ry Grace.
Who can the double Pain endure?
Or who muſt not reſign the Field

To thee, celeſtial Maid, ſecure
With Cupid's Bow and Pallas' Shield?
If then to thee ſuch Pow'r is giv'n,
Let not a Wretch in Torment live;
But ſmile and learn to copy Heav'n,
Since we muſt ſin, ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
But even itſelf, appeas'd, beſtows
As the Reward of Penitence

SONG 1284.

WHY, Delia, when I tell the Pain
Which I endure from thy Diſdain,
Art thou not touch'd at my Complaint?
Oh! did'ſt thou know the Cares I feel!
To what vaſt Height my Sorrows ſwell!
For Pity you'd relent.

When at the glad approach of Day
All Nature looks ſerene and gay,
And the pleas'd Birds their Joys proclaim;
Then riſing Griefs my Boſom rend,
And ev'ry mournful Hour I ſpend,
In ſighing out thy Name.

Say, Charmer, can't this Torment move
That Heart, which ſeems averſe to Love,
To grant ſome Eaſe to my Deſpair?
Say, muſt I hope no kind Return?
Muſt I with fruitleſs Paſſion burn,
And you as cruel be as fair?

SONG 1285.

WHY cruel Creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender Heart?
To Gold and Title you relent,
Love throws in vain his Dart.

Let glitt'ring Fools in Courts be great,
For Pay ſet Armies move;
Beauty ſhou'd have no other Bait
But gentle Vows and Love.

If on thoſe endleſs Charms you lay
The Value that's their Due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A thouſand Worlds too few.

But if a Paſſion without Vice,
Without Diſguiſe or Art,
Ah Cælia! if true Love's your Price,
Behold it in my Heart.

SONG 1286.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd Eyes reprove?
And hide 'em from the only Face
They can behold with Love?

To ſhun her Scorn, and eaſe my care,
I'll ſeek a Nymph more kind;
And while I rove from Fair to Fair,
Still gentler Uſage find.

But oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy,
Where Nature has no Part;
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But you engage my Heart.

So reſtleſs Exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where;
Yet languiſh for their native Home,
Tho' Death attends them there.

SONG 1287.

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why
So very kind, and not ſo ſhy?
Why does that cold, forbidding Air
Give Damps of Sorrow and Deſpair?
Or why that Smile my Soul ſubdue.
And kindle up my Flames anew?

In vain you ſtrive with all your Art,
By turns to freeze and fire my Heart:
When I behold a Face ſo fair,
So ſweet a Look ſo ſoft an Air,
My raviſh'd Soul is charm'd all o'er;
I cannot love thee leſs nor more.

SONG 1288.

WHY all this Pride and Scorn, Miſs P---
Your Siſter's fair, 'tis true;
But ſtill to boaſt of Charms of Wit,
What juſt Pretence have you?

With equal Right the livid Moon
Might boaſt her borrow'd Light;
And fancy, tho' the Sun ne'er ſhone,
The World would think her bright.

Look down, ye Great, whom Titles crown,
Some Pity on her ſhew;
She'd quit, (oh! do not on her frown)
Her Friend, or G---, for you.

SONG 1289.

OLD-MAN.

WHY ſo cold? and why ſo coy?
What I want in Youth and Fire,
I have in Love and in Deſire:
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;
Why ſo cold? and why ſo coy?

WOMAN.

'Tis Sympathy, perhaps, with you;
You are cold, and I'm ſo too,

OLD-MAN.

My Years alone have froze my Flood;
Youthful Heat in Female Charms,
Glowing in my aged Arms,
Wou'd melt it down once more into a Flood.

WOMAN.

Woman, alas! like Flints, ne'er burn alone;
To make a Virgin know
There's Fire within the Stone,
Some manly Steel muſt boldly ſtrike the Blow.

OLD-MAN.

Aſſiſt me only with your Charms,
You'll find I'm Man, and ſtill am bold;

You'll find I ſtill can ſtrike, tho' old,
I only want your Aid to raiſe my Arms.

YOUTH.

Who talks of Charms? who talks of Aid?
I bring an Arm
That wants a Charm,
To rouze the Fire that's in a flinty Maid.
Retire old Age,
——Winter be gone:
Behold! the youthful Springs come gaily on.
Here, here's a Torch to light a Virgin's Fire:
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;
When Women have what they deſire,
They're neither cold nor coy.

SONG 1290.

WHY Painter, you have done your Part,
I own th' Intention bold and good:
It finds ſome Paſſage to my Heart,
Which nothing quite unlike her cou'd.

But view again that Shape! that Air!
That Hand! that Eye! that Lip! that Cheek!
There's ſtill Abundance in my Fair,
Which you can't paint, which I can't ſpeak!

Am I not Right? once more behold!
Behold, and feel Conviction riſe!
Thy Lines are faint, they Colours cold----
He fails, my Friend, whoever tries.

Yet let him try, defie his Skill;
Smile at the utmoſt Art can do:
Tell the Preſumer, if he will,
He may attempt Love's Goddeſs too.

SONG 1291. *Stay, Shepherd, &c.*

WHY, Celia, ſhou'd you ſo much ſtrive
Your kindling Paſſion to conceal?
Your Lips, tho' they Denial give,
Yet all your Actions Love reveal.

In vain you ſtrive, in vain, alas!
The charming Paſſion to diſguiſe;
It glows, it bluſhes on your Face,
And ſparkles in your ſwimming Eyes.

Your Eyes, thoſe Emblems of the Heart,
Still contradict whate'er you ſay,
And tho' your Lips deny the Smart,
Your Eyes are more believ'd than they.

SONG 1292. *Had I the World, &c.*

WHY, Lucidas, ſhou'd Man be vain,
If bounteous Heav'n hath made him great?
Why look with inſolent Diſdain,
On thoſe undeck'd with Wealth and State?

Can ſplendid Robes, or Beds of Down,
Or coſtly Gems to deck the Hair;
Can all the Glories of a Crown
Give Health, or ſmooth the Brow of Care?

The ſcepter'd Prince, the burden'd Slave,
The Humble and the Haughty die;
The Poor, the Rich, the Baſe, the Brave,
In Duſt without Diſtinction lie.

Go ſearch the Tombs where Monarchs reſt,
Who once the richeſt Glories wore,
Fled is that Grandeur they poſſeſt,
And all their Greatneſs is no more.

So glides the Meteor thro' the Sky,
And ſweeps along a gilded Train;
But when its ſhort-liv'd Beauties die,
Diſſolves to common Air again.

SONG 1293 *In the pleaſant, &c.*

Will the Linnet fly the Snare,
When tempted by the pleaſing Bait?
And the Voice enchants her Ear,
of her long-loſt warbling Mate?
Will the Woman e'er deſpiſe,
The Sight which charms her Eyes!
Or be ſo far unwiſe,
To caſt away Gold, her Virtue to hold?
If ſuch a Thing is done,
The Fair who can't be won,
May ſurely retrieve all we loſt by Dame Eve,
And at Court may die a Nun.

SONG 1294.

Will you credit a Miſer, 'tis Gold makes us wiſe,
The Bliſs of his Life, the Joy of his Eyes:
And aſk a fond Lover, where Wiſdom he places,
To be ſure in his Miſtreſs, her Charms and [her Graces;
But let the free Lad ſpeak the Joy of his Soul,
'Tis a ſparkling Glaſs, and a ſmiling full Bowl.

The Miſer is wretched, unhappy and poor;
He ſuffers great Want in the midſt of full Store:
The Lover's diſconſolate, mopiſh, and ſad,
For that which when gain'd will ſoon make him mad.
The Miſer's a Fool, and the Lever's an Aſs,
And he only's Wiſe, who adores the full Glaſs.

Let the Miſer then hug up his ill-gotten Pelf,
And to feed empty Bags, may he ſtarve his ownſelf: [Deſpair,
Let the Lover ſtill languiſh 'twixt Hope and
And doat on a Face as inconſtant as fair:
But ſtill may his Bliſs be as great as his Soul,
Who pays no Devoir but to Wine and the Bowl.

SONG 1295.

Will ye go to the Ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the Seep wi' me;
The Sunſhine's ſweet, my Marion,
But nae haff ſo ſweet as thee.
O Marion's a bonny Laſs,
And the Blyth blinks in her Eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's Gowd in your Garters, Marion,
And Skill on your white Hauſs-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiſs my Marion
At E'n when I come hame.

There's braw Lads in Earnſlaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glows with their Eye
At Kirk when they ſee my Marion;
But none of them lo'es like me.

I've nine Milk-ews, my Marion,
A Cow and a brawny Quey;
I'll gi'e them a'to my Marion,
Juſt on her Bridal Day;
And ye's get a green ſey Apron,
And Waiſtcoat o' th' London Brown,
And now but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the Town.

I'm young and ſtout, my Marion;
Nane dance like me on the Green;
And gin ye forſake me, Marion,
I'll e'n gae draw up wi' Jean:
Sae put on your Pearlins, Marion,
And Kirtle of the Cramaſie;
And ſoon as my Chin has nae Hair on,
I ſhall come Weſt, and ſee ye.

SONG 1296.

Willy was a wanton Wag,
The blytheſt Lad e'er I ſaw,
At Bridals ſtill he bore the Brag,
And carried ay the green awa:
His Doublet was of Zetland Shag,
And wow! but Willy he was braw,
And at his Shoulder hang a Tag,
That pleas'd the Laſſes beſt of a'.

He was a Man without a Clag,
His Heart was frank without a Flaw;
And ay whatever Willy ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a Law.
His Boots they were made of the Jag,
When he went to the Weapon-ſhaw:
Upon the Green nane durſt him brag,
The feind a ane among them a'.

And was not Willy weſl worth Gowd?
He wan the Love of great and ſma';
For after he the Bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the Laſſes hale-ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,
When be the Hand he led them a',
And Smack on Smack on them beſtow'd,
By Virtue of a Standing Law.

And was nae Willy a great Lown,
As ſhyre a Lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the Laſſes round,
The Bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the Ring,
With bobbing, faith, my Shanks are fair;
Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
For Willy he now do nae mair.

Then reſt ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a Wee fill up the Ring;
But, Shame light on his ſouple Snout,
He wanted Willy's wanton Fling.

Then ſtraight he to the Bride did fare,
Says, weel's me on your bonny Face;
With bobbing Willy's Shanks are fair,
And I come now to fill his Place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the Dance,
And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs like Willy you advance:
(O! Willy has a wanton Leg)
For wi't he learns us a' to the ſteer,
And foremoſt ay bears up the Ring;
We will find nae ſic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton Fling.

SONG 1297.

WInc does Wonders ev'ry Day,
Makes the Heavy Light and Gay;
Throws off all their Melancholy:
Makes the Wiſeſt go aſtray,
And the Buſy toy and play,
And the Poor and Needy Jolly.

Wine makes trembling Cowards bold,
Men in Years forget they're old;
Women leave their coy Diſdaining,
Who till then were ſhy and cold;
Makes a Niggard ſlight his Gold,
And the Foppiſh entertaining.

SONG 1298.

WIne, Wine in a Morning,
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like Eagles we ſoar
In the Pride of the Day:
Gouty Sots of the Night
Only find a Decay,

'Tis the Sun ripes the Grape,
And to drinking gives Light;
We imitate him,
When by Noon we're at height;
They ſteal Wine, who take it,
When he's out of Sight.

Boy, fill all the Glaſſes,
Fill them up now he ſhines;
The higher he riſes,
The more he refines;
For Wine and Wit fall,
As their Maker declines.

SONG 1299.

WIne's a Miſtreſs gay and eaſy,
Ever free to give Delight;
Let what may perplex and teaze ye,
'Tis the Bottle ſets all right.

Who would leave a laſting Treaſure,
To embrace a childiſh Pleaſure,
Which ſoon as taſted takes its Flight?

Pierce the Caſk of gen'rous Claret,
Rouze your Hearts, ere 'tis too late;
Fill the Goblet, never ſpare it,
That's your Armour 'gainſt all Fate.

SONG 1300.

WInter thy Cruelty extend,
Till fatal Tempeſt ſwell the Sea;
In vain let ſinking Pilots pray;
Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend:
Let piercing Froſt, and laſting Snow,
Thro' Woods and Fields Deſtruction ſow!

Yet we, unmov'd, will ſit and ſmile,
While you theſe leſſer ills create;
Theſe we can bear! but gentle Fate,
And thou bleſt Genius of our Iſle,
From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,
At which the liſt'ning Gods rejoice.

May that celeſtial Sound each Day
With Extaſy tranſport our Souls,
Whilſt all our Paſſion it controuls,
And kindly drives our Care away;
Let no ungentle Cold deſtroy
All Taſte we have of heav'nly Joy.

SONG 1301.

WIT and Beauty once contended
Which ſhould reign in Cælia's Arms;
Both an equal Claim pretended
To be ſole Monarch of her Charms.

'Till at laſt they both agreed
To maintain a'ternate Sway;
One by Night to bleſs her Bed,
And one to win her Heart by Day.

SONG 1302.

WIth tuneful Pipe and merry Glee,
Young Jocky won my Heart;
A blyther Loon you ne'er did ſee,
All Beauty without Art:
His ſoothing Tale did ſoon prevail,
To gain my fond Belief:
But now the Swain roves o'er the Plain,
And leaves me full of Grief.

Young Jemmy Courts with artful Song,
But few regard his Moan;
The Laſſes about Jocky throng,
And Jemmy's left alone.
In Aberdeen, ſure ne'er was ſeen
A Loon that gave ſuch Pain;
He daily wooes, and ſtill purſues,
Till he does all obtain.

But ſoon as he hath gain'd the Bliſs,
Away the Loon does run;
And hardly will afford a Kiſs
To ſilly me undone.
Bonny Molly, Maggie, Dolly,
Avoid my roving Swain;
His wily Tongue beſure you ſhun,
Leſt you like me complain.

SONG 1303.

WIth early Horn
Salute the Morn,

That gilds this charming Place:
With chearful Cries,
Bid Echo riſe,
And join the jovial Chaſe.

The vocal Hills around,
The waving Woods,
The chryſtial Floods,
All, all return'd th' enliv'ning Sound.

SONG 1304.

WIth Arts oft practis'd and admir'd,
A youthful Swain by Love inſpir'd,
Long Time purſu'd a Fair.
Her Coldneſs, equal to his Love,
Repuls'd his Hope, his Fears improve,
And added to his Care.

With Sighs and Tears, in vain he tries;
But deaf to all his Pray'rs, ſhe flies
As faſt as he purſues.
To which he anſwers in Diſdain,
By trying to augment my Pain,
Yourſelf the Conqueſt loſe.

'Tis true, I love you, cruel Maid,
But Love with Love ſhould be repaid,
To make our Bliſs compleat.
Since I've requeſted, you've deny'd,
My Love as well as yours, is try'd,
And I with Eaſe retreat.

SONG 1305. *Woe's my Heart, &c.*

WIth broken Words, and down-caſt Eyes,
Poor Colin ſpoke his Paſſion tender;
And, parting with his Griſy, cries,
Ah! woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder:
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love ſhall hinder,
Nor Time, nor Place, ſhall ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauty which invites our Wonder,
Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a Promiſe with a Kiſs,
Always to love me, tho' we ſunder.

Ye Gods, take Care of my dear Laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that bleſt Time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

SONG 1306.

With ev'ry Grace young Strephon choſe
His Perſon to adorn,
That, by the Beauties of his Face,
In Sylvia's Love he might find place,
And wonder'd at her Scorn.

With Bows and Smiles he made his Part;
But ah! 'twas all in vain:
A Youth leſs fine, a Youth of Art,
Had talk'd himſelf into her Heart,
And would not out again.

With Change of Habits Strephon preſs'd,
And urg'd her to admire;
His Love alone the other dreſs'd,
As Verſe or Proſe became it beſt,
And mov'd her ſoft Deſire.

This found, his Courtſhip Strephon ends,
Or makes it to his Glaſs;
There in himſelf now ſeeks amends;
Convinc'd, that where a Wit pretends,
A Beau is but an Aſs.

SONG 1307.

With an honeſt-old Friend, and a merry old Song,
And a Flaſk of old Port, let me ſit the Night long,
And laugh at the Malice of thoſe who repine,
That they muſt ſwig Porter, whilſt I can drink Wine.

I envy no Mortal, tho' ever ſo great,
Nor ſcorn I a Wretch for his lowly Eſtate;
But what I abhor, and eſteem as a Curſe,
Is Poorneſs of Spirit, not Poorneſs of Purſe.

Then dare to be generous, dauntleſs, and gay,
Let's merrily paſs Life's Remainder away;
Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may deſpiſe;
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we riſe.

SONG 1308.

With artful Voice, young Thirſis, you,
In vain perſuade me you are true;
Since that can never be;
For he's no Proſelyte of mine,
That offers at another's Shrine
Thoſe Vows he made to me.

The faithleſs fickle wav'ring Leon,
That changes oftner than the Moon;
Courts each new Face he meets;
Sme ls ev'ry fragrant Flow'r that blows,
Yet ſtily calls the bluſhing Roſe
His Quinteſſence of Sweets.

So Thyrſis, when in wanton Play,
From Fair to Fair you fondly ſtray,
And ſteal from each a Kiſs;
It ſhews, if what you ſay be true,
A ſickly Appetite in you,
And no ſubſtantial Bliſs.

For you, inconſtant, roving Swain,
Tho ſeemingly you hug your Chain,

Wou'd fain, I know, get free;
To ſip freſh balmy Sweets of Love,
From Bower to Bower wildly rove,
And imitate your Bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring Thing, your Heart,
Let it admire no other Dart;
But reſt with me alone:
For while, dear Bee, you rove and ſing,
Should you return, without your Sting,
I'd not protect a Drone.

SONG 1309.

WIthout Affectation, gay, youthful and Pretty;
Without Pride or Meanneſs, familiar and witty;
Without Form obliging, good-natur'd and free;
Without Art, as lovely as lovely can be.

She acts what ſhe thinks, and thinks what ſhe ſays,
Regardleſs alike both of Cenſure and Praiſe;
But her Thoughts, and her Words, and her Actions are ſuch, [much.
That none can admire them, or praiſe them too

SONG 1310.

WIthin an Arbour of Delight,
As ſweet as Bowers Elyſian,
Where famous Sidney us'd to write,
I lately had a Viſion.
Methought beneath a golden State,
The Turns of Chance obeying,
Six of the World's moſt noted Great
At Piquette were a playing.

The firſt two were the brave Eugene,
With Vendoſme Battle waging;
The next a Nymph, who to be Queen,
He Monſieur was engaging:
The Fleur-de-lis old Maintenon,
With ſanctified Carero;
And next above the ſcarlet Don,
Queen Anne, and Gallick Nero,

The Game between the Martial Braves
Was held in diff'rent Caſes,
The Frenchman got Quatorze of Knaves,
But Prince Eugene four Aces;
And tho' the other's eldeſt Hand
Gave Hopes to make a Jeſt on't,
Yet now the Point who ſoon'ſt gain'd,
Could only get the beſt on't.

From them I turn'd mine Eyes to ſee
The Churchman and the Lady
And found her pleas'd to high Degree,
Her Fortune had been ſteady.
The Saints that cramm'd the Spaniſh Purſe,
She hop'd would all oblige her,
For he had but a little Terſe,
When ſhe produc'd Quint-Major.

But now betwixt the King and Queen
An Empire was depending,
Within whoſe mighty Game was ſeen
The Art of State-contending:

The Monſieur had three Kings to win't,
And was o'er Europe roaming,
But her Full Point, Quatorze and Quint,
Won all, and left him foaming.

SONG 1311. *Who to win, &c.*

WOman, Nature's greateſt Beauty,
Was alone deſign'd for Man;
It therefore is each Mortal's Duty,
To enjoy it whilſt he can.
No more denying,
Be complying,
Joys are nigh you,
Youth will fly you,
For our Life is but a Span.
For, &c.

Aſk old Mortals paſt the Pleaſure,
If they would be young again,
They'd give their golden Heaps of Treaſure,
But they muſt deſire in vain.
Always whining,
Ever pining,
Always ſighing,
Ever crying,
Oh! that I were young again.
Oh! &c.

Yield then quickly, Charmer eaſe me,
Whilſt thy Beauty's in its Prime;
The Joys I'm ſure I know will pleaſe thee,
And no more be call'd a Crime.
Melting Bliſſes,
Dying Kiſſes,
Hearts inviting,
Souls uniting,
All excite the happy Time.
All, &c.

SONG 1312.

WOman, thoughtleſs, giddy Creature;
Laughing, idle flutt'ring Thing!
Moſt fantaſtick Work of Nature!
Still, like Fancy, on the Wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing Paſſion,
Loving, hating, in Extream;
Fond of ev'ry fooliſh Faſhion,
And, at beſt, a pleaſing Dream.

Lovely Trifle! dear Illuſion!
Conqu'ring Weakneſs! wiſh'd for Pain!
Man's chief Glory, and Confuſion,
Of all Vanities moſt vain.

Thus deriding Beauty's Power,
Bevil call'd it all a Cheat;
But in leſs than half an Hour,
Kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's Feet.

SONG 1313

WOmen are wanton, yet cunningly coy;
Laſcivious, yet crafty, to make us obey:
When once they have noos'd us, triumphant they ride,
And trample down Man, that was made for their Guide.

Cho. But let them remember their Grannum Eve's Fate, [late.
Leſt they ſmart for their Folly, repenting too

This Creature was made a Helpmeet for Man,
And ſo he approv'd her, deny it who can;
But ſurely poor Adam was ſoundly aſleep,
Whilſt out of his Side this dear Bleſſing did creep.
Cho. But let them remember, &c.

Old Painters did form them reſembling the Snail, [Tail;
Their Houſe on their Backs was, and in it their
Implying that Modeſty keeps ſomething in,
Tho' now they'll expoſe all from Tail up to Chin.
Cho. But let them remember, &c.

SONG 1314. *Ton bonheur eſt Catharine.*

WOman's like the flatt'ring Ocean,
Who her pathleſs Ways can find?
Every Blaſt directs her Motion;
Now ſhe's angry, now ſhe's kind.
What a Fool's the vent'rous Lover,
Whirl'd and toſs'd by ev'ry Wind?
Can the Bark the Port recover,
When the ſilly Pilot's blind?

SONG 1315.

WOuld you have a young Virgin of Fifteen Years, [Dears,
You muſt tickle her Fancy with Sweets and
Ever toying and playing, and ſweetly, ſweetly
Sing a Love-Sonnet, and charm her Ears;
Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chaſe her, and praiſe her, if fair or brown;
And teaze her, and pleaſe her, [own.
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your

Do you fancy a Widow well known in Man,
With a Front of Aſſurance come boldly on;
Be at her each Moment, and briſkly, briſkly
Put her in Mind how the Time ſteals on;
Rattle, and prattle, altho' ſhe frown,
Rouze her, and touze her from Morn to Noon,
And ſhew her ſome Hour
You'll anſwer her Dow'r,
And get but her Writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Punk of Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
You muſt rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her:
That Pleaſure's beſt Charm is Variety:
Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her, and ply her when Cully's gone;
Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her and treat her,
And kiſs with a Guinea, and all's your own.

SONG 1316.

WOuld you know how we meet o'er our jolly full Bowls? [Souls.
As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our
The ſharp melts the ſweet, the kind ſmooths the ſtrong,
And nothing but Friendſhip grows all the Night long:

We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry Deſire;
Love only remaing our unquenchable Fire.

SONG 1317.

WOuld Fate to me Belinda give,
With her alone I'd chuſe to live;
Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater Bliſs deſire.

My charming Nymph, if you can find
Among the Race of Human-kind,
A Man that loves you more than I,
I'll reſign you, I'll reſign you,
I'll reſign you tho' I die.

Let my Belinda fill my Arms,
With all her Beauties, all her Charms,
With Scorn and Pity I'd look down
On the Glories, on the Glories,
On the Glories of a Crown.

SONG 1318.

WOuld you taſte the Noontide Air?
To yon fragrant Bow'r repair,
Where woven with the Poplar Bough
The mantling Vine ſhall ſhelter you.

Down each Side a Fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring as it goes
Lightly o'er the Moſſy Ground,
Sultry Phœbus ſcorching round.

Round the languid Herds and Sheep
Stretch'd o'er ſunny Hillocks ſleep,
While on the Hyacinth and Roſe
The Fair does all alone Repoſe.

All alone---and in her Arms
Your Breaſt may beat to Love's Alarms,
Till bleſt and bleſſing you ſhall own
The Joys of Love are Joys alone.

SONG 1319.

WOuld you be a Man in Faſhion?
Would you lead a Life divine?
Take a little Dram of Paſſion, (a little Dram of Paſſion)
In a luſty Doſe of Wine.
If the Nymph has no Compaſſion,
Vain it is to ſigh and groan:
Love was but put in for Faſhion,
Wine will do the Work alone.

SONG 1320.

WHen Delia ſtrikes the trembling String,
She charms our liſt'ning Ears;
But when ſhe joins her Voice to Sing,
'Tis Muſick of the Spring:
The feather'd Tribe around her throng,
Attentive of her Notes;
To imitate her matchleſs Son,
The Warblers ſtrain their Throats.

The lowing Heard, and wild Dear Fawns,
Approach whilſt Delia Sings,
And Lambkins caper o'er the Lawns,
When Delia ſtrikes the Strings.

The conſtant, mournful cooing Dove,
Draw nigh to hear her Strains,
Expreſſive of their tender Love,
And liſt'ning ſooth their Pains.

Delia's ſoft Voice has power to Charm,
The furious Lion's Rage;
An Eaſtern Tyrant t' wou'd diſarm
And his fierce Wrath aſſwage.
Delia with Voice of Seraph bleſt,
The ſweet harmonious Sound,
Lulls all our Grief, and Care to Reſt,
Diffuſing Softneſs round.

Such were the Notes which Orpheus play'd
To gain Eurydice,
Had he too ſung like the fair Maid,
The Captive had been Free.
Sing, Delia bleſs thoſe rural Seats,
Thy Song muſt Love inſpire!
The Groves will Mourn at thy Retreat
For want of Delia's Lyre.

SONG 1321.

WHen Sylvia firſt I ſaw,
When Raptures ceas'd my Breaſt,
My looks with amorous Awe
My ſilent Thoughts expreſt.

The Darts from her bright Eyes,
Did my whole frame invade.
And with a ſtrange Surprize,
Her Conqueſt I was made.

Her Cheeks Reflection threw
Upon her Virgin Breaſt,
Where Lillies mantling grow,
And ſofteſt Pleaſures reſt.

My raviſh'd Eyes ſurvey,
The Glories all around,
Where all the Glances play,
And every Love is found,

Tranſported with Delight,
I gaze upon her Charms,
Her Shape, her Air invite,
Her Strephon's longing Arms.

Her Voice with magick Sound,
Thrill thro' my raviſh'd Ear.
Whilſt on the Space around,
Like Heaven itſelf appears.

Thus Sylvia I adore,
O Nymph of Race divine!
And all the Gods implore,
To make her even mine.

What extacy of Bliſs,
To fold her in my Arms,
Sip an ambroſial Kiſs,
And rifle all her Charms.

SONG 1322.

WHen beauteous fair Camilla deigns,
To beam a gen'rous Smile,
Unfeign'd in her what Sweetneſs reigns,
What pleaſing Airs beguile;

Than her, not Violet, Pink or Roſe,
More grac'd when blown appear:
Far lovely Bloom her Looks diſcloſe,
Too bright her heav'nly Sphere.

Youth, Beauty, Wit, Good-nature, are
Around her Perſon join'd;
While ſpotleſs, ev'ry Virtue rare,
Is center'd in her Mind.
In her chaſte Form, no Taints ariſe,
No Female Pride upbraid;
Kind Nature their Defect ſupplies,
And each Perfection aids.

In vain let Flavia boaſt her Face.
Stella her Soul's rich Store,
While all in fam'd Camilla trace,
Joys unreveal'd before,
Since then Camilla's brighter Charms,
Such prime Delights impart;
How bleſt the Man who in his Arms,
Can ſhare her virgin Heart.

SONG 1323.

WHen Brittain firſt at Heaven's Command,
Aroſe from out the azure Main,
This was the Charter of the Land,
And guardian Angels ſung this Strain,
Rule Brittannia, rule the Waves
Brittons never--- will be Slaves.

The Nations not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their turns to Tyrants fall,
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and Free;
The Dread and Envy of them all.
Rule, &c.
Still more Majeſtick ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign Stroke,
As the loud Blaſts that tears the Skies,
Serves but to root thy native Oak.
Rule, &c.
The haughty Tyrants ne'er ſhall tame,
All their Attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy gen'rous Flame.
And work their Woe, and thy Renown.
Rule, &c.
To thee belongs the rural Reign,
Thy Cities ſhall with Commerce ſhine,
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry Shore incircle thine.
Rule, &c.
The Muſes ſtill with Freedom ſounds,
Shall to they happy Coaſt repair,
Bleſt Iſle! with matchleſs Beauty crown'd,
And manly Hearts to guard the Fair.
Rule, &c.

SONG 1324.

WHen Delia on the Plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender Fears
I wou'd approach, but dare not move,
Tell me, tell me my Heart if this be Love.
Tell me, &c.
When e'er ſhe ſpeaks my raviſh'd Ear,
No other Voice but her's can bear,

No other Wit but her's approve.
Tell me, &c.
If ſhe ſome other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once her conſtant Friend
That Inſtant Enemy I prove,
Tell me, &c.
When ſhe is abſent, I no more,
Delight in that which pleas'd before
The cleareſt Spring, or ſhady Grove:
Tell me, &c.
When arm'd with inſolent Diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove,
Tell me my Heart if this be Love.

SONG 1325.

WHen yonder cooing Doves retire,
And ſeem'd in am'rous Shackles bound,
See Delia how the the Flowers aſpire,
And ſhed delicious Fragrants round,
Rais'd by the Spring, and nurs'd by ſhade
They flouriſh ſweetly to the Eye,
But Autum's haſt'ing Chills invade,
And their gay Beauties droop and die.
A Flowret Delia are they Charms,
Which in Youth's joious Seaſon blows:
Like thy bright Eyes, thy Ivry Arms:
And Cheek where ſhines the Eden Roſe.
But envious Time, with creeping paſe,
Will on thy Frame Seraphick prey,
Diſpoil thee of each matchleſs Grace,
And ſteal thee from they ſelf away.
Wiſely admoniſh'd by the Thought,
Swift let us ſtop the whirling Hour,
Pleaſures as flying ſhou'd be caught,
E'er Age deprives us of the Power,
Thee, Nature hath with Beauty bleſt,
And bids thee multiply its Ray;
With too much Senſe thou art poſſeſt,
Her bliſsful Call do diſobey.

SONG 1326.

WHen Jemmy the Second, not Jemmy the First, Curs'd;
With Vexation and Poxes, and Impotence
Saw the good Cauſe muſt end, which ſo well he began [get him a Son.
Swore the Church, ſince he cou'd not, ſhould
Derry down, down, &c.

To work went the Church, on her Majeſty's Womb, [Rome;
By her true Repreſentatives, Fryars from
But tho' they well warm'd her true Chatholick Mettle, [Kettle.
They never could make the Meat Boil in the
Derry down, &c.

But ſince 'twas determin'd, an Heir muſt be got,
No matter from Kettle, from Pan or from Pot;
It Miracles fertile, the old Jeſuits Clan,
Produc'd a brave Boy, from a Braſs Warming-pan. Derry down, &c.

But old England quite harraſs'd with Papiſt's before, [more?
The Brat being ſpurious, would ſure bear no
But, with little Will's help, kick'd this Spawn of a Fryar,
From out of the Warming-pan, into the Fire.
Derry down, &c.

Full many a Year, has the Baſtard been Nurſs'd,
By Paris and Rome, who engender'd him firſt,
And now they have ſent, to promote their Old Plan,
The Son of the Son, of the Braſs Warming-pan.
Derry down, &c.

Can Scotland in Union, pretend to Combine,
When with ſpurious Seed, they ſo mutually join; [retire,
Quick to Paris or Rome, make young Perkin
Or we're out of the Warming-pan into the Fire.
Derry down, &c.

The Loons wear Broad-Swords, but what of all that; [and Chat;
'Twill be nothing by and by, but Chit, Chit
If once to Action with the Engliſh they'll venture, [der's Indenture.
We'll ſpoil their whole Scheme. their Preten-
Derry down, &c.

Sure Scotland remembers, the direful Fate,
When they ſuccour'd the Warming-pan's Father of late?
How many to Tower, to Newgate was ſent,
Some Heads were cut off, and too late did repent. Derry down, &c.

May all be ſerv'd ſo, that takes up the Cauſe,
For Rome or the D---l, make daily applauſe;
Let's firmly unite, in the Proteſtant Caſe,
Drive Rome to the D---l, keep K. George in his Place. Derry down, &c.

SONG 1327.

WHen your kind Wiſhes firſt I ſought,
'Twas in the dawn of Youth;
I toaſted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of Truth.

You ſaw how ſtill my Flame encreas'd;
I griev'd to be deny'd:
You ſaid, till I to wander ceas'd
You'd guard your Heart with Pride.

I, that once feign'd to many Lies,
In height of Paſſion ſwore
By you, and other Deities,
That I would rove no more.

I've ſworn, and therefore now, am fix'd;
No longer falſe and vain:
My Paſſion is with Honour mix'd,
And both ſhall ever reign.

SONG 1328.

WHen Cloe was by Damon ſeen,
What heart could be unmov'd;

She look'd ſo like the Cyprian Queen,
He gaz'd admir'd and lov'd.
He lov'd alas! but lov'd in Vain,
And full of Grief and Care,
He knew he never cou'd obtain;
The lovely charming Fair,
The lovely charming Fair.

Cloe deſerv'd a better Swain,
He not ſo fair a Bride;
Yet ſtill he hug'd the fatal Chain,
He lov'd, deſpair'd and dy'd:
Take Pity then thou charming Maid,
For Cloe's Caſe is thine,
I dare not ask, ſo much I dread,
Muſt Damon's Fate be mine.

SONG 1329.

WHy heaves my fond Boſom,
Ah! what can it mean;
Why flutters my Heart,
Which was once ſo ſerene?
Why this ſighing and trembling
When Daphne is near? [Fear.
Or why when ſhe's abſent this Sorrow and
Or why when, &c.

For ever, methinks, I with wonder cou'd trace, [Face;
The thouſand ſoft Charms that embelliſh thy
Each Moment I view thee, new Beauties I find,
With thy Face I am charm'd, but enſlav'd by thy Mind.

Untainted with Folly, unſullied by Pride,
The native good Humour, and Virtue reſide;
PrayHeaven's that Virtue thy ſoul may ſupply,
With Compaſſion for him, who without thee muſt die.

SONG 1330.

WHY ſhould a Heart ſo tender break,
O Myra give its Anguiſh eaſe,
The uſe of Beauty you miſtake,
Not meant to vex, but pleaſe,
Not meant to vex, but pleaſe.

Thoſe Lips for Smiling are deſign'd,
And that Boſom to be preſs'd,
Your Eyes to languiſh and look kind,
For am'rous Arms your Waiſt.
For, &c.

Each thing has its appointed Right,
Eſtabliſh'd by the Powers above,
The Sun and Stars, give Warmth and light,
The Heav'ns diſtribute Love.
The Heav'ns diſtribute Love.

SONG 1331.

WElcome my Shepherd, how welcome to me,
This airy occaſion of meeting with thee,
But when thou art abſent how joyleſs am I,
Contented methinks I cou'd ſet down and dye.
Contented methinks, &c.

I rail at the Hour that ſo ſlowly does move,
While I'am at a Diſtance from all that I love;
With Weeping, complain of my ill-natur'd State,
I rail at my Being, and curſe my hard Fate.

With trifling Amuſements, ſome Time I beguile,
My Cares for a Moment, and chearfully Smile,
But quickly thy Image returns to my Soul,
And in my ſad Boſom ſad Hurricanes rowl.
No Day can be laſting, if thou art not there,
Thy Preſence alone, can thy Shepherdeſs cheer,
Your look, like the Sun drive all Sorrow away,
And bleſt with thy Sight I would always be gay.

SONG 1332.

YOung Daphne brighteſt Creature,
That e'er did Heart enſnare,
Was bleſt with all that Nature
Could laviſh on the Fair.
For her each Youth did languiſh,
What, tho' ſhe mock'd their Anguiſh,
Yet Strephon won her Heart.

The Stripling ſwore, for ever
He'd true and conſtant prove;
He was a Youth ſo clever,
That ſhe repaid his Love:
But Death, their Joys reſenting,
Of Strephon made a Prize;
Oh! Powers unrelenting!
To cloſe the Shepher's Eyes.

Now, ſobbing, pining, crying,
The beauteous Widow ran,
And vow'd in endleſs Sighing,
To weep her conſtant Man:
But Corridon, the Rover,
To court her did prepare,
And thought another Lover
Might not diſpleaſe the Fair.

With Boldneſs he advances,
The Fair his Love denies,
Till irreſiſtleſs Glances
Shot flaſhing from his Eyes.
With Oaths and Vows aſſailing,
He wipes each tear-ſwoln Cheek,
Until, his Love prevailing,
He wed's her in a Week.

SONG 1333.

YE Shades, where fragrant Zephyrs blow,
And ſhed around their roſy Dew;
Where whiſp'ring Waters gently flow,
And faithful Turtles fondly coo:
Where I ſo oft have heard my Swain,
My faithleſs Damon tell his Pain.

How gay, how ſweet was ev'ry Flow'r
That dreſt the Margin of each Stream,
Where fondly Damon ſigh'd and ſwore,
And Vows and Love were all his Theme?
The Stream, the Flow'rs, the liſt'ning Shade
All! all have heard the Vows he made.

But since my perjur'd Damon flies,
The Rose that deck'd the lonesome Bow'r
Unheeded buds, unheeded dies,
Its dewy Fragrance charms no more:
But as the calling Turtels Coo,
I wish and call her Damon too.

Along the River's Side I lie,
And weeping fill the Stream with Tears;
Fond Echo too repeats each Sigh,
And ev'ry Grot my Anguish hears.
Ah! gentle Echo, friendly Stream,
Convey my sad Complaints to him.
As thro' the sunny Lawn you stray,
Or rush along the gloomy Wood.
If you shou'd find my wand'rer stray,
O tell whose Sorrow swells your Flood!
O tell my Pain, and tell him, I,
For Love, for Grief, and Damon, die!

SONG 1334.

YE Gods, ye gave to me a Wife,
Out of your Grace and Favour,
To be the Comfort of my Life,
And I was glad to have her.

But if your Providence divine,
For greater Bliss design her,
To obey your Will at any Time,
I am ready to resign her.

SONG 1335.

YE gentle Gales that fan the Air,
And wanton in the shady Grove;
Oh! whisper to my absent Fair,
My secret Pain, and endless Love:

And, in the sultry Heat of Day,
When she does seek some cool Retreat,
Throw spicy Odours in her Way,
And scatter Roses at her Feet:

That when she sees their Colours fade,
And all their Pride neglected lie;
Let that instruct the charming Maid,
That Sweets not timely gather'd die.

And when she lays her down to Rest,
Let some auspicious Vision shew,
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I'd undergo.

SONG 1336.

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, from the Groves and the Plains,
Attend my Complaints, and give Ear to my Strains:
No Lover in Story, or ancient or new,
E'er suffer'd so much from a Passion so true.

The Nymph I adore, neither cruel nor kind,
To Love seems averse, to my Friendship inclin'd:
She smiles when I'm gay, when I sigh she looks grave,
She admits me her Friend, but disowns me her Slave.

I tell her I'm dying; she asks what I ail?
I fall at her Feet; but alas! 'twon't avail:

She wonders why trembling I ſigh and complain
And pities my Caſe, while ſhe laughs at my pain.
A Boſom ſo frozen what Lover can bear?
Then ſay, O ye Pow'rs! ſhall I hope or deſpair?
Or fly to a Warmer, and kinder than ſhe,
Who'll ſoon eaſe my Pains, and as ſoon ſet me free?

SONG 1337.

YE Purple-blooming Roſe,
When Love in Wreathes diſpoſes;
Why guard ye ſo your Treaſures,
And grudge the Boy his Pleaſures?
So mix'd with ſweet and ſour,
Life's not unlike the Flow'r:
Its Sweets unpluckt will languiſh,
And gather'd 'tis with Anguiſh.

Then, lovely Boy, bring hither
The Chaplet, e'er it wither;
Steep'd in the various Juices
The cluſter'd Vine produces.
This, round my moiſten'd Treſſes,
The Uſe of Life expreſſes:
Wine blunts the Thorn of Sorrow; S.
Our Roſe may fade to morrow. S.

SONG 1338.

YE happy Swains, whoſe Nymphs are kind,
Teach me the Art of Love:
That I the like Succeſs may find,
My Shepherdeſs to move:
Long have I ſtrove to win her Heart,
But yet alas! in vain;
For ſhe ſtill acts one cruel Part
Of Rigour and Diſdain.

Whilſt in my Breaſt a Flame moſt pure
Conſumes my Life away;
Ten thouſand Tortures I endure,
Languiſhing Night and Day:
Yet ſhe, regardleſs of my Grief,
Looks on her dying Slave;
And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,
To heal the Wound ſhe gave.

What is my Crime oh rigid Fate!
I'm puniſh'd ſo ſevere?
Tell me, that I may expiate
With a repenting Tear:
But if you have reſolv'd, that I
No Mercy ſhall obtain;
Let her perſiſt in Tyranny,
And cure by Death my Pain.

SONG 1339. *Black ey'd Suſan.*

YE Pow'rs! was Damon then ſo bleſt,
To fall to charming Delia's Share;
Delia, the beauteous Maid, poſſeſt
Of all that's ſoft, and all that's fair?
Here ceaſe thy Bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
I aſk no more, for all my Wiſh is given.

I came, and Delia ſmiling, ſhow'd
She ſmil'd, and ſhow'd the happy Name;
With riſing Joy my Heart o'erflow'd,
I felt and bleſt the new-born Flame.
May ſofteſt Pleaſure ceaſeleſs round her move,
May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love.

She drew the Treaſure from her Breaſt,
That Breaſt where Love and Graces play;
O Name beyond Expreſſion bleſt!
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be ſo lodg'd! the Thought is Extaſy!
Who would not wiſh in Paradiſe to lie;

SONG 1340.

YE Silvian Powers that rule the Plains,
Where ſweetly winding Fortha Glides;
Conduct me to her Banks again,
Since there my charming Molly bides.
Theſe Banks that breath their vernal Sweets,
Where every ſmiling Beauty meets;
Where Molly's Charms adorn the Plain,
And chear the Heart of every Swain.

Thrice happy were theſe golden Days,
When I amidſt the rural Throng,
On Fortha's Meadows breath'd my Lays,
And Molly's Charms were all my Song.
While ſhe were preſent all were gay,
No Sorrow did our Mirth allay;
We ſung of Pleaſure, ſung of Love,
And Muſick breath'd in every Grove.

O then! was I the happieſt Swain,
No adverſe Fortune marr'd my Joy;
The Shepherds ſigh'd for her in vain,
On me ſhe ſmil'd, to them was coy.
O'er Fartha's mazy Burks we ſtray'd,
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous Maid;
The beauteous Maid my Love return'd,
And both with equal Ardour burn'd.

Oft on the graſſy Bank reclin'd,
Where Forth flow'd by in Murmurs deep,
It was my happy Chance to find
The charming Molly lull'd aſleep;
My Heart the leap'd with inward Bliſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd and ſteal'd a Kiſs:
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, and chide me fell,
But ſmil'd as if ſhe lik'd it well.

Oft in the thick embow'ring Groves,
Where Birds their Muſick chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we ſung our Loves,
And Fortha's fair Meanders view'd.
The Meadows wore a general Smile,
Love was our Banquet all the while:
The lovely Proſpect charm'd the Eye,
To where the Ocean met the Sky,

Ye ſilvan Powers, ye rural Gods,
To Whom we Swains our Cares impart,
Reſtore me to theſe bleſt Abodes,
And eaſe, oh! eaſe my Love-ſick Heart;
Theſe happy Days again reſtore,
When Molly and I ſhall part no more;

When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing Arms,
And crown my Bliſs with all her Charms.

SONG 1341.

YE Cats, that at Midnight ſpit Love at each other,
Who beſt feel the Pangs of a paſſionate Lover;
I appeal to your Scratches and tattered Fur,
If the Buſineſs of Love be not more than to pur.
Old Lady Grimalkin, with Gooſeberry Eyes,
When Kitten knows ſomething: for why? ſhe was wiſe:
You find by Experience the Love Fit's ſoon o'er,
Puſs, Puſs, laſts not long, but turns to Cat-whore.
Men ride many Miles,
Cats tread many Tiles,
Both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the Fray;
Only Cats, if they fall
From a Houſe or a Wall,
Keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails, and away.

SONG 1342.

YE Minutes ſwiftly move,
That bear me to my Love;
When Phœbe's near,
I'm debonair,
And happier far than Jove:
Her every Charm,
Her Power to warm
The coldeſt Cynick's Breaſt;
In each fond Sigh
My Wiſhes fly,
To tell how I
In Abſence die,
'Till of my Dear poſſeſs'd.

SONG 1343. *The Milk-Maid.*

YE Nymphs and Sylvian Gods,
That love Green Fields and Woods,
When Spring newly blown,
Herſelf does adorn
With Flowers and blooming Buds;
Come ſing in the Praſe,
Whilſt Flocks do graze,
In yonder pleaſant Vale;
Of thoſe that chuſe
Their Sleep to loſe,
And in cold Dews,
with clouted Shoes,
Do carry the Milking-Pail.

The Goddeſs of the Morn
With Bluſhes they adorn;
And take the freſh Air,
Whilſt Linnets prepare
A Concert on each green Thorn:
The Blackbird and Thruſh,
On every Buſh,
And the charming Nightingale,
In merry Vein
Their Throats do ſtrain,
To entertain
The jolly Train
That carry the Milking-Pail.

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
And Flowers can ſpring no more;
The Fields that were ſeen,
So pleaſant and green,
By Winter all candy'd o'er.
Oh how the Town Laſs,
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly pale!
But it is not ſo
With thoſe that go
Thro' Froſt and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow!
To carry the Milking-Pail.

The Miſs of courtly Mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
With Waſhes and Paint
Her Skin does ſo taint,
She's wither'd before ſhe's old:
Whilſt ſhe in Commode,
Puts on a Cart-Load,
And with Cuſhions plumps her Tail.
What Joys are found
In Ruſſet Gown,
Young, plump, and round,
And ſweet and ſound,
That carry the Milking-Pail!

The Girls of Venus's Game,
That venture Health and Fame,
In practiſing Feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow blind and lame:
If Men were ſo wiſe,
To value the Price
Of the Wares moſt fit for Sale,
What Store of Beaus
Would pawn their Cloaths,
To ſave a Noſe,
By following thoſe
That carry the Milking-Pail!

The Country Lad is free
From Fears and Jealouſy,
When upon the Green,
He is often ſeen
With his Laſs upon his Knee!
With Kiſſes moſt ſweet
He does her greet,
And ſwears ſhe'll ne'er grow ſtale!
Whilſt the London Laſs
In ev'ry Place,
With her brazen Face,
Deſpiſes the Grace
Of thoſe with the Milking-Pail.

SONG 1344, *The Yellow hair'd Ladie.*

YE Shepherds and Nymphs that adorn the gay Plain,
Approach from your Sports and attend to my Strain,
Amongſt all your Number a Lover ſo true,
Was ne'er ſo undone, with ſuch Bliſs in his View.

Was ever a Nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine;
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly and mildly reſigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies:
She ſmiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs.
A Boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an Air,
Inſpires me with Hope, and yet bids me deſpair!

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears:
Her Anſwer confounds, while her Manner endears;
Whon ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bleſs her in ſpite of my Grief.

By Night while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with Care.
I ſtart up with Anguiſh, and ſigh for the Fair;
The Fair ſleeps with Peace, may ſhe ever do ſo!
And only when dreaming imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Diſtance, nor farther aſpire,
Nor thinks he ſhou'd love, whom ſhe cannot admire:
Huſh all thy Complaining, and, dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heav'n, and thyſelf to the Grave.

SONG 1345.

YE Beaus of Pleaſure,
Whoſe Wit at Leiſure
Can count Love's Treaſure,
Its Joy and Smart;
At my Deſire,
With me retire,
To know what Fire
Conſumes my Heart.

Three Moons that haſted,
Are hardly waſted,
Since I was blaſted
With Beauty's Ray;

Aurora ſhews ye
No Face ſo roſy,
No July's Poſy,
So freſh and gay.

Her Skin by Nature,
No Ermine better,
Tho' that fine Creature
Is white as Snow:

With blooming Graces
Adorn'd her Face is;
Her flowing Treſſes
As black as Slow.

She's tall and ſlender,
She's ſoft and tender;
Some God commender;
My Wit's too low.

'Twere joyful Plunder,
To bring her under!
She's all a Wonder,
From Top to Toe.

Then ceaſe you Sages,
To quote dull Pages,
That in all Ages
The Mind is free:

Tho' great your Skill is,
So ſtrange the Will is,
My Love for Phillis
Muſt ever be.

SONG 1346.

YE little Loves that hourly wait,
To bring from Cælia's Eyes my Fate,
Tell her my Pain in ſofteſt Sighs,
And gently whiſper, Strephon dies.

But if that won't her Pity move,
And the coy Nymph diſdains to Love,
Tell her again 'tis all a Lie,
And haughty Strephon ſcorns to die.

SONG 1347.

YE Virgin Pow'rs, defend my Heart
From amorous Looks and Smiles;
From ſaucy Love, or nicer Art,
Which moſt our Sex beguiles.

From Sighs and Vows, and awful Fears,
That do to Pity move;
From ſpeaking Silence, and from Tears,
Thoſe Springs that water Love.

But if thro' Paſſion I grow blind,
Let Honour be my Guide;
And when frail Nature ſeems inclin'd,
There place a Guard of Pride.

An Heart whoſe Flames are ſeen, tho' pure,
Needs every Virtue's Aid;
And She who thinks herſelf ſecure,
The ſooneſt is betray'd.

SONG 1348. *The fourteenth of October.*

YE Gods! was Strephon's Picture bleſt
With the fair Heaven of Chloe's Breaſt?
Move ſofter, thou fond fluttering Heart,
Oh! gently throb,--- too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brighteſt of thy Kind,
For Strephon was the Bliſs deſign'd?
For Strephon's Sake, dear charming Maid,
Didſt thou prefer his wand'ring Shade?

And thou, bleſt Shade, that ſweetly art
Lodged ſo near my Cloe's Heart,
For me the tender Hour improve,
And ſoftly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful Thing! it ſcorns to hear
Its wretched Maſter's ardent Prayer,
Engroſſing all that beauteous Heaven,
That Cloe, laviſh Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: Were I Lord
Of all the Wealth thoſe Breaſts afford,
I'd be a Miſer too, nor give
An Alms to keep a God alive.
Oh ſmile not thus, my lovely Fair,
On thoſe cold Looks, that lifeleſs Air;
Prize him whoſe Boſom glows with Fire,
With eager Love, and ſoft Deſire.

'Tis true, thy Charms, O powerful Maid!
To Life can bring the ſilent Shade;
Thou canſt ſurpaſs the Painter's Art,
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me;
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Requeſt;
Say thou canſt love, and make me bleſt.

SONG 1349.

YE twice ten hundred Deities,
To whom we daily ſacrifice;
Ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below,
And ſee what Men are doom to do;
Where Elements in Diſcord dwell,
Thou God of Sleep, ariſe and tell;
Tell great Zempoalla what ſtrange Fate
Muſt on her diſmal Viſion wait.

By the Croaking of the Toads,
In their Caves that make Abodes;
Earthly Dun that pants for Breath,
With her ſwell'd Sides full of Death;
By the creſted Adder's Pride,
That along the Cliffs do glide;
By thy Viſage fierce and black;
By the Death's-Head on thy Back;
By the twiſted Serpents plac'd
For a Girdle round thy Waiſt;
By the Hearts of Gold that deck
Thy Breaſt, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck;
From thy ſleepy Manſion riſe,
And open thy unwilling Eyes;
While bubling Springs their Muſic keep,
That uſe to lull thee in thy Sleep.

SONG 1350.

YE Minutes, bring the happy Hour,
And Cloe bluſhing to the Bow'r;
Then ſhall all idle Flames be o'er,
Nor Eyes or Heart e'er wander more:
Both, Cloe, fix for ever on thee;
For thou art all thy Sex to me.

A guilty is a falſe Embrace;
Corinna's Love's a Fairy Chace:
Be gone, thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
And all that can't ſurvive Deſire:
Cloe my Reaſon moves, and Awe;
And Cupid ſhot me when I ſaw.

SONG 1351.

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
Be warn'd and inſtructed by me;
Tho' ſmall Experience I've had,
I'll give you good Council, and free.

The Women are changeable Things,
And ſeldom a Moment the ſame;
As Time a Variety brings,
Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But who in his Love would ſucceed,
And his Miſtreſs's Favour obtain,
Muſt mind it as ſure as his Creed,
To make Hay while the Sun is ſerene.

There's a Seaſon to conquer the Fair;
And that's when they're merry and gay:
To catch the Occaſion take Care;
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll eſſay.

SONG 1352.

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And pleaſe the canny Boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot-man;
In haly Bands
We join'd our Hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While Parents rate
A large Eſtate
Before a faithful Lover.

But I loor chuſe in Highland Glens
To herd the Kid, and Goat-man,
E'er I cou'd, for ſic little Ends,
Refuſe my bonny Scot-man.
Wae worth the Man,
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous Faſhion;
Frae greedy Views,
Love's Art to uſe,
While Strangers to its Paſſion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haſte to thy longing Laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy Mouth,
And in her Boſom hawſe thee.
Love gives the Word,
Then haſte on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder Shore.
My blith, my bonny Scot-man.

SONG 1353.

YES, I could love, If I could find
A Miſtreſs fitted to my Mind;
Whom neither Gold nor Pride could move,
To change her Virtue or her Love.

Loves to go neat not to go fine;
Loves for myſelf, and not for mine:
Not City proud, nor nice and coy;
But full of Love, and full of Joy.

Nor childiſh young, nor beldame old;
Nor firery hot, no icy cold:
No gravely wiſe, to rule the State
Nor fooliſh to be pointed at.

Not worldly rich, nor baſely poor;
Nor chaſte, nor a reputed Whore.

If ſuch a one you can diſcover,
Pray, Sir, entitle me her Lover.

SONG 1354.

YES, all the World will ſure agree,
He who's ſecur'd of thee,
Will be intirely bleſt;
But 'twere in me too great a Wrong.
To make one who has been ſo long
My Queen, my Slave at laſt.

Nor ought theſe Things to be confin'd,
That were for publick Good deſign'd:
Could we, in fooliſh Pride,
Make the Sun always with us ſtay,
'Twoul burn our Corn and Graſs away,
To ſtarve the World beſide.

Let not the Thoughts of Parting fright
Two Souls which Paſſion does unite:
For while our Love does laſt,
Neither will ſtrive to go away;
And why the Devil ſhould we ſtay,
When once that Love is paſt.

SONG 1355.

YOur Charms to Ruin led the Way;
My Senſe deprav'd,
My Strength enſlav'd;
As I did love, you did betray:
How great the Curſe, how hard my Fate,
To paſs Life's Sea with ſuch a Mate.

SONG 1356.

YOU that love Mirth, attend to my Song;
A Moment you never can better employ:
Sawney and Teague were trudging along,
A bonny Scots Lad, and an Iriſh dear Joy:
They never before had ſeen a Wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any ſuch Name;
As they were walking
And merrily talking, [came.
At laſt, by meer Chance, to a Wind-mill they

Ha! ha! ſays Sawney, what do ye ca' that?
To tell the right name o't I am at a Loſs.
Teague very readily anſwer'd the Scot,
Indeed I believe it's Shaint Patrick's Croſs.
Says Sawney, you'll find your ſell mickle miſtaken,
For it is Saint Andrew's Croſs, I can ſwear;
For there is his Bonnet,
And Tartans hang on it;
The Plad and the Trews our Apoſtle did wear.

Nay, o' my Shoul Joy, thou telleſht all Lees,
For that, I will ſwear, is Shaint Patrick's Coat,
I ſhee't him in Ireland buying the Freeze;
And that, I am ſure, is the ſame that he bought:
And he is a Shaint, much better than ever
Made either the Covenantſh ſholemn, or [League:
For o' my Shalwaſhion, [Teague.
He was my Relaſhion
And had a great Kindneſh for honeſht poor

Wherefore, ſays Teague, I will by my Shoul,
Lay down my Napſhackle, and take out my Beads,
And under this holy Croſs ſet I will fall,
And ſhay Pater-noſter, and ſome of my Creeds.
So Teague began with humble Devotion,
To kneel before Saint Patrick's Croſs:
The Wind fell a blowing,
And ſet it a going,
And it gave our dear Joy a terrible Toſs.

Sawney tehee'd, to ſee how poor Teague
Lay ſcratching his Ears, and roll'd on the Graſs,
Swearing it was ſurely the De'il's Whirligig,
And none (he roar'd out) of St Patrick's Croſs.
But iſh it indeed, cries he in a Paſſion
The Croſs of our Shaint that has croſh'd me ſo ſore?
Upon my Shalwaſhion,
This ſhall be a Cawſhion,
To truſt to Shaint Patrick's Kindneſs no more.

Sawney to Teague merrily cry'd,
This Patron of yours is a very bad Loon,
To hit you ſic a fair Thump on the Hide,
For kneeling before him, and begging a Boon:
Let me adviſe you to ſerve our Saint Andrew,
He, by my Saul, was a ſpecial gude Mon;
For ſince your Saint Patrick
Has ſerv'd you ſick a Trick,
I'd ſee him hang'd up ere I'd ſerve him again.

SONG 1357.

YOU pretty Birds that ſit and ſing
Amidſt the ſhady Valleys,
And ſee how ſweetly Phillis walks
Within her guarded Alleys:
Go, Pretty Birds, unto her Bow'r;
Sing, pretty Birds, ſhe may not low'r.
For fear my faireſt Phillis frown,
You pretty Wantons warble.

Go, tell her thro' your chirping Bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my Love,
Which from the World is hidden:
Go, pretty Birds, and tell her ſo;
See that your Notes fall not too low,
For Fear, &c.

Go tune your Voice's Harmony,
And ſing I am her Lover;
Strain low and high, that ev'ry Note
With ſweet conſent may move her:
Tell her it is her Lover true,
That ſendeth Love by you and you.
Ah me! methinks I ſee her frown;
You pretty Wantons warble.

Fly, pretty Birds and in your Bills
Bear me a loving Letter
Unto my faireſt Phillis, and
With your ſweet Muſick greet her:
Go, pretty Birds, unto her hie,
Haſte, pretty Birds, unto her fly.
Ah me! &c.

And if you find her ſadly ſit,
About her ſweetly chaunt it,
Until ſhe ſmiling raiſe her Head,
Ne'er ceaſe until ſhe grant it:
Go, pretty Birds, and tell her I,
As you have done, will to her fly.
Ah me!

SONG 1358. *A Soldier, &c.*

YOU Friends to Reformation,
Give Ear to my Relation;
For I will now declare, Sir,
Before you are aware, Sir,
The Matter very plain,
The Matter very plain.

A Goſpel Cuſhion Thumper,
Who dearly lov'd a Bumper,
And ſomething elſe beſide, Sir,
If he is not bely'd, Sir,
This was a holy Guide, Sir,
For the Diſſenting Train.

And for to tell you truly,
His Fleſh was ſo unruly,
He could not for his Life, Sir,
Paſs by the Draper's Wife, Sir,
The Spirit was ſo faint, &c.

This jolly handſome Quaker,
As he did overtake her,
She made his Mouth to water,
And thought long to be at her:
Such Sin is no great Matter
Accounted by a Saint.

Says he, 'My pretty Creature,
'Your charming handſome Feature
'has ſet me all on Fire;
'You know what I deſire;
'There is no harm in Love, &c:

Quoth ſhe, 'If that's your Notion,
'To preach up ſuch Devotion:
'Such hopeful Guides as you, Sir,
'Will half the World undo, Sir,
'If you ſuch things approve.'

The Parſon ſtill more eager
Than luſtful Turk or Negroe,
Took up her lower Garment,
And ſaid there was no harm in't,
According to the Text, &c.

For Solomon, far wiſer,
Than any dull Adviſer,
Had many hundred Miſſes,
To crown his Royal Wiſhes:
And why ſhould ſuch as this is
Make you ſo ſadly vext?

The frighted Female Quaker
Perceiv'd what he would make her;
Was forc'd to call the Watch in,
And ſtop what he was hatching,
To ſpoil the Light within, &c.

They came to her Aſſiſtance,
As ſhe did make Reſiſtance
Againſt the Prieſt and Devil,
The Actors of all Evil,
Who were ſo grand uncivil,
To tempt a Saint to ſin.

The Parſon then confounded,
To ſee himſelf ſurrounded
With Mob and ſturdy Watchmen,
Whoſe Buſineſs 'tis to catch Men,
In Lewdneſs with a Punk, &c.

He had ſome faint Excuſes,
And all to hide Abuſes,
In taking upon the Linnen,
Againſt the Saint's Opinion,
Within her ſoft Dominion,
Alledging he was drunk.

But tho' he feigned Reeling,
They made him pay for Feeling
And lugg'd him to a Priſon,
To bring him to his Reaſon,
Which he had loſt before, &c.

And thus we ſee how Preachers,
That ſhould be Goſpel-Teachers,
How they are ſtrangely blinded,
To do as our Divine did,
And are ſo fleſhly-minded,
To lie with any Whore.

SONG 1359. *Sure Marriage, &c.*

YOU laugh to ſee me fond appear,
Of one not worth the Part, fal, lal, &c.
A Wretch by Nature inſincere,
And amorous by Art. Fal, lal, &c.

Wrong not a well-meant, honeſt Flame,
To Lais undeſign'd; fal, lal, &c.
'Tis to her Sex, not her, I am
So ardent and ſo kind. Fal, lal, &c.

Where's now the mighty Diff'rence ſhewn,
In what we diff'rent do? fal, lal, &c.
One feigns to all alike, and one
To all alike is true. Fal, lal, &c.

As both have hundreds done before,
Each other we careſs; fal, lal, &c.
Impartial ſhe loves nó Man more,
And I now Woman leſs.

SONG 1360.

YOU meaner Beauties of the Night,
Who poorly ſatisfy our Eyes;
More with your Number than your Light,
Like common People of the Skies;
What are you when the Moon doth riſe?

You Violets, that firſt appear,
By your fine purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the Year,
As if the Spring was all your own;
What are ye when the Roſe is blown?

You warbling Chaunters of the Wood,
Who fill our Ears with Nature's Lays,
Thinking your Voice is underſtood
By meaner Accents; what's your Praiſe,
When Philomel her Voice does raiſe?

You glorious Trifles of the Eaſt,
Whoſe Eſtimation Fancies raiſe,
Pearls, Rubies, Saphire, and the Reſt
Of glitt'ring Gems; what is your Praiſe,
When the bright Diamond ſhews his Rays?

So when my Princeſs ſhall be ſeen,
In Beauty of her Face and Mind,
By Virtue firſt, then Choice a Queen;
Tell me, if ſhe were not deſign'd,
Th' Eclipſe and Glory of her Kind?

The Roſe, the Violet, the whole Spring
Unto her Breath for Sweetneſs run;
The Di'mond's darken'd in the Ring;
If ſhe appear the Moon's undone,
As in the Preſence of the Sun.

SONG 1361. *Gently touch, &c.*

YOU I love, by all that's true,
More than all things here below;
With a Pleaſure far more great
Than e'er a Creature loved yet;
And yet ſtill you cry, Forbear,
Love me more, or love not here.

Bid the Miſer leave his Ore!
Bid the wretched ſigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again;
Bid the Nun think of Man:
Sylvia, when you this can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a Thing of Choice, but Fate;
What makes me Love, makes you to hate:
Sylvia, then do what you will,
Eaſe or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel falſe or true,
Love I muſt, and none but you,

SONG 1362. *As I went, &c.*

YOu've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe
Was ſoak'd of old with Noah's Flood!
See! here's a Globe that holds a Sea!
A Sea of Liquor twice as good!
Tol lol de rol.

Had Noah's been a Flood like this,
And Anak's Sons ſuch Soul's as I,
They'd drank the Deluge as it roſe,
And left the Ark, like Noah, dry.
Tol lol de rol.

SONG 1363.

YOU little blind Deceiver go,
And tell thy beauteous Mother,
A ſtrong Reſentment I will ſhow,
Since ſhe does love another.

What tho' her Air and Shape's divine,
Yet ſtill I can withſtand her
I'll make the ſporting Youth repine,
And ſhew him I'm Commander.
But if true Love hath no Effect,
On that delightful Treaſure,
The Power I have I'll not neglect,
But ſeize her at my Pleaſure.

SONG 1364.

YOung Phaon ſtrove the Bliſs to taſte,
But Sapho ſtill deny'd:
She ſtruggl'd long, the Youth at laſt
Lay panting by her Side.
Uſeleſs he lay; Love would not wait
Till they could both agree;
They idly languiſh'd in Debate,
When they ſhould active be.

At laſt, Come ruin me, ſhe cry'd,
And then there fell a Tear:
I'll in my Breaſt my Bluſhes hide,
Do all that Virgins fear.
O, that Age could Love's Rites perform,
We make old Men obey;
They court us long, Youth does but ſtorm,
And plunder and away.

SONG 1365.

YOung Thyrſis, once the jolliеſt Swain
That ever charm'd the liſt'ning Plain,
Attentive to his Glee;
While Nymphs around the Rover throng,
He tun'd his Pipe, and all his Song
Was, J'aime la Liberté.

Bright Chloe, ev'ry Shepherd's Care,
And Flavia, faireſt of the Fair,
Are now no longer free:
Coy Delia felt unuſual Pain,
All grieve to hear the Shepherd's Strain
Was, J'aime la Liberté.

The Youth, by Inclination ſway'd,
A ſofter Tune had often play'd
To ev'ry charming ſhe:
None fear Deluſion from his Tongue,
For all he ſaid, and all he ſung
Was, J'aime la Liberté.

The treach'rous Boy thus play'd his Part
In Triumph o'er each female Heart;
Oh! who ſo bleſt as he?
Who had each Nymph a Mother made,
While all he ſung, and all he ſaid,
Was, J'aime la Liberté.

SONG 1366.

YOung Cælia, in her tender Years,
The Roſe-bud on its Stalk,
Fill'd with a Virgin's modeſt Fears,
Stepp'd forth one Eve to walk:

She oft had heard of Love's blind Boy,
And wiſh'd to find him out,
Expecting for to meet the Joy
Of which ſhe'd been in doubt.

A pleaſing ſhady Grove ſhe ſpy'd,
Where trembling Aſpens ſhook;
Cloſe to its flow'ry Verge did glide
A murm'ring limpid Brook.
Amyntor ſighing there ſhe found,
She heard him talk of Love;
His Crook lay by him on the Ground,
While thus he pray'd to Jove.

Grant, mighty Pow'rs! that I may find
Some Eaſe within this Breaſt;
Grant, that my Cælia may be kind,
And make Amyntor bleſt.
Grant her to know the Force of Love,
And of her Swain's Deſire;
Grant but of me ſhe may approve,
And more I'll ne'er require.

SONG 1367. *In vain, dear Chloe.*

YOung Civiana, gay and fair,
Known for her Wit and well-bred Air,
A Viſit made one Day;
Where Cymon, with an aukward Mien,
Unluckily for him, came in,
His Folly to betray.

He bow'd and ſcrap'd, ne'er took his Chair,
But would all round ſalute the Fair;
Not only thoſe he knew,
The Viſited, but the gay Belle,
The Viſiter; ah! Shame to tell!
The Blockhead kiſs'd her too.

And what was worſe, or was as bad,
The reſt, by his Example led,
Repeated the Affront;
The Laſs did her Reſentment ſhow,
She ſnapt her Fan, ſhe bent her Brow;
Such Rudeneſs, fie upon't!

Fair-one, while thus your Anger burns,
If Cymon to the Place returns,
As ſoon no doubt he will;
Be there with twenty Virgins more,
For Kiſſes three inflict threeſcore,
You can't uſe him too ill.

Do at the ſelf-ſame Time and Place,
That all may witneſs his Diſgrace,
Repeat the Puniſhment;
With throbing Heart the guilty Clown
Shall your impartial Juſtice own,
And---ſit him down content.

SONG 1368.

YOung Orpheus tickl'd his Harp ſo well,
He gain'd fair Eurydice out of Hell,
With a twinkum, twankum, twang:
Had ſhe been honeſt, as ſhe was fair,
'Twou'd have been a great Wonder ſhe e'er came there,
With a twinkum, &c.

But 'tis to be fear'd ſhe prov'd a Scold,
And therefore the Devil had got her in hold;
But for fear ſhe ſhould poiſon all Hell with her Tongue,
The Devil releas'd her for an old Song.
Which was twinkum, twinkum, twinkum, twinkum, twinkum, twankum, twang.

SONG 1369.

YOung Coridon and Phillis
Sat in a lonely Grove,
Contriving Crowns of Lilies
Repeating Toys of Love.

But as they were a playing,
She ogled to the Swain:
It ſav'd her plainly ſaying,
Let's kiſs to eaſe our Pain.

A thouſand Times he kiſs'd her,
Laying her on the Green;
But as he further preſs'd her,
A pretty Leg was ſeen.

So many Beauties viewing,
His Ardour, ſtill encreas'd,
And greater Joys purſuing,
He wander'd o'er her Breaſt.

A laſt Effort ſhe trying,
His Paſſion to withſtand,
Cry'd, but 'twas faintly crying,
Pray take away your Hand.



Young Coridon grown bolder,
The Minutes would improve;
This is the Time, he told her,
To ſhow you how I love.

The Nymph ſeem'd almoſt dying,
Diſſolv'd in amorous Heat,
She kiſs'd and told him ſighing,
My Dear, your Love is great.

But Phillis did recover
Much ſooner than the Swain:
She bluſhing, aſk'd her Lover,
Shall we not kiſs again.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
'Till Nature at a ſtand;
From talk they went to ſleeping,
Holding each other's Hand.

SONG 1370.

YOUNG I am, and yet unſkill'd
How to make a Lover yield:
How to keep, or how to gain;
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my Soul Diſguiſe,
Heave my Breaſts, and roul my Eyes.

Stay not till I learn the Way,
How to lie and to betray;

He that has me first is blest;
For I may deceive the rest.
Could I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk and of a janty Mien,
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

SONG 1371.

YOung Philoret and Celia met
In an old shady Grove;
The Nymph was coy,
The amorous Boy,
Still sigh'd, and talk'd of Love.
He prais'd her Face, her Air her Grace,
Her lovely charming Mien,
And swore she was the brightest Lass
That tripp'd it on the Green.
With artful Tongue the Shepherd sung,
And told a melting Tale;
But all his Art
Cou'dn't touch her Heart,
Nor all his Skill prevail.
Th' insuling Fair, with scornful Air,
Still mock'd the Love-sick Swain;
And while he Sigh'd,
She still reply'd,
Sh'ad Pleasure in his Pain.

SONG 1372.

YOung Cupid one day wily,
With well dissembled Art,
Let fly an Arrow slily,
And pierc'd me to the Heart.

A while I sigh'd, grew stupid;
But to quit Scores with Cupid,
I found a Way, which soon I'll try,
Since Reason takes my Part.

I'll steal away his Arrows,
And sweet Revenge pursue:
With Women's Hearts I'll head 'em,
And then they'll ne'er fly true.

SONG 1373.

YOung Cupid I find
To subdue me inclin'd
But at length I a Statagem found,
That will rid me of him,
For I'll drink to the Brim,
And unless he can swim,
He like other Puppies will drown.

SONG 1374.

YOung Bacchus when merry bestriding his Tun,
Proclaimed a neighbourly Feast;
The first that appear'd was a Man of the Gown
A jolly Parochial Priest;
He fill'd up his Bowl, drank a Health to the Church,
Prefering it to the King;
Altho' he long since left both in the Lurch,
Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative Blade (whom we call
A Doctor of the Civil-Law)
He guzzl'd and drank up the Devil and all,
As fast as the Drawer could draw;

But a Health to all Nobles he ſtifly deny'd,
Tho' luſtily he could ſwill,
Becauſe, ſtill the faſter the Quality dy'd,
It brought the more Griſt to his Mill.

The next a Phyſician to Ladies and Lords,
Who eaſes all Sickneſs and Pain,
And conjures Diſtempers away with hard Words,
Which he knows is the Head of his Grains:
He ſtept from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to the Brink,
And quaffing did freely agree,
That Bacchus, who gave us ſuch Cordial to drink,
Was a better Phyſician than he.

The next was a Juſtice who never read Law,
With twenty Informers behind:
On free-coſt he tippl'd, and ſtill bid them draw,
'till his Worſhip had drank himſelf blind;
Then reeling away, they rambl'd in queſt
Of Drunkards and Jilts of the Town,
That they might be puniſh'd, to frighten the reſt,
Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,
By Tallymen chiefly employ'd,
Who lengthen'd his Bill with co hy and maw-daw,
And a thouſand ſuch Items beſide;
The Healths that he drank, were to Wiſtminſter-Hall,
And to all the grave Dons of the Gown;
Rependum in Petro, durendum in Paul,
Such Latin ſure never was known.

The laſt that appear'd was a Soldier in Red,
With his Hair doubled under his Hat,
Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,
He ſwore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,
Or the help of ſome impudent Punk,
That he would not depart till he made the Bowl
But ſing,
And himſelf moſt confoundedly drunk.

SONG 1375 *The Spring's a coming.*

YOung Virgins love Pleaſure;
As Miſers do Treaſure,
And both alike ſtrive for to heighten the Meaſure;
Their Hearts they will rifle,
For ev'ry new Trifle,
And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song:
But ſoon as they marry,
And find they miſcarry,
Oh! how they ſign that they were not more wary:
Inſtead of ſoft Wooing,
They run to their Ruin,
And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

SONG 1376.

YOung Roger of the Mill, one Morning very ſoon,
Put on his beſt Apparel, his Hoſe and clouted ſhoon;
And he a wooing went to bonny buxom Nell:
Adzooks, cries he, could'ſt fancy me? I like thee wond'rous well. I like, &c.

My Horſes I have dreſt, and gave them Corn and Hay; [this Way,
Put on my beſt Apparel; and having come
Let's ſit and chat a while with thee, my bonny Nell:
Adzooks, cries he, could'd fancy me? Ize like thy Perſon well. I like, &c.

Young Roger, you're miſtaken, the Damſel then reply'd; [Bride:
I am not in ſuch haſte to be a Plowman's
Know I then live in Hopes to marry a Farmer's Son [I have done.
If it be ſo, ſays Hodge, I'll go; ſweet Miſtreſs,
Your Horſes you have dreſt, as I have heard you ſay, [this Way,
Put on your beſt Apparel; and having come
Come ſit and chat a while. O no indeed not I;
I'll neither wait, nor chat nor prate, Ize other Fiſh to fry.

Go take your Farmer's Son with all my honeſt Heart, [Plow and Cart.
What tho' my Name be Roger that go to
I need not tarry long, e'er I do gain a Wife,
There's buxom Joan, it is well known, ſhe loves me as her Life [as well?
Pray what of buxom Joan, can't I pleaſe you
For ſhe has ne'er a Penny, and I am bouncing Nell: [him ſmile,
And I have fifty Shillings juſt; the Money made
O then my dear, Ill draw a Chair, and chat with thee a while.

Within half an Hour's Space, this Couple a Bargain ſtruck,
And I hope then with the Money they both may have good Luck.
I have forty Shillings, more, with which a Cow we'll buy;
We'll join our Hands in wedlock Bands, then who but you and I?

SONG 1377.

YOung Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window, Thumpaty thumpaty thump;
He begg'd for admittance, ſhe anſwer'd him no, Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.
My Dolly, my Dear, your true Love is here, Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump,
No, no, Roger, no, as you come you may go, Stumpaty, ſtumpaty, ſtump.
Oh! what is the Reaſon, dear Dolly, he cry'd, Humpaty. &c.
That thus I'm caſt off, and unkindly deny'd, Thumpaty, &c.
Some Rival more dear, I gueſs has been here, Crumpaty, &c.
Suppoſe there's been two Sir, pray what's that to you, Numpaty, &c.
Oh! then with a Sigh, his ſad Farewel he took, Humpaty, &c.
All in Deſpair, he leap'd into the Brook, Plumpaty, &c. [Mumpaty, &c.
His Courage he cool'd, he found himſelf fool'd,
He ſwam to the Shore, and ſaw Dolly no more, Dumpaty, &c.

Oh! then ſhe recall'd, and recall'd him again,
Numpaty, &c.
Whilſt he, like a Mad-man, ran over the Plan,
Stumpaty, &c.
Determin'd to find a Dam'ſel more kind
Plumpaty, &c.
While Dolly's afraid, ſhe muſt die an old Maid,
Mumpaty. &c.

SONG 1378.

YOuths the ſeaſon made for Joy,
Love is then our Duty;
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her Beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a Flower, deſpis'd in Decay.
Youth's the Seaſon, &c.

Let us drink and ſport to Day,
Our's is not to morrow;
Love with Youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but Sorrow.
Dance and Sing,
Time's on the Wing,
Life never knows the Return of Spring.
Choris. Let us drink, &c.

SONG 1379. *In Bickerſtaff's, &c.*

YOur muſty old Rules,
Are for dull thinking Fools,
Who to Wiſdom make aukward Pretences;
But the World is ſo wiſe,
All Schemes to diſpiſe,
Which prohibit th' enjoying five Senſes.

Ill rove and I'll range,
My Lover's I'll change,
Since changing in Females is common;
The dull Life of a Nun,
All fine Ladies Shun,
For Pleaſure's the Soul of a Woman.

SONG 1380.

YOur Gameſter, provok'd by his Loſs, may forſwear,
And rail againſt Play, yet can never forbear?
Deluded with Hopes, what is loſt may be won,
In Paſſion plays on, 'till at laſt he's undone.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond Pain
Of theſe fatal Wounds, which Love gets by Diſdain; [drawn in,
Seduc'd by the Charms of your Looks, am
To expoſe my poor Heart to thoſe dangers again.

Clariſſa, I live on the Hopes of my Love,
Which flatters me ſo, that you kinder will prove;
In ſome lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
And rout all your Forces in Arms to deſtroy me.

My Fortune I hope is reſerv'd for this Caſt,
To make me a Slave for all my Life paſt;
Be lucky this once, Dice! 'tis all I implore,
I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt yo no more.

SONG 1381 *When the bright God, &c.*

YOur Friendſhip I court,
For a friendly Support;
My Guts are grown wond'rous limber;
My Belly complains
Of the want of my Brains,
Which us'd to ſupply it with Timber.
May I ſwing like a Dog,
If I have a Hog,
A Smelt, a George, or a Teaſter:
But here am I pent,
To keep a ſad Lent,
Without any Hopes of an Eaſter.
I've ſent to my Betters
Many circular Letters,
Of this my diſmal Condition:
But you, Sir, I'm ſure,
My Diſtemper will cure,
Or a Haltar muſt be the Phyſician.
'Tis the firſt Time that I
E'er at Rhiming did try;
In which, if I had any Skill,
In more elegant Way,
As I ought, I wou'd ſay,
Your obliged Servant, Ra. Argill.
P. S I hope you'll excuſe
My unpolite Muſe;
Did Bacchus my Fancy inſpire,
Addreſs you I would,
In Verſes as good
As any of Pope, or of Prior.

SONG 1382.

YOur attempts are in vain;
I find you purſue me,
For what would undo me,
Pray Shepherd refrain;
If I ſhould believe you,
And think you a Lover,
True Man would deceive me,
And ſoon grow a Rover,
Such Love I diſdain.

You ſay, you'll watch while I ſhall play,
And guard my Treaſure Night and Day;
Alas! too well I ſee
Thro' all your Wiles
And flatt'ring Smiles,
You ſoon would rob me of my Liberty.

All your Whining,
And your Pining,
Never will to Love perſuade;
Love that once was worth poſſeſſing,
Th' Hero's Joy, the Shepherd's Bleſſing,
Now is grown an artful Trade.

SONG 1383.

YOur Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn is reap'd, ſheap'd
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels
Come, my Boys, come,
Come, my Boys, come,
And merrily roar our Harveſt home,

Harveſt home,
Harveſt home,
And merrily roar our Harveſt home,
Come, my Boys, come, &c.

We ha' cheated the Parſon, we'll cheat him agen,
For why ſhould a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
One in Ten,
One in Ten,
For why ſhould a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
One in Ten, &c.

For prating too long, like a Block-learnt Sot,
'Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot:
Burnt to Pot,
Burnt to Pot,
'Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot:
Burnt to Pot, &c.

We'll toſs off our Ale till we cannot ſtand,
And hey for the Honour of old England,
Old England,
Old England,
And hey for the Honour, &c.

SONG 1384

YE Medly of Mortals
That make up this Throng,
Spare your Wit for a Moment
And liſt' to my Song;
What you would not expect here,
My Wit ſhall be new,
And what is more ſtrange,
Ev'ry Word ſhall be true.
Sing tantararara Truth all, Truth all, Sing tantararara Truth all.

Not a Toy in this Place
You'll buy cheaper than mine,
Bring your Laſſes to me,
And you'll ſave all your Coin;
The Ladies alone
Will pay dear for my Skill,
For if they will hear me —
Their Tongues muſt lie ſtill.
Sing Tantararara Mute all, &c.

Tho' our Revels are ſcorn'd
By the Grave, and the Wiſe,
Yet they practiſe all Day
What they ſeem to deſpiſe,;
Examine Mankind
From the Great to the Small,
Each Mortal's diſguis'd,
And the World is a Ball.
Sing Tantararara Maſk all.

The Parſon brimful of October and Grace
With a long taper Pipe,
And a round ruddy Face,
Will rail at our doings —
But when it is dark,
The Doctor's diſguis'd,
And led home by the Clark, Sing &c.

The fierce roaring Blade,
With long Sword and cock'd Hat,
Who with Zounds he did this,
And with 'Sblood he'll do that
When he comes to his Trial,
He fails in his Part.
And proves that his Looks
Were but Maſks to his Heart. Sing, &c.

The Beau acts the Rake,
And will talk of Amours,
Shews Letters from Wives,
And Appointments from Whores;
But a Creature ſo modeſt,
Avoids all Diſgrace,
For how would he bluſh,
Should they meet Face to Face. Sing, &c.

The Courtiers and Patriots,
Among other fine things,
Will talk of their Country,
And Love to their Kings,
Yet their Maſk will drop off,
If you ſhake but their Pelf,
And ſhew King and Country,
All center'd in Self. Sing, &c.

With an outſide of Virtue,
Miſs ſqueamiſh the Prude,
If you touch her, ſhe faints,
If you ſpeak, you are rude;
Thus ſhe's Prim and ſhe's coy,
Till her Bloſſoms are gone,
And when mellow ſhe's pluck'd,
By the Coachman or John. Sing, &c.

With a grave maſk of Wiſdom,
Say Phyſick and Law,
In your Caſe there's no fear,
In your Cauſe there's no Flaw,
Till Death and the Judge
Have decreed they look big:
Then you find you have truſted ——
A full-bottom Wig. Sing, &c.

Thus Life is no more
Than a round of Deceit,
Each Neighbour will find
That his next is a Cheat;
But if, oh ye mortals,
Theſe tricks ye purſue;
You at laſt cheat yourſelves —
And the Devil cheats you.
Sing tantararara maſk all, maſk all, Sing tantararara maſk all.

SONG 1385.

YE good Fellows all,
Who love to be told where there's Claret good Store;
Attend to the Call,
Of one who's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted,
With ſix Bottles more.
Beſure you dont paſs,
The good Houſe nor the Glaſs,

Which the Jolly Red God ſo peculiarly owns;
'Twill well ſuit your Humour,
For pray what wou'd you more,
Then Mirth with good Claret, and Bumper Squire Jones.

Ye Lovers who pine,
For Laſſes that oft prove, as cruel as fair;
Who whimper and whine,
For Lillies, and Roſes,
With Eyes, Lips, and Noſes,
Or Tip of an Ear.
Come hither I'll ſhew ye,
How Phillis and Chloe,
No more ſhall occaſion ſuch Sighs and ſuch Groans;
For what Mortal ſo ſtupid,
As not to quit Cupid,
When call'd to good Claret, and Bumpers Squire Jones.

Ye Poets who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's Brook;
Tho' all you get by't,
Is a Dinner oft-times,
In Reward for your Rhymes,
With humphry the Duke.
Learn Bachus to follow,
And quit your Apollo,
Forſake all the Muſes, thoſe ſenſeleſs old Drones;
Our jingling of Glaſſes,
Your Rhyming ſurpaſſes,
When crown'd with good Claret and Bumpers Squire Jones.

Ye Soldiers ſo ſtout,
With plenty of Oaths, tho' no plenty of Coin,
Who make ſuch a Rout,
Of all your Commanders,
Who ſerv'd us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne.
Come leave off your Rattling,
Of Sieging and Battling,
And know you'd much better to ſleep in whole Bones;
Were you ſent to Gibraltar,
Your Note you'd ſoon altar.
And wiſh for good Claret, and Bumpers Squire Jones.

Ye Clergy ſo wiſe,
Who Myſteries profound can demonſtrate clear,
How worthy to riſe,
You preach once a Week,
But your Tythes never ſeek,
Above once in a Year.
Come here without failing,
And leave of your railing,
'Gainſt Biſhops providing for dull ſtupid Drones,
What—is Text ſo divine,
As Life with good Wine is
Then away with good Claret, and Bumpers Squire Jones.

Ye Lawyers ſo juſt,
Be the Cauſe what it will, who ſo learnedly Plead,
How worthy of Truſt,
You know Black from White,
Yet prefer Wrong to Right,
As your chanc'd to be fee'd.
Leave muſty Reports,
And forſake the King's Courts,
Where Dulneſs and Diſcord have ſet up their Thrones;
Burn Salkeild and Ventris,
With all your damn'd Entries,
And away with the Claret, and Bumpers Squire Jones.

Ye Phyſical Tribe,
Whoſe Knowledge conſiſts in hard Words and Grimace,
When e'er you preſcribe,
Have at your Devotion
Pills, Bolus or Potion,
Be what will the Caſe,
Pray where is the Need,
To Purge, Bliſter and Bleed,
When ailing yourſelves, the whole Faculty owns;
That the Forms of old Galen,
Are not ſo prevailing,
As Mirth with good Claret, and Bumpers Squire Jones.

Ye Fox-Hunters eke,
That follow the call of the Horn and the Hound,
Who your Ladies forſake,
Before they're awake,
To beat up the Break,
Where the Vermin is found.
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Dutcheſs and Trueman,
No Muſick is found in ſuch diſſonant Tones;
Wou'd you raviſh your Ears,
with the Songs of the Spheres,
Hark! away to the Claret and Bumper Squire Jones.

SONG 1386.

TO make Wife kind, and to keep the Houſe ſtill,
You muſt be of her Mind, let her ſay what ſhe will:
In all that ſhe does, you muſt give her her way,
But tell her ſhe's wrong, and you lead her aſtray.
But tell, &c.

Then Huſbands take care, of ſuſpicions beware,
Your Wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With Confidence truſt them, and be not ſuch elves,
To make by your Jealouſy Horns for yourſelves,
To make, &c.
Abroad all the Day if ſhe chuſes to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her Abſence, ſhe'll ſigh to come home,

The Man ſhe likes beſt and wants moſt to be at,
Be ſure to commend, and ſhe'll hate him for that,
Be ſure, &c.

Then Huſbands, &c.

What Virtues ſhe has you may ſafely oppoſe;
Whate'er are her Follies, commend her for thoſe,
Approve all her Schemes that ſhe lays for a Man,
For name but the Vice, and ſhe'll ſin if ſhe can.
For name, &c.

Then, Huſbands, &c.

SONG 1387.

YOU Dames who have Huſbands pray mind what I ſay,
Though like Fools they command, ye never ſay nay;
Nor doubt that they love you tho' each keep a Miſs;
Good Huſbands they doubtleſs may be for all this: Good, &c.

Then Wives be ye wiſe, learn to wink and obey,
For Huſbands are right tho' they go the wrong way;
Believe that they love you, and be not ſuch elves;
By ſeeing too much to make woe for yourſelves.
By ſeeing, &c.

Abroad all the Day tho' he conſtantly roam,
And drunk and ill-natur'd at Night returns home;
With eaſe and good Humour receive the dull Beaſt,
Tho' you've cauſe to be ſad, at look pleaſant leaſt.
Tho', &c.

Then Wives, &c.

Whatever he praiſes in other Men's Wives,
To be the ſame thing, be the care of your lives,
Think him wiſe tho' a Fool, good tho' a Knave,
And tho' he ſhould beat you, yet think he is brave.
And, &c.

Then Wives, &c.

If this way of thinking, each married Dame had,
The Wives might be happy, the Huſbands ſtill bad;
As the old Proverb ſays, let a Fool have his Way;
And, &c.
The Wives, &c.

SONG 1388.

THO' Cloe's out of Faſhion,
Can bluſh and be ſincere,
I'll toſt her in a Bumper
If all the Belles were here.
What tho' no Diamonds ſparkle
About her Neck and Waiſt,
With every ſhining Virtue,
The lovely Maid is grac'd.
With every ſhining Virtue, &c.

In modeſt, plain Apparel,
No Patches, Paint, or Airs,
In debt alone to Nature,
An Angel ſhe appears;
From gay Coquets high finiſh'd
My Cloe takes no Rules,
Nor envies them their Conqueſt
The Hearts of all the Fools,

Who wins her muſt have Merit
Such Merit as her own,
The Graces all poſſeſſing,
Yet knows not ſhe has one,
Then grant me gracious Heaven,
The Gifts you moſt approve
And Chloe charming Chloe,
Will bleſs me with her Love.

SONG 1389.

ASK if yon Damaſk Roſe be ſweet,
that ſcents the Ambient Air
Then aſk each Shepherd that you meet,
If dear Suſanna's fair, if dear Suſanna's fair,
If dear Suſanna's fair.
Aſk if yon damaſk Roſe be ſweet,
That ſcents the ambient Air,
Then aſk each Shepherd that you meet
If dear Suſanna's fair, if dear Suſanna's fair.

Say will the Vulture leave his Prey,
And warble thro' the Grove,
Bid wanton Linnets quit the Spray,
Then doubt thy Shepherds Love.

The Spoils of War let Heroes ſhare,
And pride in Splendor ſhine,
Ye Bards unenvy'd Laurels wear,
Be fair Suſanna mine.

SONG 1390.

DID you ſee e'er a Shepherd
Ye Nymphs paſs this Way,
Crown'd with Myrtle,
And all the gay Verdure of May:
'Tis my Strephon, O bring him
Once more to my Eyes,
From his Lucy in ſearch
Of new Pleaſures he flies,
All the Day how I travel'd,
And toil'd o'er the Plains,
In purſuit of a Rebel
That's ſcarce worth my Pains.
In purſuit, &c.

Take care Maids, take care,
When he flatters and ſwears,
How you truſt your own Eyes,
Or believe your own Ears,
Like the Roſe-bud in June,
Ev'ry Hand he'll invite,
But wound the kind Heart,
Like the Thorn out of ſight,
And truſt me who e'er
My falſe Shepherd detains,

She'll find him a Conqueſt
That's ſcarce worth her Pains.

Three Months at my Feet
Did he languiſh and ſigh,
E're he gain'd a kind Word,
Or a tender reply.
Love, Honour and Truth
Were the Themes that he ſung,
And he vow'd that his Soul
Was a-kin to his Tongue,
Too ſoon I believed
And reply'd to his Strains,
And gave him too frankly,
My Heart for his Pains.

The Trifle once gain'd,
Like a Boy at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grow weary
And flung it away.
Now cloy'd with my Love,
From my Arms he does fly
In ſearch for another as ſilly as I;
But truſt me, who e're my falſe Shepherd detains,
She'll find him a Conqueſt that's ſcarce worth her Pains.

Beware all ye Nymphs,
How ye ſooth the fond Flame,
And believe in good Time,
All the Sex are the ſame,
Like Strephon from Beauty to Beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter diſſemble and change;
And do all I can ſtill, this maxim remains,
That a Man when we've got him,
Is ſcarce worth the Pains. That, &c.

SONG 1391. *Alas Poor-Scholar.*

IN a melancholy Study,
None but myſelf.
Methought my Muſe grew muddy;
After ſeven Years Reading,
And coſtly Breeding,
I felt, but could find no Pelf:
Into learned Rags
I've rent my Pluſh and Satten,
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek, and Lattin;
Inſtead of Ariſtotle,
Would I had got a Paten.
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go.

Cambridge now I muſt leave thee,
And follow Fate,
College hopes do deceive me;
I oft expected
To have been elected,
But Deſert is reprobate.
Maſters of Colleges
Have no common Graces,
And they that have Fellowſhips,
Have but common Places,

And thoſe that Scholars are.
They muſt have handſome faces:
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go.

I have bow'd, I have bended,
And all in hope,
One Day to be befriended;
I have Preached, I have Printed,
What e'er I hinted,
To pleaſe our Engliſh Pope:
I worſhip'd towards the Eaſt,
But the Sun doth now forſake me;
I find that I am falling,
The northern Winds do ſhake me,
Would I had been upright,
For Bowing now will break me.
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go.

At great Preferment I aimed,
Witneſs my Silk;
But now my Hopes are maimed;
I looked lately
To live moſt ſtately,
And have a Dairy of Bell-Ropes Milk;
But now alas!
Myſelf I muſt not flatter,
Bigamy of Steeples
Is a laughing matter;
Each Man muſt have but one,
And Curates will grow fatter.
Alas poor Scholar! wither wilt thou go.

Into ſome Country Village
Now I muſt go,
Where neither Tythe nor Tillage,
The greedy Patron,
And parched Matron,
Swear to the Church they owe:
Yet if I can preach,
And pray too on a ſudden,
And confute the Pope.
At adventure, without ſtudying
Then ten Pounds a Year,
Beſides a Sunday Pudding.
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go.

All the Arts I have Skill in,
Divine and Humane,
Yet all's not worth a Shilling;
When the Women hear me,
They do but jeer me,
And ſay I am profane.
Once, I remember,
I preached with a Weaver,
I quoted Auſtin,
He quoted Dod and Clever;
I nothing got,
He got a Cloak and Beaver.
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go.

Ships, Ships, Ships, I diſcover,
Croſſing the Main,
Shall I in, and go over,
Turn Jew or Atheiſt,
Turk, or Papiſt,

To Geneva, or Amsterdam;
Bishopricks are void,
In Scotland shall I thither;
Or follow Windebank,
And Finch, to see if either,
Do want a Priest to shrive them,
O no, 'tis blust'ring Weather.
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go.

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,
Peace good-Man Fool,
Thou hast a Trade will fit it;
Draw thy Indenture,
Be bound at a Venture,
An Apprentice to a Free-School;
There thou may'st command,
By William Lilley's Charter;
There thou may'st Whip, Strip,
And Hang, and Draw, and Quarter,
And commit to the Red Rod,
Both Will, and Tom, and Arthur.
I, I, 'tis thither, thither will I go.

SONG 1392.

YOU bid me, Fair, conceal my Love,
Ah! think how hard the Task;
Think of the mighty Pains I prove,
Then think of what you ask.

Go, bid the fev'rish wretch forbear,
'Midst Burnings to complain;
Go, bid the Slaves who fetter'd are,
Forget the galling Chain.

Shou'd they obey, yet greater far
The Torments which I feel;
Love's fires than Fevers fiercer are,
Love pierces more than Steel.

Pain but the Body can controul,
The Thoughts no Cord can bind,
Love is a Fever in the Soul,
A Chain which holds the Mind.

SONG 1393.

INcompar'ably mild and winning,
Ever with new beauties shining.
Howe're employ'd you chance to be,
Spare one Thought and think of me.

While graceful in the Dance you move,
Prompting all, who view, to love;
Say how happy must I be,
If you kindly think of me.

Sweet compliance with thee dwelling,
All the rest in Wit excelling;
In turn of Thought for ever new,
Think of me as I of you.

SONG 1394.

I Seek not at once in a Female to find,
The form of a Venus with Pallas's Mind,
Let the Girl that I Love, have but Prudence in view,
That tho' she deceive, I may still think her True
That tho', &c.

Be her Perſon not Beauteous
But pleaſing and clean,
Let her Temper be cloudleſs,
And open her Mein,
By Folly, ill-nature, nor Vanity led,
Nor indebted to Paint, for White or for Red.
Nor, &c.

May her Tongue that dread Weapon,
Of moſt of her Sex,
Be employ'd to delight us,
And not to perplex;
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jeſt,
For Prudes I deſpiſe, and Coquets I deteſt.
For, &c.

May her Humour the taſte,
Of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wiſe
Nor too pert with her Wit,
Go find out the Girl that is form'd on my Plan,
And I'll love her for ever—I mean if I can.
And, &c.

SONG 1395.

YOU Verdant Hills, ye balmy Vales
Bear witneſs of my Pains,
How oft have ſhinars flow'ry Dales,
Been taught my am'rous Strains
The wounded Oaks in yonder Grove
Retain the Name of her I love.
The wounded Oaks in yonder Grove
Retain the Name of her I love.

In vain would Age his Ice beſpread,
To numb each gay Deſire
Tho' ſeventy Winters hoar my Head,
My Heart is ſtill on Fire,
By Moſſy Fount and Grot I rove,
And gently murmur Songs of Love. By, &c.

Oh ſweeteſt of the lovely Race.
Unveil thy matchleſs Charms,
Let me adore that Angels Face,
And die within thy Arms,
My ceaſeleſs Pangs thy Boſom move,
To grant the juſt returns of Love. My, &c.

SONG 1396, *Admiral* Hoſier's *Ghoſt*.

AS near Porto-Bell Lying,
On the gently ſwelling Flood,
At midnight with Streamers flying,
Our triumphant Navy rode!

There while Vernon, ſat all glorious,
From the Spaniard's late Defeat,
And his Crews with Shouts Victorious,
Drank Succeſs to England's Fleet.

On a ſudden ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous Yells, and Shrieks were heard,
Then each Heart with Fear confounding,
A ſad Troop of Ghoſts appeared;

All in dreary Hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for Winding-Sheets they wore,
And with Looks by ſorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hoſtile Shore.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan Luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave,
His pale Bands were ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from their watry Grave;

O'er the glimm'ring Wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her Sail,
With three thouſand Ghoſts beſide him,
And in Groans did Vernon Hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal Story,
I am Hoſier's injur'd Ghoſt,
You, who now have purchas'd Glory,
At this Place where I was loſt;

Though in Porto-Bello's ruin,
You now triumph free from Fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your Joy with Tears.

See thoſe mournful Spectres ſweeping,
Ghaſtly o'er this hated Wave,
Whoſe wan Cheeks are ſtained with weeping,
Theſe were Engliſh Captains brave;

Mark theſe Numbers pale and horrid,
Who were once my Sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping Forehead,
While his diſmal Fate is told.

I by twenty Sail attended,
Did this Spaniſh Town affright,
Nothing then its Wealth defended,
But my Orders not to Fight;

Oh! that in this rouling Ocean,
I had caſt them with Diſdain,
And obey'd my Heart's warm Motion,
To have quell'd the Pride of Spain.

For Reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty Ships had done,
What thou brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt atchieved with ſix alone;

Then the Baſtimento's never,
Had our foul Diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the Sea the ſad Receiver,
Of this gallant Train had been.

Thus like thee proud Spain diſmaying,
And her Galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for diſobeying,
I had met a Traitor's Doom;

To have fall'n my Country crying,
He has play'd an Engliſh Part,
Had been better far than dying,
Of a grieved and broken Heart.

Unrepining at thy Glory,
Thy ſucceſsful Arms we hail,
But remember our ſad Story,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail;

Sent in this foul Clime to languiſh,
Think what thouſands fell in vain,
Waſted with Diſeaſe and Anguiſh,
Not in glorious Battle ſlain.

Hence with all my Train attending,
From their ooz'y Tombs below,
Through the hoary foam aſcending,
Here I feed my conſtant woe;

Here the Baſtimento's viewing,
We recall our ſhameful Doom,
And our plaintive Cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom,

O'er theſe Waves for ever mourning,
Shall we roam depriv'd of reſt,
If to Britain's Shores returning,
You neglect my juſt Requeſt;

After this proud Foe ſubduing
When your patriot Friends you ſee,
Think on Vengeance for my Ruin,
And for England ſham'd in me.

SONG 1397.

MY deareſt Cuckow, I find it is true,
And thro' the Grove I'll range with you,
I'll range with thee untill the next Spring,
My deareſt Cuckow ſhall ſweetly ſing.
Girls I ſay, where have you been?
I've been with my Love let no one tell,
Cuckow, ſing Girls, let no one tell,
Till I have ſettled the Seaſon well.

The Aſh and the Hazel, I will mourn and ſay,
My deareſt Cuckow don't go away:
But ſtay with us and tarry here,
W'll make the Summer all the Year,
Girls, &c.

The Cuckow ſays he muſt be gone,
For now old Winter's coming on,
I muſt go away, and come again,
And ſing Cuckow all in the Spring.
I muſt go away, and come again,
And ſing Cuckow all in the Spring.

The Winter's cold, and ſtormy Weather,
Which periſh leaves and make them wither,
And ſtrips them of their Purple and Yellow,
And makes them fly to find their Fellow.
I muſt, &c.

The Girls for Huſbands they do ſeek,
For the Weather's cold, and they warm their Feet,
And they to Cuckold them will not ſpare,
For the Cuckow ſings ſo all the Year;
Then Girls I ſay, make no delay,
For it's a ſhort Time to New-years-day,
Cuckow, ſing Girls, without any Fear,
The Cuckow ſings ſo all the Year.

SONG 1398.

COme here, ye afflicted of ev'ry degree,
Leave, leave the dull Doctor, and haſten to me;
As many as all th' whole Faculty kill,
And that's a bold Word now — I cure with my Pill.

Gout, Fever and Stone, all void my Approach,
Who often ſtand Buff to a Dunce in his Coach!

The toughest Disease cannot baffle my Skill,
And Death drops his Dart when I brandish my Pill.
Here lay down your Cares; here a Remedy find!
This cures not the Body alone, but the Mind:
The Fop shall have Learning, the Fool Wit at Will; [my Pill.
Nay, the Lawyer be honest —— who tastes of

It rubs up the Mem'ry, refreshes the Brain,
And helps the mad Knave to his Senses again:
The Poet remembers the Faults of his Quill,
And the Miser his Debts, when he swallows my Pill.

In short, 'tis a wonder!—you've need of it all;
Health and Sense to be bought, and the Price is but small:
GiveSixpence a-piece, and I'll bring you noBill;
But go home and be happy, by means of my Pill.

Here buy it; come buy, while it is to be had,
Or I'll freely bestow it at once on the dead;
Your Fathers shall rise, and each cancel his Will; [purchs'd my Pill.
Then you'd wish, tho' in vain, that you'd

SONG 1399.

OH! How could I venture to love one like thee,
And thou not despise a poor Conquest like me,
On Lords thy Admirer's cou'd look with disdain,
And tho' I was Nothing, yet pity'd my Pain.
And tho', &c.

You said, while they teaz'd you with Nonsense and Dress,
When real the Passion, the Vanity's less;
You saw thro' that Silence which others despise, [in myEyes.
And while Beaux were a talking read Love
And while, &c.

Oh where is the Maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose Wit can enliven the dull pause of Joy;
And when the short Transports are all at an End,
From beautiful Mistress turn sensible Friend.
From, &c.

When I see you, I love you, but hearing adore,
I wander and think you a Woman no more,
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kissing those Lips, you grow Woman again.
And kissing, &c.

In all that I write, I'll thy Judgment require,
Thy taste shall correct, what thy Love did Inspire:

I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee, till Youth is all o'er,
And then live on Friendſhip when Paſſion's no more.
And then, &c.

SONG 1400.

AMINTA.

PAſtora's come with Myrtle crown'd,
To bleſs her fond Aminta's Side,
To bleſs her fond Aminta's Side.
The Sun in his extenſive Round,
Ne'er ſaw ſo ſweet, ſo fair a Bride,
Ne'er ſaw ſo ſweet, ſo fair a Bride.

PASTORA.

If to be true, is ſweet and fair,
Paſtora with Lucinda vies,
Paſtora, &c.
And ſweeter ſhe, than is the Air,
That fleets beneath Arabian Skies.
That, &c.

AMINTA.

The Fields, the Groves, each Hill and Vale,
Have Witneſs'd to my faithful Vow,
Have, &c.
Long had I ſigh'd my am'rous Tale,
But ev'ry Care's requited now.
But, &c.

PASTORA.

Without a Bluſh, I hear repeat,
What to the Nymphs I told before,
What to, &c.
For thee my tender Heart does beat,
Poſſeſs'd of thee I aſk no more.
Poſſeſs'd, &c.

AMINTA.

Thus with this Wreath, I crown thy Brows,
And with this Kiſs my Love I ſeal,
And with, &c.
And may I, when I break my Vows,
The Pangs of tortur'd Lovers feel.
The Pangs, &c.

PASTORA.

Shou'd I ungrateful to my Swain,
Afflict him with domeſtick Strife,
Afflict him, &c.
May I be driven from the Plain.
By every virtuous Maid and Wife.
By every, &c.

SONG 1401. *Dear* Cloe, &c.

TO my Ditty, good People, give Ear,
And around me deſcribe a large Ring,
Where, let but your Bounty appear,
And I to ſome Purpoſe ſhall ſing;
My Song to my Manners I'll fit,
My Learning ſhall therein be ſhewn,
And the height of Scholaſtical Wit,
In Philoſophy ſet to ſome Tune.

Whoever deſires to be wiſe,
To this Maxim 'tis fit he adheres,

He ſeldom muſt truſt to his Eyes,
And ſeldomer yet to his Ears;
For in Truth, and in Plainneſs to ſpeak,
There's but few Things that are as they ſeem;
And as ſomebody ſays in the Greek,
Our Life's but a Sort of a Dream.

A Dream, in which Phantoms ariſe,
That often impoſe on the Mind,
And deludes us, 'till Death us ſurpriſe,
E'er we the Deception can find;
Ye Chance, through the World, while we ſtray,
And our Steps to no Certainty tend
Our Life oft runs on like a Play,
Of whoſe Plot we ne'er think till the End.

The better my Thoughts to explain,
Since moſt by Example are taught,
Form the Treaſure laid up in my Brain,
Some Inſtances apt I have brought;
From whence, Sirs, you truly may ſee,
If you on my Word can rely,
Mankind, as in Truth, Sir they be
Their Varniſh and Vizards laid by.

The Miſer, at ſix a-Clock Prayers
Who, by that, would his Uſury cloke,
Is a Sinner, whate'er he appears,
And his Cant, and his Morals, a Joke.
The Lawyer, who knows you'll be caſt,
And yet, ſtill takes Fee after Fee,
Will find it a Crime at the laſt,
Whatever at preſent it be.

If of Women you next ſhould enquire,
No Skill can the Knowledge impart,
Though what Outſides ſoever they wear,
Coquets they are ſtill in their Hearts;
The Prude, in her Looks ſo demure,
In her Words and her Actions ſo nice.
Is often no more than a whore,
Who wears, like a Veil, this Device.

Then, Neighbours, who would be adviſ'd,
You ſee, 'tis a difficult Taſk,
Since whoever we meet with's diſguiſ'd,
And we paſs through our Lives in a Maſk
Where Men, like poor Actors, Preſume
On the Tinſel and Trapping they have,
Buoy'd up by the Parts they aſſume.
Ne'er think of their Exit. the Grave.

But you, for whoſe Sakes I thus ſing,
On Virtue you ſafely may truſt,
Since Life's ſo uncertain a Thing,
Who would for an Hour be unjuſt?
While Fortune, the good and the bad,
Does without a Diſtinction confound,
Fools often in Purple are clad,
While Merit in Rags do abound.

One Example I'll quote, do you ſee
Of the Matter no more's to be ſaid,
Old Homer wrote Ballads like me,
And ſung them about for his Bread;
With Deſtiny vain is our Strife,
'Tis always too hard for a Man,

Ill Fate muſt be borne like a Wiſe
With the very beſt Grace that we can.

SONG 1402.

SWeet were once the Joys, I taſted,
All was Jolity and Love;
Time me-thought too nimbly haſted,
Which on pleaſures Wings did move:
Chloe then was all my Treaſure,
Never was a richer Swain;
Chloe doubled ev'ry Pleaſure,
Chloe baniſh'd ev'ry Pain.

But the envious Gods repining,
So much Bliſs on Earth to ſee;
All their bitterest Curſes joining,
Daſh'd my Cup with Jealouſy;
Now where e'er my Pipe reſounded,
Steals the Sigh, and Heart-felt Groan;
Love by Fears, and Doubts ſurrounded,
Ill diſputes a tott'ring Throne.

Fool, that ever art purſuing,
What conceal'd is ever beſt;
Jealouſy, Love's Child and Ruin,
Leave, O leave my tortur'd Breaſt:
With the Slave, thy Pow'r confeſſing,
Thou too Venus, mildly deal;
Thoſe who ſhun, or ſlight thy Bleſſing,
Should alone thy Terrors feel.

SONG 1403.

CEaſe vain glorious Swain, this Pother,
Honour's Laws, ſhould ſacred be;
Boaſting Favours from another,
Ne'er ſhall Favour gain from me.

But inſpired with Indignation,
Sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell;
Then I'd truſt my Reputation,
With ſuch Fools, that Kiſs and tell.

He who finds a hidden Treaſure,
Never ſhould the ſame reveal;
He who Beauty, crowns with Pleaſure,
Cautious ſhould his Joys conceal:

He with whom my Heart I'll venture,
Shall my Fame from Cenſure ſave;
Conſtant as the Earth's fix'd Center,
And as Secret, as the Grave.

SONG 1404. *The Incredulous Maid.*

WHAT Shall I ſay to make my Fair,
Believe my Love and Oaths ſincere;
I've call'd to Witneſs all above,
My Faith, my Truth, my conſtant Love:
Yet ſtill ſhe ſays, ſhe never can,
Believe the Vows of faithleſs Man,
Yet ſtill ſhe ſays ſhe never can,
Believe the Vows of faithleſs Man.

She hears unmov'd my ardent Sighs,
And reads untouch'd my ſpeaking Eyes;
Has ſeen how every Action ſtrove,
To teſtify eternal Love.
Yet ſtill ſhe ſays, &c.

Ah! Celia try how much I dare,
To prove my Paſſion is ſincere;
And when I next before you ſue,
I'll ſwear by Truth, by Love and You:
My conſtant Faith, then if you can,
Kill with diſdain, a faithful Man.
My conſtant Faith, &c.

SONG 1405.

IN vain Philander at my Feet,
You urge your guilty Flame;
With well diſſembled Tears entreat,
New Oaths and impious Vows repeat;
And wrong Love's ſacred Name.

Ah! ceaſe to call that Paſſion Love,
Whoſe End is to betray;
Too ſoon ſhould I comply, you'd prove,
What ſenſual Vows, your Ardour move,
And your Affection ſway.

And when to all my Fondneſs blind,
You'd chaſe me from your Breaſt;
Deluded Wretch! when could I find,
That calm Content, that Peace of Mind.
Which I before poſſeſt.

SONG 1406. *In Praiſe of Old Engliſh Beer.*

OF good Engliſh Beer, our Songs let's raiſe,
We've right by our freeborn Charter,
And follow our brave fore Fathers Ways,
Who liv'd in the time of King Arthur:
Of thoſe gallant Days, loud Fame has told,
Beer gave the ſtout Britons Spirit;
In Love they ſpoke Truth, and in War they were bold
And flouriſh'd by dint of Merit.
Then like them crown our Bowls, our plenteous brown Bowls,
And take them off cleaver; [Souls,
To all true Engliſh Souls, to all true Engliſh
And old England, old England for ever,
Old England, old England Huzzah.
Old England for ever,

Then Glory in Love, or War they won,
By Fighting Retreats and Sallies;
T'was from the Production of their own,
Good Beer, and Roaſt Beef in the Bellies:
All foreign Attempts they did diſdain.
So fired with Reſolution;
For Liberty then they would bleed ev'ry Vein,
To keep their old Conſtitution.
Then like them crown, &c.

Like them let us fill, and drink and ſing,
To all who our State are aiding;
To Commerce that all our Wealth does bring,
And every Branch of our Trading:
By Commerce all Grandeur we ſuſtain,
That makes us a powerful Nation;
Then let us agree and with Vigour maintain,
Our Trade and our Navigation,
Then like them crown, &c.

SONG 1407.

WAft me, ye Winds, where Woodbines grow,
Where riſing Flow'rs adorn the Spring,
Where gently murm'ring Riv'let's flow,
And plaintive cooing Stock-Doves ſing.

There, in the cool, the kind Retreat,
Far from the Sports which glad the Plain,
My Mary's Falſhood I'll repeat,
And to the ſilent Grove complain.

Then if by Chance the Maid draws near,
'Lur'd by the Muſick of my Song;
Whiſper, ye Gales, that ſhe is there,
And all the tender Strain prolong.

In Notes more moving I'll relate,
The cruel Story of my Woe;
Until the Fair lament my Fate
And grieve ſhe's us'd ſuch True-Love ſo.

SONG 1408.

DAMON.

COnted all Day I will ſit by your Side,
Where Poplars far ſtretching o'er-arch the cool Tide:
And while the clear River runs purling along,
The Thruſh and the Linnet content in their Song;
The Thruſh and the Linnet, &c.

LAURA.

While you are but by me, no Danger I fear,
Ye Lambs reſt in ſafety, my Damon is near;
Bound on, ye blithe Kids, now your Gambols may pleaſe;
For my Shepherd is kind, and my Heart is at eaſe;
For my Shepherd is kind, &c.

DAMON.

Ye Virgins of Britain, bright Rivals of Day,
The Wiſh of each Heart, and the Theme of each Lay:
Ne'er yield to the Swain, till he make you a Wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for Life.

LAURA.

Ye Youths who fear nought but the Frowns of the Fair,
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their Care:
Then ſcorn to their Ruin Aſſiſtance to lend.
Nor betray the ſweet Creatures your born to defend;
Nor betray the ſweet Creatures, &c.

SONG 1409.

AS muſing I rang'd in the Meads all alone,
A beautiful Creature was making her moan,
Oh! the Tears they did trickle full faſt from her Eyes,

And ſhe pierc'd both the Air and my Heart with her Cries;
Oh! the Tears, &c.

I gently requeſted the Cauſe of her Moan,
She told me her ſweet Seniſino was flown,
And in that ſad Poſture ſhe'd ever remain,
Unleſs the dear Charmer would come back again.

Why who is this Mortal ſo cruel ſaid I,
That draws ſuch a Stream from ſo lovely an Eye,
To beauty ſo blooming, what Man can be blind,
To Paſſion ſo tender, what Monſter unkind.

'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman, ſaid ſhe,
That thus in lamenting I water the lee,
My Warbler Cælеſtial ſweet darling of Fame,
Is a ſhadow of ſomething, a Sex without Name.

Perhaps 'tis ſome Linnet, ſome Blackbird, ſaid I,
Perhaps 'tis your Lark, that has ſoar'd to the Sky;
Come dry up your Tears, and abandon your Grief,
I'll bring you another, to give you Relief.

No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Sky-lark, ſaid ſhe,
But one much more tuneful, by far than all three,
My ſweet Seniſino for whom thus I cry,
Is ſweeter than all the wing'd Songſters that fly.

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni, likewiſe,
Whom Stars and whom Garters, extol to the Skies,
Adieu to the Opera, adieu to the Ball,
My Darling is gone and a Fig for them all.

SONG 1410.

AN Attorney and Client, diſputed one Day,
Which was ſharpeſt, as each was full Keen in his Way;
And becauſe it was dubious, and nice to decide,
Agreed by their Equals, the Cauſe ſhould be try'd. Derry down, &c.

The Judges were ſummon'd, the Parties were heard,
But each, artfully keeping, full cloſe on his Guard;
The Sages declar'd the Debate ne'er could End,
Unleſs for an Umpire they choſe the Arch-Fiend, Derry down, &c.

The D—l thus call'd, ſtrait made one at the Board,
(where each preſent acknowledg'd him for their liege Lord;

The Client he claim'd: Law ſubmitted, but cries,
Don't leave him here longer, to utter more Lies. Derry, down, &c.
Old Nick appear'd pleas'd, nor would longer intrude,
So left them together, new Projects to brood,
But had n't he known, they were his to a Man,
He'd have then caſt his Net, and ſecur'd the whole Clan. Derry down, &c.

SONG 1411. *Thou Riſing Sun*, &c.

ARiſe, my Celia, come away,
The chearful Spring begins to Day;
Bleak Winter's gone with all her Train,
Of chilling Froſts, and dropping Rain;
Amid'ſt the Verdure of the Mead,
The Primroſe lifts her velvet Head;
The warbling Birds, the Wood's among,
Salute the Seaſon with a Song,;
The cooing Turtles in the Grove,
Renew their tender Tales of Love;
The Vines their infant Tendrils ſhoot,
And Fig-Trees bud with early Fruit;
All welcome in the genial Ray,
Come with they Colin, come away,
Together let us range the Fields,
And view the Fruit the Vineyards yields:
There incloſe embower'd Shades,
By purling Rills, on roſy Beds;
Ne'er minding of the Noon-tide Ray,
We'll love the ſultry Hours away.

SONG 1412.

O Would'ſt thou know what ſacred Charms,
This deſtin'd Heart of mine Alarms,
What kind of Nymph the Heav'ns decree,
The Maid that's made for love and me.
The Maid, &c.

Who joys to hear the Sigh ſincere,
Who melts to ſee the tender Tear
From each ungentle Paſſion free,
O be the Maid that's made for me.

Whoſe Heart with gen'rous Friendſhip glows,
Who feels the Bleſſings ſhe beſtows,
Gentle to all but kind to me,
Be ſuch the Maid that's made for me.

Whoſe ſimple Thoughts devoid of Art,
Are all the Natives of her Heart
A Gentle Train from Falſhood free,
Be ſuch the Maid that's made for me.

Avaunt ye light Coquets retire,
Where flatt'ring Fops around admire,
Unmov'd your tinſel Charms I ſee
More genuine Beauties are for me.

SONG 1413.

AS Granville's ſoft Numbers tune Myra's Praiſe,
And Chloe ſhines lovely in Prior's ſweet Lays;

So wou'd Daphne but Smile, their Example I'd follow,
And as she looks like Venus, I'd sing like Apollo;
But alas! while no Smile from the fair One inspire,
How languid my Strains, and how tuneless my Lyre.

Go Zephers, salute in soft Accents her Ear,
And tell how I languish, sigh, pine and despair,
In gentlest Murmurs my Passion commend,
But whisper it softly for fear you Offend,
For sure O ye Winds, you may tell her my Pain,
'Tis Strephon's to suffer, but not to complain.

Where ever I go, or whatever I do;
Still something presents the dear Nymph to my View;
If I traverse the Garden, the Garden still shews
Me, her Neck in the Lilly, her Lip in the Rose;
But with her neither Lilly, nor Rose can compare,
Far sweeter's her Lip and her Bosom more fair.

If to vent my fond Anguish I steal to the Grove,
The Spring there presents the fresh Bloom of my Love;
The Nightingale too, with impertinent Noise,
Pours forth her sweet Strains in my Syren's Voice;
Thus the Grove, and its Musick, her Image still bring,
For, like Spring she looks fair, like the Nightingale Sings.

If forsaken the Groves I fly to the Court,
Where Beauty and Splendor united resort,
Some Glimpse of my Fair in each Charmer I spy,
In Richmond's fair Form, or in Brudnell's bright Eye;
But alas! what wou'd Brudnell, or Richmond appear,
Unheeded they'd pass, were my Daphne but there.

If to Books I retire to drown my soft Pain,
And dwell o'er a Horace, or Ovid's sweet Strain;
In Lydia, or Chloe, my Daphne I find,
But Chloe was courteous and Lydia was kind;
Like Lydia, or Chloe, wou'd Daphne but prove,
Like Horace, or Ovid, I'd sing or I'd love.

SONG 1414.

WHen first by fond Damon, Flavella was seen,
He slightly regarded her Air and her Mien;
The Charms of her Mind he alone did commend,
Not warm'd as a Lover, but cool as a Friend;
From Friendship, not Passion, his Raptures did move,
And the Swain bragg'd his Heart was a Stranger to Love.

New Charms he diſcover'd, as more ſhe was known,
Her Face grew a wonder, her Taſte was his own,
Her Manners were gentle, her Senſe was refin'd,
And oh! what dear Virtues beam'd forth in her Mind:
Yet ſtill for the Sanction of Friendſhip he ſtrove,
Till a Sigh gave the Omen, and ſhew'd it was Love.
Now proud to be conquer'd, he ſighs for the Fair,
Grows dull to all Pleaſure, but being with her:
He's mute, while his Heart-ſtrings are ready to break,
For the fear of offending forbids him to ſpeak;
And wonders, a willing Example to prove
That Friendſhip with Woman is Siſter to Love.
A Lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give Offence,
Not a Dupe to her Smiles, but a Slave to her Senſe:
His Paſſion, nor Wrincles, nor Age can allay,
Since founded on that which can never decay;
And Time, that will Beauty's ſhort Empire remove,
Increaſing her Reaſon, increaſes his Love.

SONG 1415.

A Youth (if I would I could tell you his Name)
If I have not good Care will my Boſom enflame;
I have ſeen but once, 'tis enough to have ſeen,
For I like him beyond all the reſt on the Green.

How ſweet was his converſe the live long day thro',
So many bleſt Minutes I ne'er before knew:
Might I have my fond wiſh they ſhou'd come o'er again,
I ne'er thought that there liv'd in the world ſuch a ſwain.

Without flattering he pleas'd, without rudneſs was free, (to me!
How he look'd, and was civil to none but
His Words when we parted, I think on with Pain,
Adieu 'till I ſee you dear Sally again.

And now he talks of me the Shepherds among
I'm the praiſe of his wit, and the theme of his tongue;
If he thus ſhou'd run on, 'twill alarm all the plain, (again.
And ſcandal won't let him come near me

Kind fortune ſoon throw him this once in my Way,
Then I'll know all his thoughts, and hear all he can ſay;
If we can't have each other, I will not complain,
But we ne'er from that Moment will meet once again.

SONG 1416.

AS Choloe ſat ſhelter'd, and breath'd the cool Air,
While Muſic enliven'd the Grove;
Young Damon approach'd, and addreſs'd the coy fair,
In all the ſoft Language of Love.
But ſhe was ſo cruel his ſuit ſhe deny'd,
And laught as he told her his pain:
And while the poor Shepherd ſat wooing ſhe cry'd,
I'll die die a Maid—a Maiden fond Swain.
I'll die, &c.

Oh, what ſays the youth, muſt thy Beauty ſo gay,
Diſtract us at once and invite?
Embrace ev'ry rapture, leſs time makes a Prey
Of that which was meant for delight.
When Age has crept round, and thy Charms wrinkled o'er,
What Lover for Chloe will ſigh?
But ſtill all her Anſwer was teaze me no more
I'll never,— no never comply.
He ſwore, by young Cupid, no other he'd prize,
His flame was ſo ſtrong, and ſincere:
Soon ſofter Intelligence ſhot from her Eyes,
And conquer'd his doubt and his fear.
My joys ſhall be ſecret, enraptur'd he cry'd,
Ah, Chloe be gentle and good,
The fair one grew kinder, and ſighing reply'd,
I'd fain die a Maid— if I could.

SONG 1417.

ALL Attendants apart,
I examin'd my Heart,
Laſt Night when I laid me to reſt:
And methinks I'm inclin'd
To a Change of my Mind,
For you know ſecond Thoughts are the beſt,
For you know, &c.

To retire from the Crowd,
And make ourſelves good,
By avoiding of ev'ry Temptation,
Is in Truth to reveal
What we'd better conceal,
That our Paſſions want ſome Regulation,
It will much more redound
To our Praiſe to be found,

In a World ſo abounding with Evil,
Unſpotted and pure,
Tho' not ſo demure,
And to wage open War with the Devil.

In bidding farewell
To the Thoughts of a Cell,
I'll prepare for a militant Life;
And if brought to Diſtreſs,
Why then I'll confeſs,
And do Penance in Shape of a Wife.

SONG 1418.

AS I went o'er the Meadows, no matter the Day,
A Shepherd I met, who came tripping that Way,
I was going to Fair all ſo bonny and gay:
He ask'd me to let him to go with me there,
No Harm ſhall come to you, young Damſel, I ſwear,
I'll buy you a Fairing to put in your Hair.
I'll buy you, &c.

You've a great Way to go, it is more than a Mile;
We'll reſt, if you pleaſe, when we get to yon Stile;
I've a Story to tell, that will charm you the while,
To go with him farther I did not much care,
But ſtill I went on, though ſuſpecting a Snare,
For I dream'd of a Fairing to come from the Fair.

To make me more eaſy, he ſaid all he cou'd,
I threaten'd to leave him, unleſs he'd be good,
For I'd not for the World he ſhould dare to be rude:
Young Roger had promis'd, and baulk'd me laſt Year,
If he ſhould do ſo, I wou'd go no more there,
Tho' I long'd e'er ſo much for a Gift from the Fair.

When we got to the Stile, he would ſcarce be ſaid, No,
He preſs'd my ſoft Lips, as if there he wou'd grow;
Take Care how that Way for the Shepherd you go.
Confounded I ran, when I found out his Snare,
No Ribbon, I cry'd, from ſuch Hands will I wear,
Nor go while I live for a Gift to the Fair.

SONG 1419.

BRIGHT Sol at length, by Thetis woo'd,
Is ſunk beneath the weſtern Flood,
And now within yon ſacred Grove
I haſte to meet the Youth I love.
Reclin'd beneath the Beachen Shade.
While Zephyrs whiſper round his Head,
Methinks I hear him ſighing ſay,
Come lovely Stella, haſte away.
Come lovely, &c.

I come, my Damon, fraught with Joy,
Swift as the Mountain Dear I fly;
Within thy faithful Arms to lay,
And love the Cares of Life away.
There will I vow, dear gen'rous Youth,
To love the with eternal truth;
Firm as great Heav'n's unchang'd Decree,
To keep my ſpotleſs Heart for thee.

By that fond Heart, the trueſt, beſt,
That ever warm'd a Virgin's Breaſt;
By that fond Heart, dear Youth, I ſwear,
Thou, only Thou, art treaſur'd there.
There ſhalt thou ever, deareſt Swain,
My Boſom's faithful Inmate reign;
While oft I'll ſay, what all muſt ſee,
Was ever Woman bleſs'd like me!

SONG 1420.

COME liſten and laugh at the Times,
Since folly was never ſo ſo ripe;
For ev'ry Man laughs at thoſe Rhimes,
That gives his own Follies a Wipe.
We live in a kind of Diſguiſe;
We flatter, we lie, and proteſt;
While each of us craftily tries
On others to faſten the Jeſt.
On others, &c.

The Virgin, when firſt ſhe is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry Sigh with Diſdain,
And while by her Lover purſu'd,
Can laugh at his Folly and Pain:
But when from her Innocence won,
And doom'd for her Virtue to mourn,
When ſhe feels herſelf loſt and undone,
He laughs at the Fool in his Turn.

The Fools who at Law do contend,
Can laugh at each other's Diſtreſs,
And while the dire Suit does depend,
Ne'er think how their Subſtance grows leſs;
'Till hamper'd by tedious Expence,
Altho' to compound they are loth;
They'll find, when reſtor'd to their ſenſe,
The Lawyers fit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the Faſhion
For each Fool to laugh at each other,

Let us ſtrive with a gen'rous Compaſſion,
To correct, not contemn one another:
We all have ſome Follies to hide,
Which known would diſhonour the beſt;
And Life, when 'tis thoroughly tried,
Like Friendſhip, will ſeem but a jeſt.

SONG 1421.

GAY Damon long ſtudied my Heart to obtain,
The pretieſt young Shepherd that pipes on the Plain;
I'd hear his ſoft Tale, then declare 'twas amiſs,
And I often ſaid no——when I long'd to ſay yes.
Laſt Valantines Day to our Cottage he came,
And brought me two Lambkins to witneſs his Flame,
Oh take theſe! he cry'd, tho' more fair then their Fleece,
I could hardly ſay no;—— tho' aſham'd to ſay yes.
Soon after one Noon as we ſat in a Grove,
He preſs'd my Hand hard, and in Sighs breath'd his Love;
Then tenderly ask'd if I'd grant him a Kiſs,
I deſign'd to've ſaid no,—— but miſtook and ſaid yeſs.
And this with delight his Heart danc'd in his Breaſt,
Ye Gods he cry'd Chloe will now make me bleſt;
Come let's to the Church, and ſhare conjugal Bliſs,
To prevent being teaz'd,—— I was forc'd to ſay yes.
I ne'er was ſo pleas'd with a Word in my Life;
I ne'er was ſo happy as ſince I'm a Wife;
Then take ye young Damſels my Councel in this,
You muſt all die Old Maids if ye will not ſay yes.

SONG 1422.

HOW ſoft and yet majeſtic is her Air,
Her Temper with a heav'nly Sweetneſs bleſt,
Amidſt a thouſand Charms ſits in her Looks confeſt,
And ſhews a God-like Mind inhabits there.
Ye happy Days, your Flight
Your eaſy Flight prepare;
Bring ev'ry ſoft Delight
To ſooth the Brave and Fair:
Bring endleſs, ſoft, &c.

Hail, happy Pair!
Thus in each other bleſs'd;
Be ever free from Care,
Of ev'ry Joy poſſeſs'd.

Take the Bleſſings God intend thee,
Smiling meet the promis'd Joy;
Faith and Truth ſhall attend thee;
Peace and Love thy Hours employ.

SONG 1423.

IN the dead of the Night, when with Labour oppreſs'd,
All Mortals enjoy the calm Bleſſings of Reſt,
Cupid knock'd at my Door, I awoke with the Noiſe,
And who is it (I call'd) that my Sleep thus deſtroys?
You need not be frighten'd, he anſwer'd ſo mild,
Let me in; I'm a little unfortunate Child;
'Tis a dark rainy Night; and I'm wet to the Skin;
And my Way I have loſt, and do pray let me in.

I was mov'd with Compaſſion; and ſtriking a Light,
I open'd the Door, when a Boy ſtood in ſight.
Who had Wings on his Shoulders; the Rain from him dripp'd,
With a Bow and with Arrows too he was equipp'd.

I ſtirr'd up my Fire, and cloſe by its Side,
I ſet him down by me; with Napkins I dry'd,
I chaf'd him all over, kept out the cold Air,
And I wrung with my Hands the Wet out of his Hair.

He from Wet and from Cold was no ſooner at Eaſe,
But taking his Bow up, he ſaid, if you pleaſe
We will try it; I wou'd by Experiment know
If the Wet hath not damag'd the String of my Bow.

Forthwith from his Quiver an Arrow he drew,
To the String he apply'd it, and twang went the Yew;
The Arrow was goon; in my Boſom it center'd,
No Sting of a Hornet more ſharp ever enter'd.

Away ſkipp'd the Urchin as briſk as a Bee,
And laughing, I wiſh you much Joy, Friend, quoth he;
My Bow is undamag'd, for true went the the Dart;
But you will have Trouble enough with your Heart.

SONG 1424.

I Told my Nymph, I told her true,
My Fields were small, my Flocks were few;
While falt'ring Accents ſpoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove ſincere.
That Flavia might. &c.

Of Crops deſtroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant Sheep that left my Fold:
Of theſe ſhe heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The Friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and ſhed a gen'rous tear;
And is not Flavia then Sincere?

How if ſhe deign'd my love to bleſs,
My Flavia muſt not hope for dreſs;
This too ſhe heard and ſmil'd to hear;
And Flavia ſure muſt be ſincere.

Go ſhear your flocks, ye jovial Swains,
Go reap the Plenty of your Plains;
Deſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love ſincere.

SONG 1425.

LET all, let all be gay,
And join in ſportive Play;
And join, &c.
Let Mirth, let Mirth and Joy
Each happy Hour employ,
Each happy, &c.
Of this fair Bridal Day.

SONG 1426.

MORE bright the Sun began to dawn,
The merry Birds to ſing;
And Flowers dappl'd oe'r the Lawn,
In all the pride of Spring:
When for a Wreath young Damond ſtray'd,
And ſmiling to one brought it,
Take this he cry'd my deareſt Maid,
And who — aye who'd have thought it?
I bluſh'd the Preſent to receive,
And thank'd him o'er and o'er;
When ſoft he ſigh'd, bright Fair forgive,
I muſt have ſomething more:
One kind ſweet Kiſs will pay me beſt,
So earneſtly he ſought it,
I let him take it, I proteſt,
And who——aye who'd have though it?
A Swain that woo'd with ſo much Art,
No Nymph could long diſdain:
A ſecret Flame ſoon touch'd my Heart,
And fluſh'd thro' ev'ry Vain!
'Twas Love inſpired the pleaſing Change,
From his my Boſom caught it,
"'Twas ſtrange indeed, 'twas paſſing ſtrange!"

And who—aye who'd have thought it?
Hark Hymen calls! the Shepherd cry'd,
Let us my dear comply,
We inſtant went with Love our Guide,
And bound the Nuptual tie:
And ever ſince that happy Day,
As mutual Warmth has taught it,
We fondly kiſs, and ſport, and play,
And who—aye who'd have thought it?

SONG 1427.

MISS Danae was fair and young,
As Horace has divinely ſung,
Divinely ſung, &c.
Cou'd not be kept from Jove's Embrace
By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Braſs,
And Walls of Braſs.
Tell us, myſterious Huſbands, tell us,
Why ſo myſterious? why ſo jealous?
Can harſh Reſtraint, the Bolt, the Bar,
Make thee ſecure? thy Wife leſs fair;
Can harſh, &c,
Send her abroad, and let her ſee,
That all this World of Pegeantry,
Which ſhe, forbidden, longs to know,
Is Powder, Pocket, Glaſs, and Beau, &c.
Be to her Virtues very kind,
Be to her Faults a little blind;
Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your Padlock—on her Mind, &c.

SONG 1428.

Mr. Beard. O The Raptures of poſſeſſing,
Melting into Beauty's Arms.
Miſs Young. O the Joy, the laſting Bleſſing
Which from Honour takes its Charms.
Mr. Beard. Love's ſoft Flame ſhall gently warm thee.
Miſs Young. Love and Honour both ſhall charm thee.

SONG 1429

WHERE's my Swain, ſo blythe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in Sorrow?
Three whole Days are gone for ever,
Since you ſaid you'd come To-morrow,
If you lov'd but half as I do
You'd been here with looks ſo bonny;
Love has flying Wings I well know,
Not for ling'ring lazy Johnny.
Love has flying, &c.
What can he be now a doing?
Is he with the Laſſes maying?
He had better here been wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may not longer ſorrow;
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me ſo To-morrow.

Does ſome fav'rite Rival hide thee,
Let her be the happy creature;
I'll not plague myſelf to chide thee,
Nor diſpute with her a Feature.
But I can't and will not tarry,
Nor will kill myſelf with Sorrow,
I may loſe the Time to marry,
If I wait beyond To-morrow.
Think not, Shepherd, thus to brave me;
If I'm yours, away no longer;
If you won't, another'l have me;
I may cool, but not grow fonder.
If your Lovers, Girls, forſake ye,
Whine not in Deſpair and Sorrow,
Eleſs'd another Lad may make ye;
Stay for none beyond To-morrow.

SONG 1430.

SINCE we went out a Maying too late I can find,
Young Harry has run Day and Night in my Mind,
He's grown ſo bewitching as never before,
For I find that I love him each time more and more. For I find, &c.
Each Morning his Face with what Pleaſure I ſee! (me;
Not my own at the Glaſs is ſo handſome to
I'm ſo vex'd, I could cry, when is viſit is o'er,
Nor help, if I would, but muſt love more and more.
He'd have me to ſing to him all the Day long,
And ſays mine's as ſweet as the Nighting-gales Song;
Such Praiſes as theſe I had never before;
I'm ſure that he loves me, tho' him I love more.
When my Mothers gone, with reſiſtleſs a Look,
He beg'd for one Kiſs, but how many he took! (fore?
I ask'd why ſo free, who was ne'er ſo be-
He bluſh'd, and then promis'd to do ſo no more.
How I wiſh the dear Shepherd for life were all mine!
I ſhould have no occaſion to chide and to pine;
Then Harry my Lips may with Kiſes run o'er,
And I'll try, if it can be, to love you ſtill more.

SONG 1431.

THE Tempeſt now began to ceaſe,
Serene the Sky appear'd,
The Winds and Waves were all at Peace,
Not the leaſt Noiſe was heard.

Adorn'd with each refulgent Ray,
The ſetting Sun was ſeen,
And o'er the Surface of the Sea,
Diffus'd a golden Glean.

When Sylvia to the Shore retir'd,
Dejected lay'd along,
Thus ſung what Love and Grief inſpir'd.
While Rocks repeat the Song.

O were this Calm, this lucid Scene,
An Emblem of my Breſt;
O would the Tempeſt ceaſe within,
I might again be bleſt.

But Man, vain, wicked, faithleſs Man,
Has robb'd my Soul of Peace:
With Flattery firſt the Wretch began,
And won my heart with Eaſe.

I, fooliſh I, his Vows believ'd,
And thought them all ſincere;
Be not the Fair by Men deceiv'd?
Oh! truſt not what they ſwear.

They ſmile, they weep they ſigh, they pray,
Wit, Eloquence, they uſe,
And every Art for to betray,
And our fond Sex abuſe.

This I have found; but, oh too late,
Too late for my Repoſe!
For now I would, but cannot, hate
The Author of my Woes.

Still in my Breaſt the Tyrant reigns,
And ſtill he triumphs there:
Thus, thus oppreſs'd with endleſs Pains,
What can I but deſpair.

Then riſing, hopeleſs of relief,
Not ling'ring long ſhe ſtood:
Death, Death, ſhe cry'd, ſhall end my Grief,
And plung'd into the Flood.

SONG 1432.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly God, invites
To revel in the Evening Rites,
In vain his Altar I ſurround,
Tho' with Burgundian Incenſe crown'd.

No Charms his Wine, without the Laſs;
'Tis Love gives Reliſh to the Glaſs;
While all around in jocund Glee,
In Brimmers toaſt their fav'rite ſhe.

Tho' ev'ry Nymph my Lips proclaim.
My Heart ſtill whiſpers Chloe's Name:
And thus with me, by am'rous Stealth,
Still ev'ry Glaſs is Chloe's Health.

SONG 1433.

THE weſtern Sky was purpled o'er
With every pleaſing Ray:
And Flocks reviving, felt no more
The ſultry Heats of Day;

When from an Hazel's artleſs Bow'r
Soft warbled Strephon's Tongue;
He bleſt the Scene, he bleſt the Hour,
While Nancy's Praiſe he ſung.
When from an Hazel's, &c.

Let Fops with fickle Falſhood range
The Paths of wanton Love,
Whilſt weeping Maids lament their Change,
And ſadden every Grove.
But endleſs Bleſſings crown the Day
I ſaw fair Eſham's Dale,
And every bleſſing find its Way
To Nancy of the Vale.

Her Shape was like the Reed, ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
Her dimpled Smile, her bluſhing Cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!
For in the winding Vale retir'd,
This peerleſs Bud I found;
And ſhadowing Rocks and Woods conſpir'd
To fence her Beauties round.
That Nature in ſo lone a Dell
Shou'd form a Nymph ſo ſweet!
Or Fortune to her ſecret Cell
Conduct my wand'ring Feet!

Gay Lordlings fought her for their Bride,
But ſhe wou'd ne'er incline;
"Prove to your Equals true, ſhe cry'd.
"As I will prove to mine.
"'Tis Strephon, on the Mountain's Brow,
"Has won my Heart's Good-will;
"To him I gave my plighted Vow,
"With him I'll climb the Hill."
Struck with her Charms and gentle Truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant Fair;
To her alone I give my Youth,
And vow my future Care.

SONG 1434.

STINT me not in Love or Wine,
I'll have full Droughts of either;
Round me ſprings the mantling Vine,
Bacchus, haſte you hither.
Round me, &c.

See, ſee the Grape bleeds to repleniſh my Cup;
I'll drink it, Silenus; I'll drink it all up:
And tho' my feet ſtagger, and tho' my Eyes roll,
Ye Bacchanals bring me another full Bowl.
Truce with your Bumpers; Venus now
The ruddy Victor chaces:
Send ſome Nymph with graceful Brow
To my warm embraces.

See blooming young Hebe is now on the Wing,
As ripe as full Summer, as wanton as Spring;
Ye Fawns and ye Dryads, far hence from the Grove,
'Tis Silence and Gloom that is ſacred to Love.

Steering thus from Joy to Joy
Careful Thoughts I baniſh;
Time this Flame ſhall ne'er deſtroy;
Others blaze and vaniſh.
Ye Graces and Satyrs, my Chaplet prepare,
With Myrtle and Ivy come bind up my Hair;
While I in due Juſtice your Pains will requite,
By drinking all Day, and by loving all Night.

SONG 1435.

STREPHON, who try'd with ev'ry Grace,
His Perſon to adorn,
His Perſon, &c.
Thought by the Beauty of his Face,
In Sylvia's Heart to find a Place,
And wonder'd at her Scorn.
And wonder'd, &c.
With Bows and Smiles he did his Part,
But oh! 'twas all in vain;
A Youth leſs fine, a Youth of Art,
Had talk'd himſelf into her Heart.
And wou'd not out again.
Strephon, in all new Faſhions dreſs'd,
And urg'd her to admire;
His Love alone the other preſs'd,
Dear Nature kindly did the reſt,
And mov'd her ſoft Deſire.
This found his Courtſhip, Strephon ends,
Or makes it to his Glaſs;
There in himſelf now ſeek Amends,
Convinc'd that where a Wit pretends,
A Beau is but an Aſs.

SONG 1436.

SHALL I (waſting in Deſpair)
Die becauſe a Woman's Fair!
Shall my Cheeks both pale with Care
'Cauſe another's roſy are?
Be ſhe fairer then the Day,
Or the flow'ry Meads in May,
Yet if ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how fair ſhe be.
Shall a Woman's goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her love:
Or her worthy Merits known,
Make me quite forget my own.
Be ſhe with that goodneſs bleſt,
As may merit Name the beſt,
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhe be.
Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more deſpair:
If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die e'er ſhe ſhall grieve:
If ſhe ſlight me when I woo,
I will ſcorn and let her go:
So if ſhe be not fit for me,
What care I for whom ſhe be.

SONG 1437.

THE Moon ſhone forth ſerenely bright,
And all the leſſer Stars gave Light,
To witneſs Cælia's ſhame.
Ye highly injur'd Gods declare
The tender oath ye heard her ſwear,
That blaſted all her Fame.
That blaſted &c.
She ſwore, while Wolves the Lambs deſtroy,
Or dread Orion's ſtorms annoy
The Bark in Winter's Sea;
While Zephyr fans Apollo's Locks,
Or Shepherds pipe to fleecy Flocks,
Our Love ſhould mutual be.
Yet Cælia may repent too late;
For ſlighted Love ſoon turns to Hate,
And Strephon will diſdain
The Nymph who baſely ſhares her Heart,
And gives an envy'd Rival Part,
To give her Lover Pain.
To thee who mocking hears my Sighs,
And quaffs Love's Nectar from her Eyes,
This ſecret Truth I tell;
Shou'd Cupid lend Thee all his Power,
She'll watch ſome ſtill unguarded Hour,
And bid Thee too farewell.

SONG 1438.

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the Nonſenſe of Men,
I promis'd my Mother again and again,
To ſay as ſhe bids me wherever I go,
And to all that they ask'd, or wou'd have, tell 'em, No.
And to all, &c.
I really believe I have frightn'd a Score,
They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more:
And I own I'm not ſorry for ſerving them ſo;
Were the ſame Thing to do, I again ſhou'd ſay No.
For a Shepherd I like, with more Courage and Art,
Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart;
Such Queſtions he puts, ſince I anſwer him ſo,
That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my Words are ſtill No.
He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain?
(Let me die, if he is not a clever young Swain)
If he ventur'd a Kiſs, if I from him wou'd go?
Then he preſs'd my young Lips, while I bluſh'd, and ſaid No.
He ask'd, if my Heart to another was gone,
If I'd have him to leave me, and ceaſe to love on, (ſo
If I meant all my Life-long to anſwer him

I faulter'd, and ſigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.
This Morning, an End to his Courtſhip he made,
Will Phillis live longer a Virgin? he ſaid:
If I preſs you to Church, will you ſcruple to go?
In a hearty good Humour I anſwer'd, No, No.

SONG 1439.

THERE was a grave Prude, and her Ears they were chaſte,
I ſay on my Word, I can't vouch for the reſt;
She wou'd make awry Face, and be ſure to cry Fye,
In a Word, ſhe thought ever ſo little awry, She wou'd make awry, &c.
To a Member of Parliament ſhe was Firſt Couſin,
And ſhe uſed to plague him for Franks by the Dozen;
'Till one Day a very large Pacquet there came,
And he wrote a Paw Word there, inſtead of his Name.
This Word you may ſee upon many a Wall,
Sometimes wrote with Chalk, and ſometimes with Charcoal,
Upon many a Window, and many a Door;
But never, I think, frank'd a Letter before.
This Prude being hurried in writing one Day,
She took up a Frank, and ſhe ſent it away;
But the thing did not 'ſcape the Poſtman's Inſpection,
Tho' the firſt Time he'd ſeen it thus under Direction.
He ſtepp'd to the Door, and he call'd to the Maid,
And ſmiling around his broad Face, to her ſaid,
My Reſpects to your Miſtreſs, but pray let her know,
I'm ſorry, but this Member's Frank will not go.
Now, Ladies, take Warning by this Hiſtory;
Examine your Franks, leſt they ſhou'd be too free;
May your Letters bring Honour, but never bring Shame;
May they never be frank'd with ſo rough a nick name.

SONG 1440.

WHEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
And Flowers were fair to ſee,
When Mary was compleat fifteen,

And Love laugh'd in her Eye.
When Mary was, &c.
Blyth Jockey's Looks her Heart did move
To ſpeak her Mind thus free:
Gang down the Burn, my gentle Love,
And ſoon I'll follow thee.
I'll follow, Gang down, &c.
Now Jockey did each Lad ſurpaſs
That dwelt on this Burn Side;
And Mary was a bonny Laſs,
Juſt meet to be a Bride,
Her Checks were roſy red and white,
Her Eyes were azure blue;
Her Looks were like Aurora bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew.
What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs Play,
And nothing ſure unmeet?
For, ganging home, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a Walk ſo ſweet:
His Cheek to hers he fondly laid,
She cryed——Sweet Love, be true,
And when a Wife, as now a Maid,
To death I'll follow you.

SONG 1441.

WHEN tutor'd under Mama's Care,
Such Charms I did inherit,
She gave ſtrict Charge that none ſhou'd dare
To curb my growing Spirit,
My Neck and Boſom ne'er were hid,
Romances ever reading;
To hold my Head up I was bid,
That I might ſhew my Breeding.
That I might, &c.
By Turns I play'd the Flirt and Prude,
Affected Joys and Sorrow;
And what to day was monſtrous rude,
I thought polite to-morrow.
By Dukes and Earls I was addreſt,
Each Fop ſure of ſucceeding;
Of ev'ry one I made a Jeſt,
That I might ſhew my Breeding.
Young Damon too confeſt a Flame,
And Rivals I had many;
But though I us'd him juſt the ſame,
I lik'd him beſt of any:
With Tears and Sighs he often ſwore
For me his Heart was bleeding;
I only plagu'd him ſtill the more,
That I might ſhew my Breeding.
Enrag'd, he vow'd to break his Chain,
And fly to ſmiling Kitty;
I could not bear to meet Diſdain
For one not half ſo pretty;
With gentler Words I bade him ſtay,
For Pardon fell to pleading;
We went to Church, and from that Day,
I ſhew'd him better Breeding.

SONG 1442.

YOU may talk as you will of new Modes and new Fashions.
Which whimsical Fancies have ever in View;
You may laugh at new Follies, and rail at new Passions,
But look all around you, and Nothing is New. You may talk, &c. &c.
Nothing, nothing, nothing is new.
That Virgins are whimsical, fickle and coy,
Affecting to shun what they fondly pursue;
Coquetting, yet sighing for conjugal Joy;
Confess, O ye Lovers—Is this Folly new?
That Ladies are Rakes, and turn'd Gamesters, that's worse,
And have nought but Intrigue and Diversion in view;
With Loss of their Virtue redeeming their Purse,
Is a Nation's Disgrace—and I wish it were new.
That Frenchmen are Robbers, and Bravoes in War;
But drubb'd into Manners their Insolence rue;
That they sculk into Holes from the brave English Tar,
And lower their Topsails--is not at all new
That the Hero of Prussia victoriously flies
From Conquest to Conquest o'er Thousands with few;
That Vienna is faithful to all her Allies,
Let England proclaim—who has prov'd it not new.
Let Britains unite, and be wise as they're brave,
And bid to Contention and Faction adieu;
Thon Glory shall crown them as Lords of the Wave,
And their Conquests of Old—be surpass'd by the New.

SONG 1443.

ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,
All were Lovers of the Bottle;
Poets Painters, and Musicians,
Churchmen, Lawyers, and Physicians,
All admire a pretty Lass,
All require a chearful Glass:
Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season,
And Drinking are no Treason.

FINIS.

AN EXPLANATION of the *Scotch* Words.

A

A, *all.*
Aboon, *above.*
Ae, *one.*
Anes, *once.*
Ablins, *perhaps.*
Awn, *owe, acknowledge.*
Asteer, *stirring.*
Anither, *another.*
A-will, *of itself, of own Accord.*
A-thought, *a little.*
A-jee, *on one Side.*
Auld, *old.*
An, *if.*
Air, *early.*
Aften, *often.*
Ain, *own.*
Aff, *off.*
Aik, *Oak.*
Airth, *Quarter, or Corner of the World.*
Aiths, *Oaths.*
Amaist, *almost.*
Ambry, *Cupboard.*
Awa, *away.*
Alane, *alone*; his lane, *by himself.*
Aneath, *beneath.*
Aftymes, *oft-times.*
Albeit, abeit, *although.*
A-wie, *a little.*
Ayont, *beyond.*

B

Beild, *a Place of Shelter from the Weather.*
Bairns, *Children.*
Bane, *Bone.*
Bedralls, *Beadles.*
Beat, *to help, or repair.*
Bend, *to drink.*
Bennison, *Blessing.*
Bewith, *somewhat, in the mean Time.*
Big, *build.*
Billy, *Brother.*
Binding, *bending, or court'sying.*
Blink, *to ogle, or glance with the Eye.*
Blyther, *more joyful.*
Blythsome, *glad.*
Blythness, *Joy.*
Bony, *handsome, pleasant.*
Baith, *both.*
Bught, *Sheepfold.*
Byar, *Cow-house.*
Braw, *brave, fine, gaudy.* *nish'd.*
Bein, *rich, well-fur-*
Briss, *to press, or bruise.*
Bombaze, *to confound, or affright.*
Blate, *shame-fac'd.*
Bustine, *white Dimity.*
Bad, *bid.*
Braes, *Hillocks.*
Burne, *or* Burnie, *a Rivulet.*
Birks, *Birch-Trees.*
Bratling, *running down, or falling hastily.*
Bide, *to bear, able, or endure.*
Barlikhoods, *Freaks, Whims, Humours.*
Brats, *Cloaths*; *also Rags.*
Brachen, *a sort of Broth.*
Brae, *a rising Ground.*
Braid, *broad.*

An EXPLANATION

Broe, *Broth.*
Bleezing, *flaming, blazing.*
Bigonets, *Biggands.*
Begunk, *a Trick, or Stratagem.*
Bairs, *Bears.*
Bedeen, *instantly.*
Bode, *to foretell.*
Bot, *or but, without.*
Bow, *or Boll, a Measure equal to a Sack.*
Beuk, *bak'd.*
Bougils, *Hunting-horns*
Boult, *Cockaft.*
Bauld, *bold.*
Bicker, *Bowl, or Cup.*
Bobit, *laced.*
Bodin, *ſtored, or furniſhed.*
Brint, *burnt.*
Blob, *a Cloak, or Dogg.*
Bluter, *a Blunderer, or fooliſh Fellow.*
Beek, breeking, *bathing*
Buik, *adorn, dreſs.*
Bootleſs, *in vain.*
Boutith, *a Granary.*
Belt, *Girdle.*
Blae-berries, *Blue-berries.*
Bowt, *bolt.*
Blaw, *blow.*
Bands, *Hinges.*
Betootch us! *preſerve us!*
Bent, *an open Field.*
Baugh, *ſimple, of a pitiful Look.*
Brock, *a Badger.*
Brooch, *a Buckle.*
Ban, *to curſe.*
Breeks, *Breeches.*
Bourd, *to daily, or tamper with.*
Brankit, *prim'd up.*
Brander, *a Grid-iron.*
Brack, *broken Parts, or the Refuſe.*
Braik, *to love, or enjoy.*
Butt *and* **Benn**, *from one End of the Houſe to the other.*
Bairnie, *a little Child.*

C

C Aff, *Caſt.* Idem, *Chaſt.*

Carlings, *old Women, Id. boil'd Peaſe.*
Cawler, *freſh, cool.*
Craig, *a Rock.*
Craigy, *rocky.*
Churm, *chirp, or ſing.*
Crove, *a little Hutch, or Lodge.*
Corbies, *Ravens.*
Cleek, *to ſnatch, or hook up.*
Clute, *the Hoof.*
Canty, *merry.*
Cou'dna, *could not.*
Caulrife, *cold, chilly.*
Cockernony, *the Hair bound up in a Puff.*
Cadgie, *merry, gay.*
Claiths, *Cloaths.*
Cauld, *cold.*
Coofs, *Beebies.*
Canny, *happy, cautious.*
Coft, *bought.*
Chiels, *Fellows.*
Cleek, *to hatch.*
Ca'd *or* **cawd**, *called.*
Cottars, *Cottagers, Tenants.*
Curn, *a little Quantity.*
Cry, *to cal, or a Call.*
Ca', *call.*
Cantripes, *Magick Spells and diabolical Arts.*
Cry'd, *call'd on.*
Clim, *climb.*
Canna, *cannot.*
Crack, *to chat, to boaſt.*
Claſhes, *Tittle-tattle.*
Clock, *a Beetle.*
Crummie, *a Cow's Name.*
Cunzie, *Coin, Money.*
Caſt, *the Mein, or Geſture.*
Caſt up, *to throw in one's Teeth, to upbraid.*
Clag, *Failing, or Imperfection.*
Clat, *a Rake.*
Clatteran, *prating, chattering.*
Cankart, *ill-natured, peeviſh.*
Carle, *old Man.*
Cawk, *Chalk.*

Chitter, *to gnash with the Teeth, shivering.*
Crap, *crept.*
Cod, *a Pillow.*
Cogg, *a wooden Dish.*
Coots, *Ankle-bones.*
Courtchea, *or* Curtchea, *Handkerchief.*
Creel, *a Basket, or Hamper.*
Crocks, *lean Sheep.*
Croft, *Corn-Land.*
Crouse, *brisk or bold.*
Croudy-Moudy, *a sort of Water-Gruel.*

D

DAft, *mad, foolish.*
Dowie, *senseless, silly.*
Dool, *Sorrow.*
Dorty, *sorrowful, difficult.*
Dinna, *do not.*
Dike, *a Wall.*
Din, *Noise.*
Dic'd, *weaved in Figures of Dice.*
Dauted, *fondled, made much of.*
Dubs, *dirty little Pools.*
Divet-Seat, *Seat of green Turf.*
Darna, *dare not.*
Deid, *Death.*
Dern'd, *laid up secretly.*
Downa, *cannot bear, or endure.*
Dings, *excels, gets the better; also beats.*
Disna, *does not.*
Dow, *can, or is able to do.*
Drant, *to speak slow.*
Draps, *drops, gives the Slip to Company.*
Daffin, *Folly.*
Drie, *suffer.*
Decreet, *Determination, or Judgment.*
Didna, *did not.*
Doof, *a Fool, a Fellow without Spirit.*
Dunt, *to beat, or throb, when apply'd to the Heart.*
Doughtna, *could not.*
Dowp, *Arse.*
Doil'd, *bewitch'd, infatuated, dizzy, giddy.*
Drammock, *a sort of cold Gruel.*
Dwining, *decaying.*
Dyvours, *Bankrupts.*

E

EArd, *Earth.*
Ettle, *to attempt, or aim at.*
Een, *Eyes; also Even, or Night.*
Eem, *to cozen.*
Eastlin, *eastern.*
Eith, Eithly, *easily.*
Elding, *Fuel.*
Eild, *old Age.*
Elf-shot, *Planet-struck.*
East, *eastward.*
Ellwand, *a Stick the Measure of an Ell.*
Even, *to impute to one, to compare, to liken.*
Ergh, *to dread, or be afraid of.*
Else, *already.*
Either-cap, *Wasp.*
Elrich, *wild, or gastly.*
Eydent, *diligent, constant in any Thing.*

F

FAdge, *a coarse sort of a Roll-Bread.*
Fangle, *or* New-fangle, *fond of what is new.*
Frae, *from.*
Fou, *full, also drunk.*
Ferlie, *a Wonder, also to wonder.*
Fouth, *plenty, many.*
Flet, *scolded.*
Fair-fa', *well fare.*
Fa', *fall.*
Fallow, *fellow.*
Fald, *to fold.* Id. *a Sheepfold.*
Feckless, *trifling.*
Feightan, *fighting.*
Fraise, *Talk, Speech.*
Fowk, *Folks.*
Flyte, *to scold.*
Fell, *cunning or prudent. Sometimes it is applied to diabolical Arts.*
Fasheous, *troublesome.*
Feg, *Fig.*
Fae, *Foe.*

Fee, *Waget.*
Feirs, *Brothers.*
Fendy, *active, induſtrious.*
Fenzie, *to feign.*
Flaes, *Fleas.*
Fauſe, *falſe.*
Flaw, *to lie, alſo a Lie.*
Furlet, *a Corn, or Meal Meaſure, conſiſting of four Pecks.*
Fear'd, *afraid.*
Fey, *to be attended by a Fatality; or, a Forgetfulneſs, or Abſence of Mind.*
Fleech, *flatter.*
Fog, *Moſs.*
Fore, to the Fore, *in being, or remaining.*
Foregainſt, *overagainſt*
Fundling, *Foundling.*
Foryet, *forget.*
Fand, *found.*
Flighter, *to flatter.*
Flype, *to flae the Skin off.*
Farder, *farther.*
Farles, *thin Oak-Cakes.*
Fear, fleg, *to frighten.*
Fain, *fond, willing.*
Fawn, *fallen.*
Fawt, *Fault*
Faſh, *to trouble.*
Fleid, *affrighted.*
Flouks, *Flounders.*
Fraiſing, *calling, or talking with a fooliſh Wonderment.*

G

GAE, *go; alſo gave.*
Gowans, *Daiſies.*
Gowany, *full of Daiſies.*
Grane, *to groan or ſigh.*
Granes, *Groans, or Sighs.*
Gar, *to make, or force.*
Gat, *got.*
Grein, *to long for, or thirſt after.*
Gear, *Goods, Wealth.*
Geck, *to loath, or flout at.*
Gif, gin, *if.*
Glowre, *to ſtare.*
Glowring, *ſtaring.*
Gawn, *going.*
Grip, *to hold faſt.*
Grips, *the holding faſt with the Hands.*
Gloom, *a Frown.*
Gang, *go.*
Ganging, *going.*
Gie, *give.*
Gabs, *Mouths*
Grace-Drink, *Grace-Cup.*
Greet, *to cry.*
Gane, *gone.*
Gets, *Brats, Children.*
Giglit, *Gilflirt.*
Gate, *the Way; alſo the Manner of a Perſon.*
Guſty, *ſavoury.*
Glee, *Mirth.*
Gleed, *Squinting.*
Glen, *a Vale.*
Gaits, *Goats.*
Gade, *went.*
Gawſy, *jolly, or luſty.*
Gawky, *a fooliſh Wench.*
Gree, *Degree.*
Grit, *great.*
Girning, *grinning.*
Grat, *cried.*
Gowd, *Gold,*
Ghaiſt, *Ghoſt.*
Gowk, *Cuckoo; alſo Fool.*
Gates, *Ways, Courſes.*

H

HAme, *home.*
Hameward, *homeward.*
Hartſome, *gladſome, pleaſant.*
Hinder-Night, *laſt Night.*
Haffet, *Side of the Face.*
Halucket, *light-headed whimſical.*
Hale, *whole.*
Hinny, *Honey.*
Hound, *hunt.*
Hawſlock, *Wool next the Wind-pipe.*
Hald, had, *hold.*
Height, *Top of the Hill.*
Howm, *a Valley by a River.*
Het, *hot.*
Healthfu', *healthful.*
Haith, *indeed, in faith.*

Herds, *Swains, Shepherds.*
Heh! *hah!*
Heffs, *lodges, inhabits.*
Haleſome, *wholeſome.*
Heather-Braes, *Hillson which Heath grows.*
Hidlings, *lurking Places.*
Hadna, *had not.*
He'eryeſtreen, *the Night before laſt.*
Haggies, *a boiled Pudding, made of Sheep's Pluck mingled with Sewet.*
Haff, *half.*
Howk, *to dig.*
Humlock, *Hemlock.*
Hawkys, *Cows.*
Hawdy, *a Midwife.*
Hing, *hang.*
Heather-Bells, *Heath-Buds*
Hechts, *Promiſes.*
Hallon-Side, *by a Holly Tree.*
Hae, *have.*
Ha', *Hall.*
Howt, *fy!*
Haſten, *partly.*
Hool, *the Shell.*
Hebleſhew, *a mobbiſh Riot, or Quarrel.*
Haly, *holy.*
Hodden-grey, *a coarſe grey Cloath.*
Hapt, *cover'd up.*
Happing, *hopping falling down.*
Hames *and* Brechoms, *worn about the Neck of a Cart-horſe.*
Hawſe, *to embrace.*
Heeſe, *to lift.*
Heugh, *any ſteep Place.*
Hodle, *to wadle in Walking.*
Hows, *Hollows.*

I

ILka, *each, every.*
Jo, *Sweetheart.*
Jee, *to be in Doubt, to waver.*
Jouk, *to blow.*
Iſe, *I ſhall or will.*
Ingle-ſide, *Fire-ſide.*
Ither, *other, alſo one another.*

Ingans, *Onions.*
Ill-far'd, *ill-favour'd, or ugly.*
Irk, *weary, or tired.*
Irie, *fearful of Apparitions.*
Iſhogles, *Icicles.*

K

KEns, *knows,*
Kend, *know, or known.*
Kiltit, *tucked up,*
Kames, *Combs.*
Kittle, *to tickle; it alſo ſignifies difficult, or dangerous.*
Kail-Yard, *Kitchen-Garden.*
Kirn'd, *churned*
Kenna, *know not.*
Ky, *Cows.*
Kirn, *churn.*
Kent, *a large Stick, or Shepherd's Pole.*
Kairn, *or* Cairn, *Heaps of monumental Stones.*
Kail, *Coleworts.* Id. *Broth.*
Kebuck, *a Cheeſe.*
Keek, *to peep.*
Kepp, *to catch.*
Kirtle, *the Upper Petticoat.*
Kimmer, *a She-Goſſip.*
Kurchie, *a Handkerchief.*

L

LUgs, *Ears.*
Leglens, *Milk-Pails.*
Loan, *Milking Place.*
Loſs, *to loſe.*
Lout, *to ſtoop.*
Low, *Flame.*
Lown, *a ſly Wenche.*
Lowan, *burning, flaming.*
Lown, *calm.*
Lang, *long.*
Loos, *loves.*
Lowp, *to leap.*
Lowping, *leaping.*
Leel, *ſincere, honeſt.*
Linkan, *ſtepping briskly, or haſtily.*
Lee, *fallow Land.*
Leeſome, *lovely.*

Lap, *leap'd.*
Leaugh, *laugh'd.*
Liſt, *the Sky*; *alſo to remove.*
Lin, *a Precipice, or natural Caſcade, from whence the Water falls.*
Lave, *the reſt.*
Langſome, *tireſome, tedious.*
Laird, *Landlord*; *in general, for any Man of Eſtate.*
Lyart, *hoary, grey.*
Lucky, *Gammer.*
Laith, *loath.*
Lavorocks, *Larks.*
Lit, *to ſing briskly.*
Liltit, *merrily chanted.*
Luggies, *Bowls.*
Lear, *to learn.*
Lair, *Learning.*
Loof, *the Palm of the Hand.*
Leed, *ly'd.*
Leen, *to leave off, give over.*
Landwart, *country, rural, clownish.*
Labour'd, *threſh'd.*
Lows'd, *unty'd, loos'd.*
Lag, *to fall behind.*
Laigh, *low.*
Lawty, *Juſtice.*
Leeze me, *a Phraſe uſed when one loves, or is pleaſed with a Perſon.*
Lib, *to geld.*
Loor, *rather,*
Lucken, *gather'd together, or cloſe join'd to one another.*

M

MAun, *muſt.*
Mair, *more,*
Mane, *Moan,*
March, *Limit or Border.*
Marrow, *a Match*; *or to match.*
Mawking, *a Hare.*
Mony, *many.*
Mint, *to aim at, or make a Motion to do any thing.*
Miſluck, *Misfortune.*
Mak, *make.*
Meg - Dorts, *Mrs. Scornful.*
Miſcaw', *to miſcall, or call Names.*
Meikle, *much.*
Meikleſt, *largeſt.*
Maiſt, *moſt.*
Maiks, *Mates, Wives.*
Midding, *Dunghil.*
Mailens, *Farms.*
Manna, *muſt not.*
Muck, *Dung.*
Mither, *Mother.*
Mear, *Mare.*
Mirk, *dark, to darken.*
Marle, *Merlin.*
Mavis, *the Thruſh.*
Manſworn, *perjur'd, forſworn.*
Mouſe - mark, *any Mark received by a Mother's longing.*
Mennin, *Minnow.*
Mae, *more.*
Makſna, *it matters not.*
Mou, *Mouth.*
Meiſe, *to move.*
Mends, *Revenge.*
Menſe, *Manners.* Id. *to decorate.*
Menzie, *a Company, or Retinue.*
Milſy, *to ſearch for Milk.*
Minny, *Mother.*
Mons-Megg; *a very large Iron Cannon in the Caſtle of* Edinburgh, *capable of holding two People.*
Moup, *to mumble like a Perſon that wants Teeth.*
Mouter, *the Miller's Toll.*
Mutches, *Linnen Caps.*

N

NA, *no, not.*
Nae, *no.*
None, *none.*
Nees, *Noſe.*
Nibour, *Neighbour.*
Nither, *ſtarve or pinch.*
Nowt, *Oxen.*
Nowther, *neither.*
Needna, *need not.*
Neiſt, *next.*
Nocht, *nought.*

New - mawn *new-mowed.*
No, *not.*
New-call, *young Calves.*
Nives, *double Fists.*
Nor, *than.*

O

OE, *Grandchild.*
Ony, *any.*
Out - o'er, *hanging over, also quite over.*
Our-lane, *alone, by ourselves.*
Owrelay, *a Cravat.*
Owrelaid, *everlaid, overwhelm'd.*
O'reput, *to overcome.*
Oure, *over too much.*
Orp, *to writhe one's self.*
Or, *before.*
Owk, *Week.*
O't, *of it.*
Oxter. *Armpit.*
Owsen, *Oxen.*

P

PAntry, *Buttery.*
Pat, *did put.*
Paughty, *proud, haughty.*
Paunches, *Tripe.*
Propine, *a Present,*
Peebles, *Pebbles.*
Penylie, *fantastically.*
Peat pat, *Peat Colepit.*
Peet-stack, *Stack of dry'd Peat, for Firing.*
Pibroch, *a Highland Tune.*
Pickle, *a small Share.*
Pig, *an earthen Pot.*
Pillar, *the Stool of Repentance.*
Pine, *Pain.*
Plet, *to fold,* Id. *twist.*
Pow, *a Skull.*
Powsowdy, *Ram's-head Soup.*
Prig, *a haggle.*
Prines, *Pins.*
Prive, *to taste, or prove.*
Popilan, *poppling.*
Poortith, *Poverty.*
Pou, *pull.*
Heat Ingle, *Peat-fire.*
Pouch, *Pocket.*
Pouchfu', *Pocket-full*
Pawky, *sly, cunning.*
Pleugh, *a Plough.*
Pith, *Strength.*
Petted, *fondled, pamper'd.*
Pithless, *faint, weak.*

R

RAir, *to roar.*
Rowing, Rowan, *rolling.*
Row'd, *roll'd, or wrapt*
Redd up, *to clean up, or clear up, also to tell, to be afraid, to part Folks quarrelling.*
Renzie, *to rein.*
Revell'd, *entangled.*
Riggs, *Ridges.*
Rin, *run.*
Rifards, *Radishes.*
Routh, *Plenty.*
Rife, *abundant, plentiful.*
Racket-Rent, *Rack-Rent.*
Reesting, *drying.*
Rant, *to make merry.*
Ranting, *rousing, jolly.*
Rash, *green, or young.*
Rashy, *rashy, or grown over with Rushes.*
Rashes, *Rushes.*
Roos'd, *prais'd.*
Rousted, *grown stiff, or rusty.*
Rew, *to relent, repent.*
Rowt, *to low, or make a great Noise.*
Roudes, *a hard Name.*
Rock, *a Distaff.*
Rever, *Rover, or Pirate.*
Rucks, *Ricks.*
Reek, *Smoke.*
Roove, *confirm, or rivet.*
Rude, *Cross.*
Runkled, *wrinkled.*
Rung, *a Club, or Staff.*
Ruse, *or* Roose, *to praise.*

S

SAft, *soft,*
Sall, *shall.*
Soughs, *Willow-trees,*
Sae, *so.*

An EXPLANATION

Sawt, *Salt.*
Seim, *Appearance.*
Sey, *to eſſay or try.*
Shanna, *ſhall not.*
Shangy-mouth'd, *or* She-vil-gabit, *wry-mouth'd.*
Sharn, *Cow-dung.*
Shoo, *or Shoe.*
Shore, *to threaten.*
Skink, *Strong Broth.*
Snack, *Smart.*
Sneift, *to ſnarl,*
Sniſhing, *Snuff.*
Sodden, *boil'd.*
Sonſy, *fortunate,* Id. *jolly.*
Sowens, *a ſort of Flummery.*
Soum, *of Sheep,* 20.
Spelding, *dry'd Whiting, or Haddock.*
Stirk, *a young Bullock.*
Stoup, *a Prop,* Id. *a Pot for Drink.*
Strae, *Straw*
Streek, *to ſtretch, or ſpread.*
Stenzie, *to ſtain.*
Swats, *ſmall Ale.*
Sweer, *unwilling, lazy,*
Swither, *in doubt.*
Seybows, *young Onions.*
Spill, *ſpoil.*
Slid, *ſmooth ſlippery.*
Syne, *ſince, then.*
Smoor, *ſmother.*
Smoor'd, *ſmother'd.*
Sma, *ſmall.*
Snaw, *Snow.*
Sic, *ſuch.*
Sican, *ſuch an one.*
Sell, *ſelf.*
Shaw, *ſhew, alſo a woody Bank.*
Shawn, *ſhewn.*
Sock, *a Reed, or Pipe.*
Spring, *a Tune.*
Spear, *to ask.*
Saebiens, *ſince it is ſo.*
Snooded, *filetted, ty'd up.*
Skiffing, *skipping.*
Saul, *Soul.*
Sair, *ſore.*
Sets, *the Stripes, or Rows of Colours in Weaving.*
Siller, *Silver.*
Sprainges, *Stripes or Rows.*
Shave, *a Slice.*
Singand, *ſinging.*
Strack, *ſtruck.*
Shire, *thin.*
A Shire-lick, *a ſharp Fellow.*
Scart, *to ſcrape; alſo, to ſcratch.*
Skaith, *Loſs, Damage.*
Scads, *ſcalds.*
Sald, *ſold.*
Seething, *boiling.*
Stend, *to ſtalk haſtily.*
Stent, *to tax, alſo, to ſtint.*
Scor'd, *threaten'd.*
Sled, *Sledge.*
Sung, *ſing'd.*
Snuff! *piſh! alſo to take Snuff.*
Slaw, *ſlow.*
Swat, *ſweated.*
Slee, *ſly.*
Skelfs, *Shelfs.*
Strapan, *ſtrapping, luſty.*
Speining, *weaning.*
Spae-men, *Fortune-tellers.*
Saws, *Prognoſtications.*
Spae, *to tell Fortunes.*
Snood, *a Fillet or Headband.*
Sark, *Shirt.*
Sayna, *ſay not.*
Stans, *Stars.*
Samen, *the ſame.*
Skair, *a Share to Share.*
Steght, *ſtuff'd or crammed.*
Sornan, *mumping, or begging.*
Scrimp, *ill-provided.*
Scrimpit, *ſtinted,*
Sindle, *ſeldom.*
Slavering, *driveling, or ſlobbering.*
Snaw-baws, *Jokes.*
Swith, *ſoon, ſwiftly.*
Shoon, *Shoes.*
Stang, *ſtung.*
Sward, *the Surface of the Graſs.*
Stanes, *Stones.*
Stap, *ſtop.*

Sawn, *ſown.*
Sinceſyne, *ever ſince.*
Sakeleſs, *forſaken, deſtitute of Friends.*
Staw, *Stole.*
Skelpit, *to be ſlapt, or whipt on the Poſteriors.*
Steek, *to ſhut.*

T

TAE, *Toe.*
Taken, *Token.*
Tenting, *tending.*
Thrawart, *croſs, or evil.*
Tod, *a Fox.*
Thole, *endure, ſuffer,*
Till, *to.*
Tald, *told.*
Tint, *loſt.*
Thrieveleſs, *trifling, or needleſs.*
Trow, *to be ſure of, to know to believe.*
Tak, *take.*
Tane, *take.* Id. *the one.*
Tap *the Top.*
Twa, *two.*
Tent, *to take Notice of, to watch, obſerve, or remark.*
Theyſe, *they ſhall.*
Towzie, *to rumple.*
Trig, *neat.*
Tyke, *Dog.*
Trigg, *ſprute, clean.*
Tarrows, *loaths.*
Tether-ſtake, *Halter-ſtake.*
Thae, *theſe.*
Thirle, *thrill.*
Tyne, *to loſe.*
Tron, *the Name of a particular Market-place.*
Thack, *thatch.*
Taids, *Toads.*
Than, *then.*
Throng, *the Crowd, or Throng.*
Titty, *Siſter.*
Titter, *rather.*
Taſs, *a Cup.*
Thow, *to thaw, or melt.*
Thowleſs, *ſpiritleſs.*
The, *thee.*
Tryſt, *Appointment, to appoint.*
Tocher-Tocher-good, *one's Portion, or Fortune.*
Tod'en, *a rolling ſhort Step.*
Teil, *to till.*
To, *too.*
Tuilzie, *a Broil; alſo to quarrel.*
Towind, *ſlapp'd, or bang'd.*
Thud, *the Noiſe of a Storke.*
Twin, *to part with.*

U

UNlikely, *unperſonable, unſeemly, improbable.*
Unko, *ſtrangely, wonderfully; alſo, ſtrange wonderful.*
Unſonſy, *unlucky, diabolical.*
Unſcrapit, *filthy, or what wants ſcraping.*

V

VIrles, *Rings.*
Viſſy, *to take a View.*

W

WArldly, *worldly.*
Winſome, *engaging, delightful.*
Wathers, *Weathers.*
Wad, *would.*
Wallowit, *faded, or Wither'd.*
Wallop, *gallop.*
Wame, *Womb, Belly.*
War, *worſe.*
Wha, *who.*
Wat, *wot, or know.*
Winging, *whining.*
Wiſt, *knew.*
Waff, *lonely.*
Wi', *with.*
Wie, *little.*
Wood, *mad.*
Wordy, *worthy.*
Wimpling, *winding.*
Wark, *Work.*
Whirles, *Eddies.*

An EXPLANATION *of the* Scotch *Words.*

Whilk, *which.*
Wilks, *Periwinkles.*
Wean, *Child.*
Wear in, *to hem in.*
Whang, *a large Cut. or Slice.*
Whatrecks, *what matters it.*
Wylie, *cunning.*
Wyson, *the Gullet.*
Woo, *Wool*; *also to court.*
Will-fire, *Wild-fire.*
Wiſt, *known,*
Wale, *to chuſe the Choice.*
Wtherſhins, *to move contrariways.*
Warlock, *Wizzard.*
Weil, *well.*
Wae, *Woe*; *alſo ſorrowful.*
Wife, *old Woman.*
Wyte, *Blame.*
Wrang, *Wrong.*
Weſtlin, *weſtern.*
Whins, *Fuzze.*
Whaſe, *whoſe.*
Whiſht! *huſh.*
Wimpled, *intricate.*
Waws, *Wall.*
Warſt, *worſt.*
Wow! *ſtrange!*
Winna, *will not.*
Wond, *wound up, or wrapt round with any thing.*
Ware, *to expend, lay out*; *to ſift, to pump out a Secret.*
Withouten, *without.*
Whatna-wats, *noBody knows what.*
Win, *or* Won, *to dwell.*
Wrights, *Joiners.*
Woodly, *madly.*
Wawk, *walk*, Id. *awake.*
Wakrife, *wakeful.*
Weind, *Thought.*
Weirs, *Wars.*
Whilly, wha, *a Cheat or Bite.*

Y

YOwl'd, *howl'd.*
Yont, *beyond.*
Yeſping, *us'd to expreſs the Noiſe made by the barking of a Puppy, or the crying of a Child.*
Youdith, *Youth.*
Yad, *a Mare.*
Yeſe, *ye ſhall.*
Yern, *to deſire.*
Yeſteern, *Laſt Night.*

W.N.H. Bibl. Bodl. HARDING